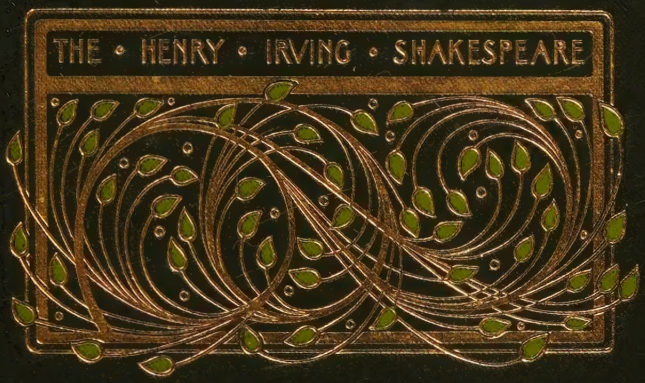
THE • HENRY • IRVING • SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Act IV. Scene iii.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, BY CHARLES LESLIE, R.A.

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THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME III

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY

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CONTENTS.

VOLUME III.

	Page
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.,*	1
KING HENRY VI.—CONDENSED,	93
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW,	139
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,	211

PASSAGES AND SCENES ILLUSTRATED.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

Act I. scene 1. line 16, ... 3

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Act I. scene 1. line 259, ... 7

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Act I. scene 3. lines 25, 26, . . . 10

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.

Act I. scene 4. lines 79–81, . . . 12

Q. Mar. Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy.

Act II. scene 1. lines 45–47, . . . 15

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Act II. scene 4. line 1, ... 22

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.

Act II. scene 5. line 83, ... 23

Y. Sol. It is mine only son!

Act II. scene 6, line 28, ... 25

Clif. Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest.

Act III. scene 1. line 55, . . . 28

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings
and queens?

Act III. scene 2. lines 194, 195, . . . 32

Glo. Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

Act III. scene 3. lines 119–121, . . . 35

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

Act IV. scene 3. lines 4–6, . . . 40

First Watch. He hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Act IV. scene 4. line 1, ... 42

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Act IV. scene 6. lines 7, 8, (*Etching*) 44

Lieu. If an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

Act IV. scene 7. lines 74, 75, . . . 46

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Act V. scene 2. lines 23–26, . . . 50

War. Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!

Act V. scene 5. lines 39, 40, . . . 53

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury.

Act V. scene 6. line 63, ... 56

Glo. See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

* The Introduction to Parts II. and III., combined, precedes Part II.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act IV. scene 3, . . *Frontis.*

Act IV. scene 1. lines 78, . . 147

Grumio. How he beat me because her horse stumbled, &c.

Act I. scene 1. line 105, . . . 153

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here 's none will hold you.

Act I. scene 2. line 229, . . . 158

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Act II. scene 1. line 156, . . 162

Hor. And there I stood amazed for a while.

Act II. scene 1. line 220, . . 164

Pet. Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.*

Act II. scene 1. line 365, . . 166

Tra. Sir, list to me.

Act III. scene 2. line 43, . . 169

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, &c.

Act III. scene 2. lines 240, 241, (*Etching*) 172

Pet. Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

Act IV. scene 1. line 168, . . 175

Pet. There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

Act IV. scene 2. line 48, . . 177

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Act IV. scene 2. line 72, . . 178

Ped. God save you, sir!

Act IV. scene 5. line 27, . . 184

Pet. Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?

Act V. scene 1. line 84, . . . 186

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act V. scene 1. lines 406, 407, . . 219

Tita. Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Act II. scene 1. line 39, . . . 225

Fairy. Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.

Act II. scene 1. lines 121, 122, (*Etching*) 226

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

Act II. scene 1. line 188, . . 228

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Act II. scene 2. line 74, . . . 230

Puck. And here the maiden, sleeping sound.

Act III. scene 1. line 22, . . 232

Bot. I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver.

Act III. scene 1. line 121, . . 231

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

Act III. scene 2. lines 65, 66, . . 237

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience.

Act III. scene 2. lines 201, 202, . . 239

Hel. O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

Act III. scene 2. lines 404, 405, . . 242

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Act III. scene 2. line 442, . . 243

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe.

Act IV. scene 2. line 27, . . 248

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what.

Act V. scene 1. line 369, . . 253

A Dance.

Terminal, ... 282

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.
Lewis XI., King of France.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Exeter.
Earl of Oxford.
Earl of Northumberland.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Lord Clifford.
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. } his sons.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV. } his sons.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland. } his sons.
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence. } his sons.
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester. } his sons.
Duke of Norfolk.
Marquess of Montague
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.
Lord Hastings.

Lord Stafford.
Sir John Mortimer, } uncles to the Duke of York.
Sir Hugh Mortimer, } uncles to the Duke of York.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, a youth.
Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery.
Sir John Somerville.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Lancastrian Soldier who has killed his father.
A Yorkist Soldier who has killed his son.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
Bona, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene—During part of the third act in France; during the rest of the play in England.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play comprises nineteen days.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2-4.—Interval.
Day 3: Act II. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 4: Act II. Scenes 2-6.—Interval.
Day 5: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 6: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 7: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval.
Day 8: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval.
Day 10: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval.
Day 11: Act IV. Scene 5.—Interval.
Day 12: Act IV. Scene 6.—Interval.
Day 13: Act IV. Scene 7.—Interval.
Day 14: Act IV. Scene 8.—Interval.
Day 15: Act V. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 16: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval.
Day 17: Act V. Scenes 4, 5.—Interval.
Day 18: Act V. Scene 6.
Day 19: Act V. Scene 7.

The historic period here dramatized commences on the day of the battle of St. Albans, 23rd May, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI.'s body was exposed in St. Paul's, 22nd May, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—(Act i. 1. 16.)

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Alarum. Yorkist soldiers break in. Then enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's[1] front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
[*Edw.* Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous;
I cleft his beaver[2] with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*
Mont. [*To York, showing his*] And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.] 20
War. [And so do I.] Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful[3] king,

[1] *Battle,* body of troops.

[2] *Beaver,* helmet.

[3] *Fearful,* timid.

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. 30
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
[*Soldiers withdraw.*
York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40
And bashful Henry be depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[*Warwick leads York to the throne; York seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50
Even in the chair of state! belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, Lord Clifford; you have both vow'd revenge 55
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down: 59
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, for such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart, 70
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*Advancing towards York.*
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou 'rt deceiv'd; I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.
[*Exe.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou 'rt a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.[1] 81
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard Duke of York.]

[1] *Henry,* pronounced as a trisyllable.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne? 84
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
[And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field, 90
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!]
York. Will you[1] we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry[2] the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith[3] thou hast lost it all. 110
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You're old enough now; yet, methinks, you lose.— 113
Tear the crown, father, from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on yóur head.
Mont. [*To York*] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honourest arms,
Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. 120
[*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen.] Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his. 130
War. But[4] prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'T was by rebellion[5] against his king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry[2] the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?[6]

---

[1] *Will you*, is it your wish that.
[2] *Henry*, pronounced as a trisyllable.
[3] *Sith*, since.
[4] *But*, only.
[5] *Rebellion*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.
[6] *To his crown*, *i.e.* to his royal prerogative.

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown 145
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. 150
K. Hen. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers show themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word: 170
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful,[1] and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I. 181
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands,[2] for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!
[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield. 190
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may: [*To York*] I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself. 200
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Descending from the throne.*
War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes. [*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

---

[1] *Fearful, i.e.* cowardly. [2] *Bands,* bonds, *i.e.* prison.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[1] her anger:
I'll steal away. [*Going.*
K. Hen. So, Exeter, will I. [*Going.*
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?—(Act i. 1. 259.)

Q. Mar. Who can be patient[2] in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.
Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd? 230
I shame[3] to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And giv'n unto the house of York such head,[4]
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm; 240
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

[1] *Bewray*, discover, show. [2] *Patient*, here a trisyllable. [3] *Shame*, feel ashamed. [4] *Head. i.e.* freedom of action.

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to[1] that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited. 250
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be,—to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field, 261
I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*

[*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on[2] the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart: 270
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Sandal. A room in the Duke of York's castle.*

Enter RICHARD, EDWARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry[3] be dead. 10

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

[*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. 20

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,[4]
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium, 30
And all that poets fain of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.]

[1] *Granted to* = assented to.
[2] *Tire on, i.e.* prey on, tear with the beak.
[3] *Henry,* here a trisyllable.
[4] *Depose, i.e.* swear.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
[*To Montague*] Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty[1] and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more[2]
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?]

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news?—Why com'st thou in such post?[3]
Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold,[4] my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?
[Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy[5] strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer *and* Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

[1] *Witty*, sharp-witted.
[2] *Resteth more*, remains beside.
[3] *Post*, haste.
[4] *Hold*, fortress.
[5] *Policy*, art.

Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid[6] them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
[Many a battle have I won in France
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?]
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Plains between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*

Alarums. Enter Rutland *and his Tutor.*

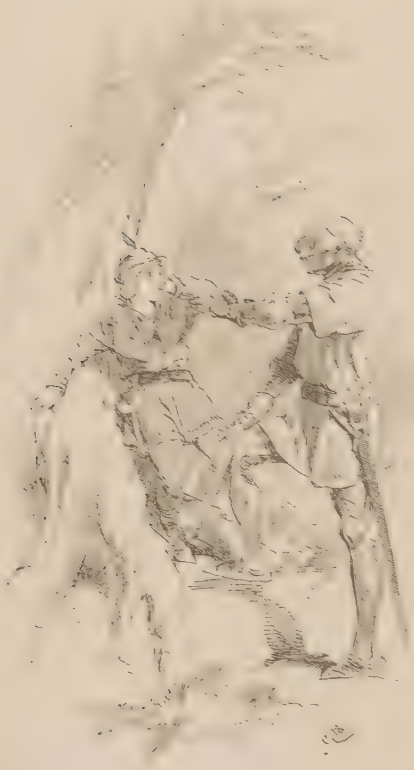
Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him!
Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is't fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.
Rut. [So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting[7] o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—]
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

[6] *Bid*, offer.
[7] *Insulting*, triumphing.

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look,
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood



Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.—(Act i. 3. 25, 26.)

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope[1] with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient[2] for me:
[No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.]
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul:
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son: for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith[3] God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Stabs him.*
Rut. Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ.[4]
[*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarum. Enter RICHARD, *Duke of York.*

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:[5]
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me:
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons,—God knows what hath bechanced them:

[1] *Cope, i.e.* match thyself.

[2] *Sufficient*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

[3] *Sith*, since.

[4] "The gods grant, *that* may be the sum of thy glory."

[5] *Got the field*, won the day.

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
[Three times did Richard make a lane[1] to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!" 10
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him.
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
Edward, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd[2] again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide, 20
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.] [*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
[And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:]
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

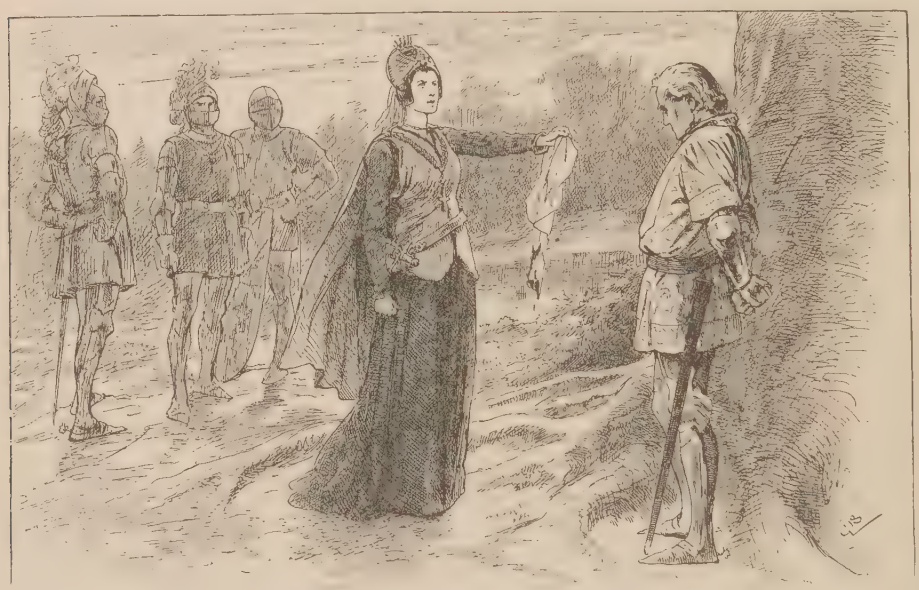
Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide[3] your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
[Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.[4]]
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
[And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.]
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further; 40
[So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.]
York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
[And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,]
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Drawing.*
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes 51
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick[5] thy finger, though to wound his heart:
[What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?]
It is war's prize[6] to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach[7] of valour. 60
[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.[8]
North. So doth the cony struggle in the net. [*York is overpowered.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true[9] men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

---

1 *Make a lane*, cut his way.
2 *Bodg'd*, failed.
3 *Abide*, await.
4 *Prick*, *i.e.* hour.
5 *To prick*, *i.e.* as to prick.
6 *Prize*, prerogative.
7 *Impeach*=impeachment.
8 *Gin*, trap.
9 *True*, honest.

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught[1] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king? 70
[Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?]
Where are your mess of sons[2] to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
[Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, 80



Q. *Mar.* Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy.—(Act i. 4. 79-81.)

Made issue from the bosom of the boy; 81
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.]
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York
[Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?]
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad; 90
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
[Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.—

[1] *Raught*, reached. [2] *Mess of sons, i.e.* four sons.

But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king 101
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.]
And will you pale[1] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 't is a fault too-too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.[2]

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes. 110

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates![3]
[But that thy face is, vizard-like,[4] unchanging,
Made impudent[5] with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless. 120
Thy father bears the type[6] of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.]
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at: 131
'T is government[7] that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
[Thou art as opposite to every good 134
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.[8]
O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?] 140
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
[For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.]
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so 150
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
[This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*Giving back the handkerchief.*
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"]
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse; [*Taking off the paper crown.*
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
[Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:—
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!]

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[1] *Pale*, encircle.
[2] *Do him dead*, put him to death.
[3] *Captivates*, makes captive.
[4] *Vizard-like*, like a mask.
[5] *Impudent*, *i.e.* shameless.
[6] *Type*, badge, *i.e.* the crown.
[7] *Government*, self-control.
[8] *Septentrion*, north.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin, 169
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly[1] sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe,[2] my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. 180
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

[SCENE I. *A plain near Mortimer's Cross.*

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and their Forces.*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father scap'd,
Or whether he be scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd[3]
Where our right valiant father is become.[4] 10
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;[5]
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies[6] my warlike father:
Methinks, 't is pride enough to be his son.— 20
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes,[7] or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking[8] clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 30
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.
Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[9]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

[1] *Inly*, inward. [2] *Weeping-ripe*, ready to weep.
[3] *Resolv'd*, satisfied. [4] *Is become*, *i.e.* "has got to."
[5] *Neat*, cattle.
[6] *So fled his enemies*, *i.e.* so his enemies fled from.

[7] *Dazzle mine eyes*, *i.e.* are mine eyes dazzled?
[8] *Racking*, drifting. [9] *Meeds*, merits.

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!
Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes; 50
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy. 52
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
W' enas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!—(Act ii. 1. 45–47.)

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept, 60
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry; 71
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!
Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart: 80
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires[1] all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.
Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird, 91
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords! What fare?[2] what news abroad?
Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds. 99
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!
Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith[3] then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.[4] 110
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advértised[5]
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession. 119
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;[6]
Or whether 't was report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives, "Blood and death,"
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thrasher with a flail— 131
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;

[1] *Fires*, pronounced as a dissyllable. [2] *Fare*, cheer.
[3] *Sith*, since. [4] *Depart*, decease.
[5] *Advertised*, informed. [6] *Spleen*, *i.e.* vehemence.

For in the marches[1] here we heard you were,
Making another head[2] to fight again. 141
Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power;
And for[3] your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful[4] war.
Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.[5] 150
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say "Ay," and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught[6] Northumberland, 169
And of their feather many moe[7] proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;

[1] *The marches*, the Welsh borders.
[2] *Making another head*, gathering another force.
[3] *For*, as for. [4] *Needful*, *i.e.* costly.
[5] *Heard his scandal of retire*, heard him reproached with having retreated.
[6] *Haught*, haughty. [7] *Moe*, more.

And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March, 179
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, "Charge! upon our foes!"
But never once again turn back and fly.
Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries, "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.[8]
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st,—as God forbid the hour!— 190
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend![9]
War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree[10] is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague,—
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown, 199
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then strike up drums:—God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?
Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me
The queen is coming with a puissant[11] host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

[8] *Stay*, stand his ground. [9] *Forfend*, avert.
[10] *Degree*, step. [11] *Puissant*, mighty

War. Why, then it sorts,[1] brave warriors: let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the gates of York.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:—
To see this sight, it irks[2] my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly[3] have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
[Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils[4] her young before her face.
Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.]
Ambitious York did level[5] at thy crown, 19
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
[Unreasonable[6] creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful[7] flight, 30
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest, 31
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!]
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly[8] gave away"?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth 40
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring[9] arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?[10]
[And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?]
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate 51
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage[11] makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.[12]—
Edward, kneel down. 60
K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent[13] to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

[1] *Sorts*, suits, is well. [2] *Irks*, vexes. [3] *Wittingly*, designedly. [4] *Spoils*, despoils her of. [5] *Level*, aim. [6] *Unreasonable*, irrational, brute. [7] *Fearful*, timorous.

[8] *Fondly*, foolishly. [9] *Inferring*, adducing. [10] *Success*, issue, luck. [11] *Soft courage*, mild disposition. [12] *Presently*, at once. [13] *Apparent*, *i.e.* heir apparent.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward[1] prince. 66

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along, 70
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle,[2] for they are at hand.
Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint George!" 80

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?[3]
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown, 90
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

[1] *Toward,* forward, apt.
[2] *Darraign your battle,* marshal your troops.
[3] *Bide the mortal fortune of the field,* await the deadly hazard of battle.

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak! 95
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he[4] the proudest of thy sort.[5]
Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.[6]
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart 111
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father,—call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun set I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

[4] *He* = man.
[5] *Sort,* set, faction.
[6] *I hold thee reverently, i.e.* I have respect for you (though not for these others).

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword: 123
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd[1]
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. [Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts today
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For York in justice puts his armour on. 130
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,[2]
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140
As if a channel[3] should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not,[4] knowing whence thou art extraught,[5]
To let thy tongue detect[6] thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet[7] know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him, 156
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd[8] this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept; 160
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd[9] our claim until another age.
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave[10] till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,] 171
Since thou deniest[11] the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *A field of battle between Towton and Saxton.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent[12] with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe; [*Seats himself.*
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

[1] *Resolv'd*, convinced.
[2] *Stigmatic*, one marked (by deformity).
[3] *Channel*, gutter.
[4] *Sham'st thou not*=art thou not ashamed.
[5] *Whence thou art extraught*, of what parentage thou art.
[6] *Detect*, betray.
[7] *Callet*, strumpet.
[8] *Broach'd*, *i.e.* let loose.
[9] *Slipp'd*, let pass.
[10] *Leave*, cease, rest.
[11] *Deniest*, forbiddest.
[12] *Forspent*, worn out.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. [*Rising*] How now, my lord! what hap?[1] what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us: 10
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight, — they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd[2] with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon,[3] as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still, 30
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face, 35
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands[4]
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
[*Rising*] Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.
Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay:[5] 50
And call them pillars that will stand to us:
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Forslow[6] no longer, make we hence amain.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD *from opposite sides.*

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

[1] *Hap,* fortune. [2] *Broach'd,* shed. [3] *Look upon,* look on.

[4] *If with thy will it stands,* if it is according to thy will. [5] *Stay, i.e.* stand their ground. [6] *Forslow,* delay.

And here's the heart that triumphs in their deaths, 8
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.—(Act ii. 4. 1.)

To execute the like upon thyself; 10
And so, have at thee!
[*They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase; 12
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best; 10
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell[1] war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so; 19
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly,[2] point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
How many make the hour[3] full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
[When this is known, then to divide the times,— 30
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;

[1] *Fell*, fierce. [2] *Quaintly*, cunningly, artfully.
[3] *Hour*, pronounced as a dissyllable throughout this passage.

So many hours must I sport myself; 34
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;[1]
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.]
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely! 41
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly[2] sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
[O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink[3] out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure[4] and sweetly he enjoys, 50
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious[5] bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.]

Alarums. Enter a Lancastrian Soldier, bringing in a dead body.

L. Sol. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with[6] some store of crowns;
And I, that haply[7] take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.— 60
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy[8] times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—

[1] *Ean*, bring forth young. [2] *Silly*, simple, harmless.
[3] *Thin drink*, small beer. [4] *Secure*, without care.
[5] *Curious*, elegant, handsome.
[6] *Possessed with*, possessed of.
[7] *Haply*, by chance. [8] *Heavy*, grievous.

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill. 72

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide[9] their enmity.—

Y. Sol. It is mine only son!—(Act ii. 5. 83.)

Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

[9] *Abide*, suffer for.

Enter on the other side a Yorkist Soldier, bringing in a dead body.

Y. Sol. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems,[1] how fell,[2] how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, 90
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
[O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!]
K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
[The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth:[3]] 100
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
L. Sol. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me,[4] and ne'er be satisfied!
Y. Sol. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!
K. Hen. How will the country for these woeful chances
Misthink[5] the king, and not be satisfied!
L. Sol. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?
Y. Sol. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?
K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe? 111
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

[1] *Stratagems,* atrocities. [2] *Fell,* cruel.
[3] *Presenteth,* represents.
[4] *Take on with me, i.e.* be violently angry with me.
[5] *Misthink, i.e.* misjudge.

L. Sol. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit with the body.*
Y. Sol. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,—
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
[My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious[6] will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.] 120
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*
K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone[7] with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,

[6] *So obsequious, i.e.* as great a mourner.
[7] *Overgone,* overcome.

Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light. 2
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
[My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, that tough commixture[1] melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud[2] York.]
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun? 9

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
[O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd[3] as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths;

Clif. Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest.—(Act II. 6. 28.)

And thou this day hadst kept thy chair[4] in peace. 19
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?—]
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
[For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse[5] of blood doth make me faint.—] 27
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your father's bosoms,—split my breast. [*Faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause, 30

[1] *Commixture, i.e.* alliance, coalition.
[2] *Misproud,* wrongly proud.
[3] *Sway'd,* ruled.
[4] *Chair,* throne
[5] *Effuse, i.e.* loss.

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
[Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting[1] gust,
Command an argosy[2] to stem the waves.]
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans, and dies.*
Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.[3]
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford:
Who not contented[4] that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,[5]
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
[Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.]
[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*
[*War.* I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'T is but his policy[6] to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager[7] words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's Captain Margaret, to fence[8] you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours'[9] life,
That I in all despite[10] might rail at him,
I 'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.]
War. Ay, but he 's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father stands.[11]—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

[1] [illegible]
[2] [illegible]
[3] [illegible]
[4] [illegible]
[5] *That fatal screech-owl to our house*, i.e. that screech-owl so fatal to our family.

[6] *Policy*, cunning. [7] *Eager*, biting. [8] *Fence*, defend.
[9] *Hours'*, pronounced as a dissyllable.
[10] *Despite*, malice. [11] *Stands*, i.e. stands in.

Yet look to have them buzz t' offend thine ears. 94
[First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.]
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing 100
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself, 103
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A chase in the north of England.*

Enter two Keepers with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake[1] we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund[2] anon the deer will come;
[And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.]
Sec. Keep. I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for[3] the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befel me on a day 10
In this self[4] place where now we mean to stand.
Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
[Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20
For how can I help them, and not myself?
First Keep. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king;[5] let 's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
First Keep. Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great-commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister 30
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
[By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,[6] 40
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

[1] *Brake*, thicket.
[2] *Laund*, glade.
[3] *For*, so that.
[4] *Self*, same.
[5] Quondam *king*, *i.e.* former king.
[6] *Tainted with remorse*, touched with pity.

Ay, but she 's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd; 45
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That[1] she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth[2] arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!]

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens? 55

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?—(Act iii. 1. 55.)

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to: 56
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am—in mind; and that 's enough. 60

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,— 64
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance, 70
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

[1] *That*, so that. [2] *Inferreth*, adduces.

K. Hen. [Where did you dwell when I was King of England? 74
Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.
K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?
First Keep. No; 80
For we were subjects but while you were king.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?]
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
[Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;]
Such is the lightness of you common men. 89
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
[*First Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,[1]
If he were seated as King Edward is.]
First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform; 100
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause. 10
Glo. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [*Aside to Glo.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
Glo. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May't please your highness to resolve me[2] now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20
Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
[Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. [*Aside to Glo.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glo. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.]
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
[*Clar.* [*Aside to Glo.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two.]
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
[*Glo.* [*Aside*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.] 30
K. Edw. 'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave:[3] I'll try this widow's wit.

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[1] *Henry*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

[2] *Resolve me*, give me an answer.

[3] *Give us leave, i.e.* leave us.

Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave, 34
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch. [*Retires with Clarence.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 40
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. 50
[*Clar.* [*Aside to Glo.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.]
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
K. Edw. But stay thee,—'t is the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim[1] aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty[2] shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness[3] of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;
No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand. 80
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [*Aside to Glo.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge[4] sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

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[1] *Aim*, guess. [2] *Honesty*, honour, chastity.
[3] *Sadness*, gravity.
[4] *Challenge*, demand, claim as due.

L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord: 90
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state[1] I swear to thee
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace my sons should call you father. 100
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
[Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.]
Answer no more, for thou shall be my queen.
Glo. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Clar. [*Aside to Glo.*] When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.[2] 110
K. Edw. You 'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate.

[1] *State*, rank. [2] *Sad*, grave

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:— 120
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of[3] his apprehensión.—
Widow, go you along:[4]—lords, use her honourably. [*Exeunt all except Gloster.*
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.—
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross[5] me from the golden time I look for!
[And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buriéd—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, 130
And all the look'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,
Flatt'ring me[6] with impossibilities.—
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.]
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
[I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. 150
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!]

[3] *Of*, concerning. [4] *Go you along*, come with us
[5] *Cross*, thwart, hinder. [6] *Me*, myself.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for[1] I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

Glo. Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.—(Act iii. 2. 194, 195.)

To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part, 160
[Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.]
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

[1] *For*, that.

As are of better person than myself,
I'll make[2] my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears, 170
Be round impaled[3] with a glorious crown.
[And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself, 180
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.]
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
[I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy: 190
I can add colours to the chameleon;]
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *France. A room of state in the palace at Tours.*

LEWIS, *King of France, on his throne;* LADY BONA, ADMIRAL BOURBON, *and others. Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, *and the* EARL OF OXFORD.

K. Lew. [*rising*]. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

[2] *I'll make, i.e.* I'll make it.
[3] *Impaled*, encircled.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret 4
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
[Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.] 11
K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side [*Seats her by him*]: yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain,[1] Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20
Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,— 30
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:[2]
[Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.]
K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.[3]

[1] *Be plain, i.e.* speak out freely.
[2] *Done,* ended.
[3] *Break it off, i.e.* put an end to it.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. 40
[*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.
Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:—]
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?
Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?
[*Descending from his throne. Queen Margaret rises.*
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,— 51
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.
Q. Mar. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.
War. [*to Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf, 59
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
[Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.]
Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home, 69
Unless abroad they purchase[4] great alliance?

[4] *Purchase,* acquire.

[To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.] 73
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on[1] thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious[2] Margaret!
Pr. Edw. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80
[*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry[3] the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that. 91
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray[4] thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence[5] the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king. 100
Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious[6] doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done[7] to death? and more than so, my father, 103
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.]
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110
While I use[8] further conference with Warwick.
Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
[*Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.*
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn[9] my credit and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious[10] in the people's eye?
War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.[11]
K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit[12] his pain.
K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:— 130
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,

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1 *Draw not on*, do not bring about.
2 *Injurious*, *i.e.* insulting.
3 *Henry*, here pronounced as a trisyllable.
4 *Bewray*, discover, make known.
5 *Fence*, defend. 6 *Injurious*, wrongful.
7 *Done*, put. 8 *Use*, hold. 9 *Pawn*, stake.
10 *Gracious*, *i.e.* finding favour.
11 *Unfortunate*, viz. in war.
12 *Quit*, requite, recompense.

When I have heard your king's desert recounted, 132
Mine ear hath tempted judgment[1] to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to th' English king.
Pr. Edw. To Edward, yes; not to the English king. 140
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised. 148
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam*[2] queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 't were you troubled him than France.
Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance[3] and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[*A horn sounded within.*
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee. 162

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*to War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:—

[1] *Judgment,* discretion.
[2] *Quondam*=former. [3] *Conveyance,* trickery.

[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:— 165
[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*They read their letters.*
Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.—(Act iii. 3 119-121.)

Pr. Edw. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best. 170
K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair queen?
Q Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery[4] and his,

[4] *Soothe your forgery, i.e.* palliate your deceptive conduct.

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty. 180
War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,—
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
[Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?[1]] 190
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
[I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.]
Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,[2]
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour, 210
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

[1] *Native right*, birthright.
[2] *Soldiers*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live 214
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lew. And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's:
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid. 220
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past,—go fear[3] thy king withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on. 230
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward [*Giving a purse*]: be gone.
[*Exit Messenger.*
K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Lord Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but[4] answer me one doubt,—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,— 240
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.[5]—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;

[3] *Fear*, frighten. [4] *But*, only. [5] *Motion*, proposition.

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Pr. Edw. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. [*Gives his hand to Warwick.* 250
[*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied;—
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all except Warwick.*
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale[1] but me? 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.
[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, *and* MONTAGUE.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know 't is far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended;* LADY GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, *and* HASTINGS.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice, 9
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or th' Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. Ay, and shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I: 20
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion, — that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance

[1] *Stale*, dupe.

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself? 40
Mont. Yes; but the safer when 't is back'd with France.
Hast. 'T is better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence[1] impregnable,
And with their helps only[2] defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
[*Clar.* For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant; 49
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed[3] elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent?[4] I will provide thee. 60
Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.]
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state[5] to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent; 70
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. [*Aside*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in brief, tell me their words as near
As thou canst guess them. 90
[*Pauses. The Messenger hesitates to answer.*
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride."
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
[But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow-garland for his sake." 100
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;

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[1] *Fence*, defence, protection. [2] *Only*, alone.
[3] *Speed*, fare, seek their fortune.
[4] *Malcontent*, discontented.
[5] *State*, condition, rank.

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen? 102
For I have heard that she was there in place.[1]
Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning-weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."
K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.]
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, 110
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they're so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage 121
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence; Somerset follows.*
Glo. [*Aside*] Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter;
Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130
Go levy men, and make prepare[2] for war;
They are already, or quickly will be, landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

[1] *In place*, present. [2] *Prepare*, preparation

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague, 134
Resolve[3] my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind[4] to hold your true obedience, 140
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.[5]
Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford, *with French and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.—
But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

Speak suddenly,[6] my lords,—are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd[7] an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:—
Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests[8] but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

[3] *Resolve*, *i.e.* satisfy. [4] *Mind*, mean.
[5] *Suspect*, suspicion. [6] *Suddenly*, at once.
[7] *Pawn'd*, pledged, gaged. [8] *Rests*, remains.

And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
[Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood[1] stole to Rhesus' tents, 20
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

First Watch. He hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.—(Act iv. 3. 4-6.)

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle, 22
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—]
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry "Henry!"*

[1] *Sleight and manhood*, craft and bravery.

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Edward's camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, before the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?
First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
Second Watch. To-morrow, then, belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that 9
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
First Watch. 'T is the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps here in the cold field?
Second Watch. 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship[2] and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate[3] he stands,
T is to be doubted[4] he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. 20
Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

[2] *Worship*=dignity. [3] *Estate, i.e.* plight.
[4] *Doubted*, apprehended.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But[1] follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 25
First Watch. Who goes there?
Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!
[*Warwick and the rest cry,* "Warwick! Warwick!" *and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying,* "Arm! Arm!" *Warwick and the rest following them.*

Drums beating and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK *and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair.* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *are seen flying.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last 30
Thou call'dst me king.
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
[*Clarence comes forward.*
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? 40
K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, what, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,[2]
My mind exceeds the compass[3] of her wheel.
War. Then, for[4] his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.— 50
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishóp of York.

[1] *But,* only. [2] *State,* royalty.
[3] *Exceeds the compass,* is beyond the reach.
[4] *For,* as to.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,[5] 54
I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.—
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, led out; Somerset with him.*
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do, 60
But march to London with our soldiers?[6]
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *London. A room in the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand, 10
Is new[7] committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell[8] Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

[5] *Fellows,* comrades.
[6] *Soldiers,* pronounced as a trisyllable.
[7] *New,* just, lately. [8] *Fell,* fierce.

'Tis this that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw-in many a tear, 21
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick, then, become?[1]

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary, 31
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?—(Act iv. 4. 1.)

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.[2]
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *In the Archbishop of York's park, near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park. 3
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended[3] with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way, 10
Under the colour[4] of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

[1] *Is become,* has arrived.
[2] *Fraud,* stratagem, treachery.
[3] *But attended,* attended only.
[4] *Colour,* pretence, excuse.

Enter KING EDWARD *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready here at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let 's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. A room in the Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

[*K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,—
At our enlargement[1] what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge[2] nothing of their sov'reigns;
But if an humble prayer[3] may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well-using me?
Nay, be thou sure I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:[4]
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.[5]

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.]

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

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[1] *Enlargement,* liberation.
[2] *Challenge,* lay claim to, demand.
[3] *Prayer,* pronounced as a dissyllable.
[4] *Rightly temper with the stars,* act as fits their destiny.
[5] *In place,* present.

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place; 50
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
[And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat—for I command no more—
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward, 60
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.]
K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty; 70
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? 80
Mess. He was convey'd[1] by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended[2] him
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt all except Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*
Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's; 89
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down. 101
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII. *Before the gates of York.*

Flourish. *Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,

[1] *Convey'd*, made off with.
[2] *Attended*, waited for.

HENRY VI. PART III.
Act IV. Scene 6. lines 7. 8

Lieutenant. If an humble prayer may prevail.
I then crave pardon of your majesty

And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What, then, remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
[*Hastings knocks at the gates.*
Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements[1] must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them. [*Knocks again.*

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge[2] nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be opened. [*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*
Glo. A wise stout capitain, and soon persuaded!
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not long of him;[3] but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter, below, the Mayor and two Aldermen, from the town.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY *and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*
K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,—
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?[4]
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on[5] nice[6] points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit![7] now arms must rule.

[1] *Abodements*, omens, portents.
[2] *Challenge*, claim.
[3] *Long of him*, by his means.
[4] *Pretend no title*, set up no claim to the crown.
[5] *Stand you on*, stick at, insist on.
[6] *Nice*, trifling. [7] *Scrupulous wit*, cautious policy.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns. 62
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit[1] thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.—(Act iv. 7. 74, 75.)

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:— 70
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*reads*] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c." 73
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour[2] here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this hórizon, 81
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems[3] thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And thát once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *London. A room in the Bishop's palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hardy Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

[1] *Bruit,* fame, report.

[2] *Harbour,* lodge.

[3] *How evil it beseems,* how ill it becomes.

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island girt-in with the ocean, 20
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so, I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing Henry's hand*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30
And all at once, once more, happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.*

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my meed[1] hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off[2] their suits with slow delays; 40
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing[3] tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth, 44
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within,* "A York! A York!"

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak. [*Exeunt some with King Henry.*
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the gates of Coventry.*

Enter, upon the walls above the gates, WARWICK, *the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. Where is the post that came from Montague?—
[*To Second Messenger*] How far off is our brother Montague?

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[1] *Meed,* merit. [2] *Posted off,* put off. [3] *Water-flowing, i.e.* copious, pouring like water.

Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter, before the gates, SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. [*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; [*pointing to the south-east*] here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be?—belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. [*Enters the city.*

March: flourish. Enter, before the gates, KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet,[1] to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glo. [*To Edward*] See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. O unbid[2] spite! is sportful[3] Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?[4]
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said "the king;"
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body when the head is off?
Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck![5]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to[6] strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the city.*

[1] *Trumpet, i.e.* trumpeter.
[2] *Unbid,* unasked, *i.e.* unwelcome.
[3] *Sportful,* wanton. [4] *Repair,* approach.
[5] *Deck,* pack. [6] *To,* as to.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
[*Re-enter Oxford, on the walls.*
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the city.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory: 70
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the city.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!—
[*Clarence halts; Gloster goes and speaks with him.*
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call. 80
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,[1] unnatural,
To bend[2] the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety 90
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;—
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd, 103
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing[3] traitor, perjur'd and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently, 110
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
[*March. Exeunt King Edward and his Company. Warwick and the rest descend into the city.*

SCENE II. *A field of battle near Barnet.*

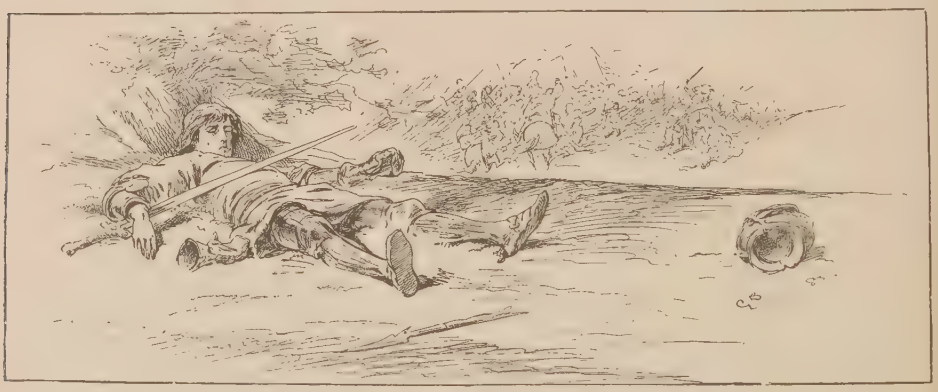
Alarums and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

[1] *Blunt,* dull of feeling. [2] *Bend, i.e.* direct.
[3] *Passing, i.e.* monstrous.

For Warwick was a bug[1] that fear'd[2] us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee, 3
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd[3] Jove's spreading tree, 14
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; 20



War. Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!—(Act v. 2. 23-26.)

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow? 22
Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford *and* Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again: 30
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power; 31
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then, I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last; 40
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, "Commend me to my valiant brother."

[1] *Bug,* bugbear. [2] *Fear'd,* affrighted.
[3] *Overpeer'd,* rose above.

And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought[1] not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

War. Sweet[2] rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;[3]
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry, "Courage!" and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan,[4] the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
[And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?]
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
[And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?[5]]
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from[6] the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves[7] and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
[And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim,—alas, 't is but awhile!

[1] *Mought*=might. [2] *Sweet*, sweetly.
[3] *Rids way*, clears a way.

[4] *In his moan*, amid his lamentation.
[5] *Tacklings*, pronounced as a trisyllable.
[6] *We will not from*, *i.e.* we will not leave.
[7] *Shelves*, sunken reefs.

Tread on the sand,—why, there you quickly sink; 30
Bestride the rock,—the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case[1] some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.]

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40
Infuse[2] his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,[3]
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. [Women and children of so high a courage, 50
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.—]
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords; for Edward is at hand, 60
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness. 65

[*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.]

Flourish and march. Enter, at some distance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and Forces.*

[*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.]
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sov'reign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords, 81
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both armies.*

Scene V. *Another part of the same.*

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and Forces; with* Queen Margaret, Oxford, *and* Somerset, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Lo here a period[4] of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*

[1] *Case*, perchance. [2] *Infuse*, suffuse.
[3] *A fearful man, i.e.* a man full of fear, a coward.
[4] *A period*, an end.

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10
Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak. 12
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.—(Act v. 5. 39, 40.)]

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with[1] this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather. 30
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm[2] your tongue.

[1] *Sort not with*, suit not.
[2] *Charm*, cast a spell on.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.[1]
Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful: 33
Lascivious Edward, — and thou, perjur'd George,—
And thou, mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*
Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too! 41
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what? 49
Glo. The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*
Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect,[2] a child,—
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.— 60
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off 66
As, deathsmen,[3] you have rid[4] this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
[*Uncovering her bosom*] Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death: 70
What, wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.
What, wilt thou not?—Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?—
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence. 81
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out.*
[*K. Edw.* Where 's Richard gone?
Clar. To London all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London, 88
And see our gentle queen how well she fares,—
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. A room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY *sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

[1] *Malapert,* saucy. [2] *In respect,* by comparison. [3] *Deathsmen, i.e.* executioners. [4] *Rid,* made away with.

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;
'T is sin to flatter; "good" was little better:
["Good Gloster" and "good devil" were alike.
And both preposterous; therefore, not "good lord."]
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed[1] in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd. 20
K. Hen. [I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.]
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

[1] *Limed, i.e.* trapped.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume, 35
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,[2]
[And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's, 39
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—]
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow[3] cried, aboding[4] luckless time;
[Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her[5] on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discords sung.]
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,— 50
[An indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.]
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—
Glo. I 'll hear no more:—die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this. 59
O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*
Glo. What, will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,

[2] *Which now, &c., i.e.* "who now have no share in the apprehension which my fear (of you) causes."
[3] *Night-crow,* raven. [4] *Aboding,* presaging.
[5] *Rook'd her,* perched.

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,— [*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say 70
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
[The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified 76
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.]
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

Glo. See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!—(Act v. 6. 63.)

I have no brother, I am like no brother; 80
And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort[1] a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.— 91
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE VII. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. KING EDWARD *is discovered seated on his throne;* QUEEN ELIZABETH, *a Nurse with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,

[1] *Sort,* select, find.

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride!
[Three Dukes of Somerset,—threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as[1] the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands,—two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague, 10
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.]
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding[2] heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace: 19
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [*Aside*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
[*Pointing to his head*] Work thou the way,—[*Stretching out his hand*] and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks. 30

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried "All hail!" whenas he meant all harm.

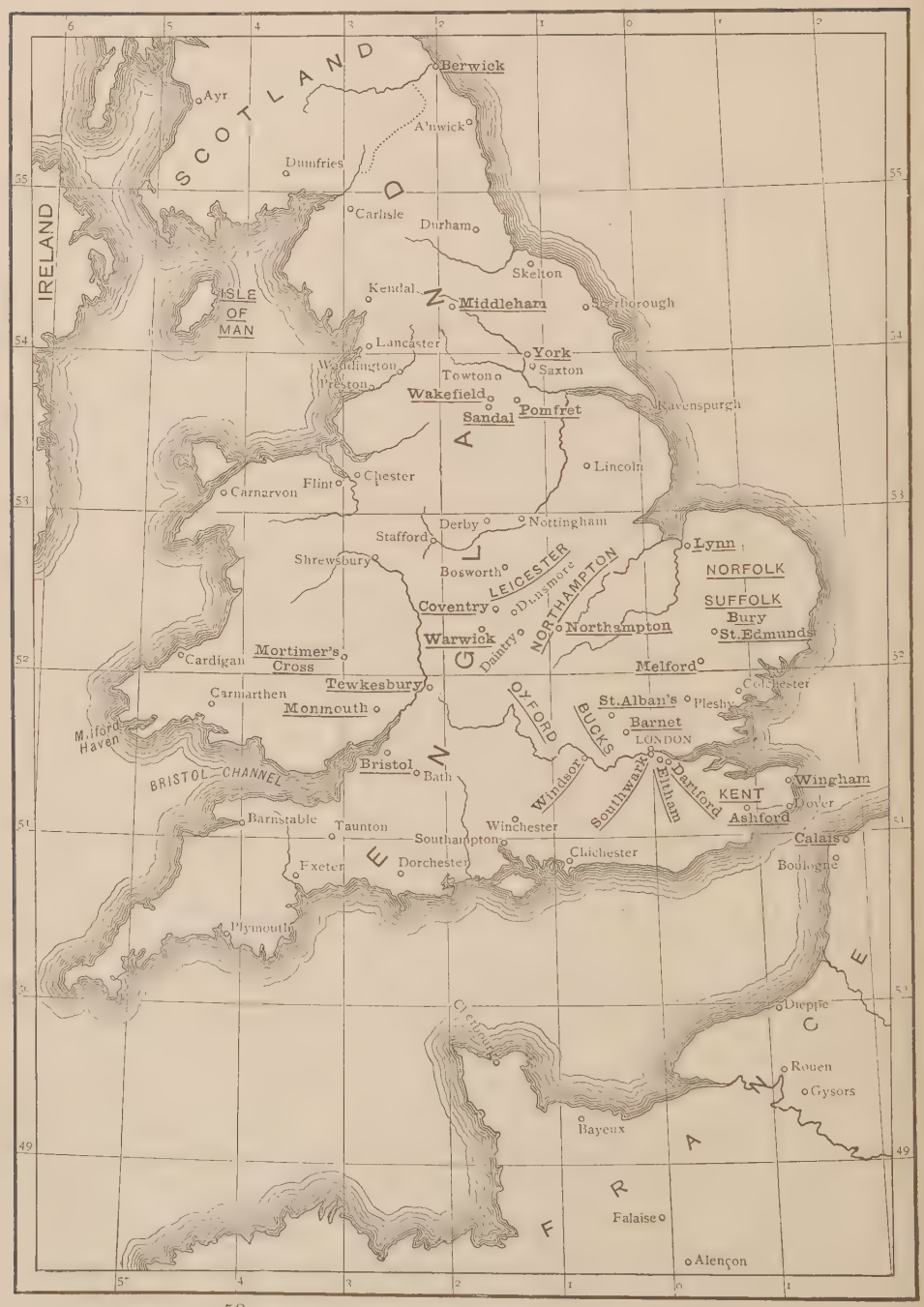
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *As*=namely. [2] *Scalding*, blistering.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING HENRY VI.—PART III.



NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. HENRY VI. In this play the troublous reign and life of this unfortunate king are both brought to a conclusion. As to the manner of his death, it will perhaps be more convenient to summarize the evidence on that point here. Fabyan and Hall, following common report, both ascribe his death to the murderous hand of Gloucester. Hall's words are (p. 303): "Poore kyng Henry the sixte, a litle before depriued of his realme, and Imperiall Croune, was now in the Tower of London, spoyled of his life, and all worldly felicitie, by Richard duke of Gloucester (as the constant fame ranne) which, to thintent that king Edward his brother, should be clere out of all secret suspicion of sodain inuasion, murthered thesaid kyng with a dagger." There is no allusion, in this play, to the circumstance which really was the immediate cause of King Henry's being removed out of the way of his rival, namely, the brief insurrection headed by Thomas Neville, commonly called the Bastard of Falconberg. This bold attempt to liberate Henry from captivity nearly succeeded. No doubt it impressed upon the most zealous partisans of Edward, that there was no real security for the House of York as long as Henry was alive. In a note, vol. iv. pp. 191, 192, Lingard gives the evidence of two contemporary writers on the subject of Henry's death, one the Croyland historian, the other the author of the Harleian MS. 543. They were both strong Yorkists; and appear to have been eye-witnesses of many of the events which they record, or, at any rate, to have had access to trustworthy sources of information. We translate the Latin of the original: "May God spare and give space for repentance to him, whoever he was, that dared to lay sacrilegious hands on the Lord's anointed. Whence both the agent of the tyrant, and the sufferer (*patiensque*) may deserve the title of glorious martyr." Continuation, Croyl. 556. The other writer merely gives the same account as that circulated by the friends of Edward, namely, that Henry died "of pure displeasure and melancholy." Although the dead body was exposed at St. Paul's, no examination or inquiry as to the cause of death seems to have taken place. Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 324) says that the body bled in the presence of the beholders both at St. Paul's and Blackfriars. The assassination is said to have taken place on 21st May, 1471. Those few writers who have sought to whitewash that execrable murderer, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, lay too much stress on the fact that it would appear, from the public accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of Henry VI. and his dependants in the Tower, that he lived until the 12th June. Lingard says in foot-note 1 (vol. iv. p. 192) that "they afford no proof that Henry lived till the 12th of June. The latest date of any particular charge is that of William Sayer for the maintenance of Henry and ten guards for a fortnight, beginning the 11th of May, and of course ending on the day on which the king is said to have been buried. The mistake arises from this, that Malone has taken the day of the month on which the accounts were allowed at the exchequer, for the day on which the expenses ceased." The account of these expenses is to be found in Rymer's Fœdera, vol. xi. p. 712.

As to King Henry's personal appearance and his character, Hall (p. 303) says: "Kyng Henry was of stature goodly, of body slēder, to which proporcion, al other mēbers wer correspondent: his face beautifull, in the which continually was resident, the bountie of mynde, with whiche, he was inwardly endued. He did abhorre of his awne nature, all the vices, as well of the body as of the soule, and from his verie infancie, he was of honest conuersacion and pure integritie, no knower of euill, and a keper of all goodnes: a dispiser of all thynges, whiche bee wonte to cause, the myndes of mortall menne to slide, fall, or appaire. Beside this, pacience was so radicate in his harte, that of all the iniuries to him committed, (whiche were no small nombre) he neuer asked vengeaunce nor punishment, but for that, rendered to almightie God, his creator, hartie thankes, thinking that by this trouble, and aduersitie, his synnes were to him forgotten and forgeuen." In the epigrammatic character of him, given in Baker's Chronicle (edn. 1643, p. 91), there are one or two sentences worth quoting: "His greatest imperfection was, that he had in him too much of the Logge, and too little of the Storke; for he would not move, but as he was moved, and had rather be devoured, than he would devoure. . . . By being innocent as a Dove, he kept his Crown upon his head so long; but if he had been as wise as a Serpent, he might have kept it on longer." There is no doubt that he was wanting in strength of character; but we may say of him that he was too virtuous a man to make a good king.

2. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, was born at Westminster, October 14th, 1453. From his mother he seems to have inherited beauty and courage; from his father sweetness of disposition and virtue. At the time of his birth his father, unhappily, was completely incapacitated by bodily and mental illness. In one of the Paston Letters (vol. i. p. 263, No. 195), dated 19th January, 1454, occurs the following account of the first presentation of the infant prince to his unhappy father: "As touchyng tythynges, please it you to wite that at the Princes comyng to Wyndesore, the Duc of Buk[1] toke hym in his armes and presented hym to the Kyng in godely wise, besechyng the Kyng to blisse hym; and the Kyng yave no maner answere. Natheless the Duk abode stille with Prince by the Kyng; and whan he coude no maner answere have,

[1] *i.e.* the Duke of Buckingham.

the Queene come in, and toke the Prince in hir armes and presented hym in like forme as the Duke had done, desiryng that he shuld blisse it; but alle their labour was in veyne, for they departed thens without any answere or countenaunce savyng only that ones he loked on the Prince and caste doune his eyene ayen, without any more." One of the first signs of his recovery was the interest he took in his little son. In a later letter (*ut supra*, p. 315, No. 226), we read: "And on the Moneday after noon the Queen came to him, and brought my Lord Prynce with her. And then he askid what the Princes name was, and the Queen told him Edward; and than he hild up his hands and thankid God therof, And he seid he never knew til that tyme, nor wist not what was seid to him, nor wist not where he had be whils he hath be seke til now." It would seem that young Edward shared many of the dangers of his unhappy parents. The well-known story of the capture of the queen and her son by robbers, various versions of which exist, is thus narrated by Monstrelet (vol. ii. p. 290): "I must mention here a singular adventure which befel the queen of England. She, in company with the lord de Varennes and her son, having lost their way in a forest of Hainault, were met by some banditti, who robbed them of all they had. It is probable the banditti would have murdered them, had they not quarrelled about the division of the spoil, insomuch that from words they came to blows: and, while they were fighting, she caught her son in her arms and fled to the thickest part of the forest, where, weary with fatigue, she was forced to stop. At this moment she met another robber, to whom she instantly gave her son, and said; 'Take him, friend, and save the son of a king. The robber received him willingly, and conducted them in safety toward the seashore, where they arrived at Sluys, and thence the queen and her own son went to Bruges, where they were received most honourably." After the battle of Towton, he accompanied his father and mother to Scotland; whence, after a time, Henry sent the young prince with the queen into France. He was married, or, as some say, only affianced, to the second daughter of Warwick, the King-maker; a most extraordinary marriage, as the elder sister was already the wife of the Duke of Clarence, the son of the greatest enemy of the House of Lancaster. Hall (p. 281) thus refers to the marriage: "After that thei had long cõmoned, and debated diuerse matters, concernyng their suretie and wealthe, they determined by meane of the Frenche kyng, to conclude a league and a treatie betwene them: And first to begin with all, for the more sure foundacion of the newe amitie, Edward Prince of Wales, wedded Anne second daughter to therle of Warwicke, which Lady came with her mother into Fraunce." It is supposed that Warwick, by thus allying himself with both houses, hoped, during his lifetime, to hold the balance of power between them in his own hand. This unfortunate prince was taken prisoner after the battle of Tewksbury. Hall's account of his death is as follows (p. 301): "After the felde ended, kyng Edward made a Proclamatiõ, that who so euer could bring prince Edward to him alyue or dead, shoulde haue an annuitie of an. C. l. [£100] duryng his lyfe, and the Princes life to be saued. Syr Richard Croftes, a wyse and a valyaut knyght, nothing mistrusting the kynges former promyse, brought furth his prisoner prince Edward, beynge a goodly femenine and a well feautered yonge gentelman, whome when kynge Edward had well aduised, he demaunded of him, how he durst so presumptuously enter in to his Realme with banner displayed. The prince, beyng bold of stomacke and of a good courage, answered sayinge, to recouer my fathers kyngdome and enheritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lyneally diuoluted. At which wordes kyng Edward sayd nothyng, but with his hãd thrust hym from hym (or as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet) whom incontinent, they that stode about, whiche were George duke of Clarence, Rychard duke of Gloucester, Thomas Marques Dorset, and Williã lord Hastynges, sodaynly murthered, and pitiously manquelled. The bitternesse of which murder, some of the actors, after in their latter dayes tasted and assayed by the very rod of Justice and punishment of God. Hys body was homely enterred with ye other symple corses, in ye church of the monastery of blacke monkes in Tewkesburye." Whether Edward actually struck the young son of his rival or not, is a matter of little importance. What is indisputable is that the murder was committed in his presence and with his consent; and that it adds one more to the many crimes which stain his character.

3. Lewis XI., King of France. This celebrated prince was born in 1423. He was the son of Charles VII. (see I. Henry VI. note 22) and Mary of Anjou, sister of René, Duke of Anjou, and therefore first cousin to Queen Margaret of England. When only seventeen years old, Lewis, then Dauphin, took part in the rising known as *la Praguerie*. He revolted against his father again in 1456, and took refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, Philip le Bon, at whose court he remained till the death of the king in 1461, when he came to the throne the same year as Edward IV. On his accession he made all sorts of fine promises, which he fulfilled by exacting the most exorbitant taxes, and by punishing most severely the cities Rheims, Angers, &c., whose inhabitants had complained of his extortion. He surrounded himself with people of the lowest birth, such as the well-known Olivier le Dain, his barber, and the Provost Tristan. In 1465 some of the discontented nobles under his own brother, Charles Duke of Berry, and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, formed against him a league known as the League "Du Bien Publique." For nearly twelve years he carried on with varying success an almost continuous war with the Duke of Burgundy; in the course of which, by dint of cunning, hypocrisy, unscrupulous lying, and abominable cruelty, he added considerably to the possessions of France; but left behind him one of the most infamous names in all history. He promised assistance to Henry VI. (to whom he was also first cousin) and to Margaret during the fatal struggle against the House of York; but his only purpose was to obtain some considerable advantage to himself. He very nearly succeeded, by a trick, in recovering Calais. Ultimately he got back the whole of the nominal possessions of René by lending him money to redeem Queen Margaret from captivity after the death of her husband. His character has been drawn by a masterly

hand in Quentin Durward; while the more detestable features of his character are, perhaps, equally well known to the playgoers of this country from the English version of Casimir Delavigne's play. He was twice married: first, when Dauphin, to the Princess Margaret, daughter of James I., King of Scotland, by whom he had no issue; and, secondly, to Charlotte of Savoy. By the latter he had three children: a son, who succeeded him as Charles VIII.; and two daughters, Anne, who married Pierre de Bourbon, Lord of Beaujeu, and Jeanne, who married the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Lewis XII. Lewis died in 1483, four months after the death of Edward IV., so that the reigns of these princes were almost coterminous.

4. Duke of Somerset. This was Edmund Beaufort, fourth and last Duke of Somerset, and son of Edmund, Duke of Somerset, in the last play. (See II. Henry VI. note 6.) He succeeded his brother Henry the third duke. This Duke Edmund held a high command at the battle of Barnet, 1471, and at Tewkesbury in the same year. In the latter he was taken prisoner and beheaded by order of Edward IV. See v. 5. 3:

> For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

This duke, like all his family—except the third duke, Henry, for a very short interval (see below, note 226)—was always faithful to the House of Lancaster; it was a great mistake, therefore, on the part of the dramatist, to introduce him at the court of Edward IV. in act iv. sc. 1.

5. Duke of Exeter. Henry Holland, son of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was created Duke of Exeter, 1443, and held the offices of Constable of the Tower and Lord High Admiral. According to Holinshed, it was in the former capacity, that is, Constable of the Tower, that he played an important part in the arrest and execution of Suffolk. (See I. Henry VI. note 10.) John Holland married Anne Stafford, widow of Edmund Mortimer, last Earl of March (see I. Henry VI. note 13); and of this marriage the subject of the present memoir was born. He always remained faithful to the House of Lancaster, and was severely wounded at the battle of Barnet. He succeeded to the second duke, and married Anne Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV. She obtained a divorce from him, and married Sir Thomas St. Ledger. The next year her unhappy husband, who had been detained in the custody of the king, with a weekly allowance of half a mark (according to Lingard, vol. iv. p. 128), and whom Philip de Comines said he saw suffering the greatest poverty, was found dead in the sea between Dover and Calais (according to Fabyan, p. 663); but how he came to his end was not known.

6. Earl of Oxford. This was John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, and Hereditary Lord Chamberlain of England. He was descended from Aubrey de Vere, created Earl of Oxford in 1135 by Henry II. The ninth earl was one of Richard II.'s favourites, and was created Duke of Ireland. He succeeded his father, John, the twelfth earl, his elder brother, Aubrey de Vere, having been beheaded in 1461 with his father, as narrated by Hall (p. 258): "In the whiche Parliament, the Erle of Oxford farre striken in age and the Lord Awbrey Veer, his sonne and heire, whether it wer for malice of their enemies, or thei wer suspected, or had offended the Kyng, they bothe and diuerse of their counsailors, wer attainted and put to execucion, whiche caused Jhon erle of Oxford, euer after to rebell."

The dramatist alludes to these executions in iii. 3. 101–105:

> Call him my king by whose injurious doom
> My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
> Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
> Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
> When nature brought him to the door of death?

At the second battle of Barnet, April 14th, 1471, Oxford, in conjunction with the Marquis of Montague, Warwick's brother, commanded the right wing of the Lancastrian army. At first the division of the army, which Oxford commanded, pressed the wing of Edward's army opposed to it so hard, that a great many of the Yorkists fled towards Barnet and London, carrying the news of the defeat of the Yorkists. Stow says in his description of the battle (p. 423), "they fought in a thick mist from 4. of the clocke in ye morning till ten, diuers times ye E. of Warwickes men supposed that they had got the victory of the field, but it happened that the earle of Oxfords men had a star with streams both before and behinde on their liueries, and King Edwards men had the sun with streames on their liuery; whereupon the earle of Warwickes men, by reason of the mist, not well discerning the badges so like, shot at the Earle of Oxfords men that were on their own part, and then the Earle of Oxforde and his men cried treason, and fled with eight hundred men." King Edward says (v. 5. 2):

> Away with Oxford to Hammes Castle straight.

But he there anticipates events. Oxford and Somerset fled towards Scotland, but changing their minds "turned into Wales, to Jasper erle of Penbroke" (Hall, p. 297). Stow says (p. 426): "Also sir John Vere Earle of Oxforde, that had withdrawne himselfe from Barnet fielde, first into Scotland, after into France, then getting much goods on the Sea, landed in the West countrey, and entred Saint Michaels Mount, with 77 men, the last of September, whereon he was by the kings appointment, besieged by Bodrigan and other, but with such fauour, that the Earle reuictualled the Mount." Oxford surrendered ultimately, 1473, to Richard Fortescue, Sheriff of Cornwall, who was sent to supersede Bodrigan, being in fear of treachery, on the promise of his life being spared. He was sent, not to Guisnes, as Fabian and Stow say, but to the Castle of Ham in Picardy, where he was kept a close prisoner for twelve years. Fabyan (p. 663) says: "in all whiche season my lady his wyfe myght neuer be suffred to come vnto hym, nor had any thyng to lyue vpon, but as the people of their charites wold gyue to her, or what she myght get with her nedyll or other suche conynge as she excercysed." The rest of the memoir of the Earl of Oxford will be found in note 16, Richard III.

7. Earl of Northumberland. Henry Percy, the third earl, was the grandson of Hotspur; he succeeded to the title in 1455, his father Henry having been killed at the first battle of St. Albans. The death of Northumberland in company with Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford is alluded to by York, i. 1. 4–9:

> Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
> Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

King Henry also alludes to it in the same scene, when, addressing the subject of the present memoir, he says (line 54):

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father.

He was the eldest son by his father's marriage with Eleanor Neville, daughter of Ralph, Earl of Westmorland, by his second wife Joan Beaufort. He was killed at the battle of Towton, March 29th, 1461. He married Eleanor, daughter and coheiress of Richard Poynyngs, by whom he left an only son, Henry Percy, who succeeded him as fourth earl.

8. Earl of Westmoreland. This was the second earl; he succeeded his grandfather, the celebrated Ralph Neville, who figures in I. Henry IV. and II. Henry IV. and Henry V. His father, John, Lord Neville, died 1423, having married Elizabeth Holland, daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, and therefore connected with the Plantagenets through Joan, the mother of Richard II. (See Richard II. note 7.) By her he had three sons: Ralph, the subject of the present memoir; Sir John Neville, killed at Towton; and Thomas. Ralph married Elizabeth Percy, widow of Lord Clifford and daughter of Hotspur, by whom he had only one son, who predeceased his father. He married again Margaret, daughter of Sir Reginald Cobham, but by her had no issue; and on his death, in 1483, he was succeeded, as third earl, by his nephew Ralph Neville, son of the Sir John Neville slain at Towton.

9. Lord Clifford. The young Clifford of II. Henry VI. was the son of Lord Clifford killed at the battle of St. Albans. (See II. Henry VI. note 9.) This Lord Clifford, after the cruel murder of young Rutland at the battle of Wakefield, was known by the title of "Butcher," to which Gloucester alludes, ii. 2. 95:

Are you there, *butcher*?—O, I cannot speak!

He was slain in the skirmish at Ferrybridge, just before the battle of Towton in 1461. Hall gives the following account of the engagement (p. 253): "the lord Fawconbridge, syr Water Blont, Robert Horne with the forward, passed the ryuer at Castelford. iii. myles from Ferebridge, entending to haue enuironed and enclosed the lord Clyfford and his cōpany, but they beyng therof aduertised, departed in great haste toward kyng Henries army, but they mete with some that they loked not for, and were attrapped or they were ware. For the lord Clifforde, either for heat or payne, putting of his gorget, sodainly wt an arrowe, (as some say) without an hedde, was striken into the throte, and incontinent rendered hys spirite, and the erle of Westmerlandes brother and all his company almost were there slayn, at a place called Dintingdale, not farr frō Towton. This ende had he, which slew the yong erle of Rutland, kneling on his knees: whose yong sonne Thomas Clifford was brought vp wt a shepperd, in poore habite, and dissimuled behauior euer in feare, to publish his lignage or degre, till kyng Henry the. vii. obteyned the croune, and gat the diademe: by whome he was restored to his name and possessions." Many romantic stories of this son, who was known as the Shepherd Lord, were preserved in Cumberland up to very recent times.

10. Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. See I. Henry VI. note 7, and II. Henry VI. note 4.

11. Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV., was born April 29th, 1442. He derived the earldom of March from his grandmother, Anne Mortimer. (See I. Henry VI. note 13.) He seems to have displayed considerable military talent and great personal courage from a very early age. He was little more than eighteen when, on 10th July, 1460, he helped to defeat the Lancastrians at Northampton. On the 24th December, in the same year, his father was killed at the battle of Wakefield, at which time Edward was raising forces in Wales, so that he could not, as Shakespeare represents him, have been assisting his father in that battle. On 2nd February, in the next year, 1461, he defeated Jasper Tudor at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, after which he rapidly advanced on London. The Lancastrians, under Queen Margaret, having defeated the Earl of Warwick and his forces on the 17th of the same month, failed to follow up their success; and Edward, trusting to his own popularity and to the renown of his father, boldly marched on London; he was received by the citizens with great joy, and on March 4th was proclaimed king at Westminster Hall. On the 29th of the same month he confirmed his title to the throne by his victory at Towton, and his coronation took place at Westminster Abbey on June 29th in the same year. On May 1st, 1464, he was privately married to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Woodville, Earl Rivers, and Jacqueline, the widow of the Duke of Bedford. (See I. Henry VI. note 2.) She was the widow of Sir John Grey, and a very beautiful woman. Her husband, who died of his wounds after the second battle of St. Albans, was in command of the cavalry on the Lancastrian side. Edward's marriage to this lady gave very great offence, not only to his two brothers, but also to the Earl of Warwick, who would have liked him to have married his own daughter. There is no doubt that Edward would never have married Lady Grey had she consented to listen to his dishonourable proposals; but his passion got the better of his prudence, and his impatience would not allow him even to wait for a public marriage. At first every effort was made to conceal the union. Fabyan says (p. 654): "And so this maryage was a season kept secret after, tyll nedely it muste be discoueryd & disclosed, by meane of other whiche were offeryd vnto the kynge, as the quene of Scottes and other." Stories were invented that the king had been bewitched by philtres and magic; but, to do Edward justice, he seems to have insisted upon his queen being treated with proper respect; while to all her family he showed the greatest favour, thus increasing the jealousy of those who were before opposed to the marriage. This enmity soon made itself felt in a serious manner. In spite of the opposition of Edward, Warwick, with the assistance of his brother the Archbishop of York, secured the marriage of Clarence, who, in consequence of the queen not having borne any son to Edward, was still heir

apparent to the throne, with Isabel, Warwick's eldest daughter. This was in 1469. At the very time this marriage was being celebrated an insurrection broke out in Yorkshire under Robert Hillyard, commonly called Robin of Redesdale. The rebels were defeated by the then Earl of Northumberland (Lord Montague), Warwick's brother: but he made no further effort to suppress the rebellion. Robin of Redesdale was executed on the field of battle; but other leaders were found, who were closely connected with Warwick's family, and the rebels now declared their object to be the removal from the king's councils of the queen's relations. Accusations of witchcraft were, in the meantime, freely circulated against the king's mother-in-law. The rebels increased every day in number, and Edward became alarmed at the extent of the movement. He sent letters to Clarence and Warwick, bidding them come to him with the usual retinue which they maintained in the time of peace; but they took no notice of the summons. In the meantime the Earl of Pembroke was advancing to Edward's aid with a body of about 10,000 Welshmen, closely followed by the Earl of Devon (Lord Stafford) with a large force of archers. These two leaders, however, quarrelled; and Pembroke, advancing towards Edgecote, was encountered by the rebels under Lord Fitz Hugh, and completely defeated. The queen's father, Earl Rivers, and his son, Sir John Woodville, were both taken in the Forest of Dean, as well as the Earl of Devon; and all three were beheaded. This disastrous defeat, coupled with the desertion of the greater part of his army, plunged Edward into the greatest distress, in which condition he was found by his brother and Warwick at Olney. They treated the king with outward respect, but he was removed to Middleham and made there virtually a prisoner under the custody of the Archbishop of York. At this time, then, there were two kings of England both imprisoned; but Warwick had not yet made up his mind to desert the house of York for the house of Lancaster. An army of Lancastrians having appeared under Sir Humphrey Neville in Scotland, Warwick, after releasing the king from captivity, marched into the north, and defeated them. How Edward obtained his liberty has always been, and will probably always remain, a mystery. An apparent reconciliation now took place between the king's party and that of Warwick; but it was only apparent; for, in the very next year, another insurrection broke out in Lancashire, which was fomented by Clarence and Warwick. The insurgents being defeated, the two great intriguers became alarmed; and they succeeded in making their escape to Dartmouth, from which place, in April, 1470, they sailed for France. The court of Lewis XI. now became the centre of fresh intrigues. Here Clarence, Warwick, and Queen Margaret met. The first acknowledged Henry as his king; and Warwick, having induced Margaret to forget or forgive the past, betrothed his younger daughter, Anne, to her son Prince Edward; and preparations were now made for the expedition with the object of restoring Henry to the throne. But during the course of these negotiations Clarence had become estranged from Warwick; and so, in spite of the indolence which Edward unaccountably displayed at this crisis, passing his time in gallantries and amusements while his enemies were making their formidable preparations against him, circumstances were working in his favour; and his versatile brother was preparing for another grand *coup* of treachery. Events now followed with bewildering rapidity. Henry was restored; Edward fled from England. Scarcely, however, had the change been effected, or the Lancastrians had time to celebrate their victory, before Edward had again landed in England. The battles of Barnet and Tewksbury were followed by the murder of Henry, and the final re-establishment of Edward on the throne took place. The latter events of his reign will be more fitly recorded in the notes to Richard III.

12. Earl of Rutland. He was the third son of the Duke of York, born May 17th, 1443. He was therefore seventeen years old, and not scarcely twelve, as Hall states, when he was killed on Wakefield Bridge by Lord Clifford, after his father's defeat in that fatal battle. Hall gives the following account of the murder of Rutland (pp. 250, 251): "While this battaill was in fightyng, a prieste called sir Robert Aspall, chappelain and schole master to the yong erle of Rutland ii. sonne to the aboue named duke of Yorke, scace of ye age of . xii. yeres, a faire gētlemā, and a maydenlike person, perceiuying y flight was more sauegard, then tariyng, bothe for him and his master, secretly conueyed therle out of ye felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne, but or he coulde enter into a house, he was by the sayd lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yōg gentelman dismaied, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees imploryng mercy, and desiryng grace, both with holding vp his hādes and making dolorous countinance, for his speache was gone for feare. Saue him sayde his Chappelein, for he is a princes sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him and sayde: by Gods blode, thy father slew myne, and so wil I do the and all thy kyn, and with that woord, stacke the erle to ye hart with his dagger, and bad his Chappeleyn bere the erles mother & brother worde what he had done, and sayde. In this acte the lord Clyfford was accompted a tyraunt, and no gentelman, for the propertie of the Lyon, which is a furious and vnreasonable beaste, is to be cruell to them that withstande hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humiliate them selfes before him." He was buried at Fotheringay by the side of his father.

13. George, Duke of Clarence. He was the sixth son of Richard, Duke of York; born October 21st, 1449, at Dublin Castle. Upon the accession of his brother to the throne, 1461, he was created Duke of Clarence, and K.G. He was also appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His union with Isabella Neville, eldest daughter of the King-maker, placed him more entirely under that nobleman's power than any of his brothers. He distributed his treacheries impartially between Yorkists and Lancastrians. His desertion of the cause of the Yorkists, which he had deliberately adopted, his treachery to Henry, from whom he had received honour and rewards, and his cowardly duplicity to his father-in-law have

covered his name with infamy. His memoir will be more properly completed in the notes to Richard III.

14. RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, was the eighth son of the Duke of York. It must be remembered that four of the Duke of York's sons died young, so that George and Richard are generally called the third and fourth sons respectively.

Richard was born at Fotheringay Castle, October 2nd, 1452; with his brother George he was taken by his widowed mother after the battle of Wakefield to the court of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, where they remained till 1461. Richard distinguished himself, it is true, both at Barnet and Tewksbury; but he took no part in the battles of Wakefield, Mortimer's Cross, or Towton. He was created Duke of Gloucester, 1461. The rest of his career will be more fitly treated of in the notes to the play in which he is the principal character.

15. DUKE OF NORFOLK. John Mowbray, fourth Duke of Norfolk, was the son of John Mowbray, the third duke, and great-grandson of the Thomas Mowbray who figures in Richard II. (See note 6 of that play.) He was the last male descendant of his race, and died 1475. He married Elizabeth Talbot, daughter of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury, and granddaughter of the great general. By her he had one child, a daughter, Anne Mowbray, who was affianced to the second son of Edward IV., Richard, Duke of York, when a mere infant, January 15th, 1477. The child-bride died 1482, the year before her husband was murdered by his uncle. The estates and honours of the Mowbrays descended to John Howard, the son of Sir Robert Howard, and Margaret Mowbray, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk in Richard II. John Howard was created Duke of Norfolk, 1483, and plays an important part under that title in the play of Richard III.

16. MARQUESS OF MONTAGU was Sir John Neville, the third son of Richard, Earl of Salisbury. (See II. Henry VI. note 10.) He was brother of the King-maker and of the Archbishop of York. He was created Lord Montagu, 1461. He was also made warden of the East Marches of Scotland. He was also made, for a brief period, Earl of Northumberland, thus acquiring with the title the estates of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. But upon the restoration of the youthful Henry Percy (see above, note 7) King Edward compensated him for the loss by creating him Marquess of Montagu, 1470. It appears that this deprivation of the valuable estates which had been conferred on him, and being given in return only an empty title, determined John Neville to join his brother in the desertion of Edward's cause. He was killed at the battle of Barnet, 1471. Stow says (p. 423): "The Marques Mountacute was priuily agreed with king Edward and had gotten on his liuery, but one of his brothers the earle of Warwicks men espying this, fell upon him and killed him." The Marquess of Montagu married Isabella, daughter of Sir Edmund Ingoldsthorp, and left by him two sons and five daughters. The eldest son, George Neville, was created in 1469, by Edward IV., Duke of Bedford, and was promised in marriage the king's eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth; but he was degraded from his rank at his father's attainder, and died 1483. (See French, p. 191.)

17. EARL OF WARWICK. See II. Henry VI. note 11.

18. EARL OF PEMBROKE. It seems that at this time there were two Earls of Pembroke; one being Jasper Tudor, uterine brother of Henry VI., created earl, 1452. He was a zealous Lancastrian; therefore the Earl of Pembroke, in this play, must be William Herbert, son of Sir William Ap Thomas Herbert, knighted by Henry V., and his wife Gladys, daughter of Sir David Gam (who distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt), and widow of Sir Roger Vaughan, who was killed at the same battle. *Davy* Gam, esquire, as he is called in Henry V. iv. 8. 109, had married a sister of Owen Glendower. William Herbert was a faithful adherent of the House of York. Immediately on the accession of Edward IV. to the throne the king made him one of his council. He is mentioned as being present at the delivery of the seals to the Bishop of Exeter on his appointment as chancellor on March 10th, 1461. On May 8th of the same year William Herbert was made Chief Justice and Chamberlain of South Wales; and other important offices in the shires of Carmarthen and Cardigan were conferred upon him; and, in September of the same year, all the possessions in South Wales of Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, were bestowed on him. On November 4th of the same year he was made a baron, at the same time that the king's brothers were made Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester respectively. In February, 1462, he was granted the castle, town, and lordship of the town of Pembroke. In the same year he was made K.G. King Edward continued to heap favours upon him; and on May 27th, 1468, he was made Earl of Pembroke. In July, 1469, having been sent by the king with 18,000 Welshmen against the rebels in the north, he met Humphrey, Lord Stafford of Southwick, who had been sent with a body of archers to co-operate with him. The two lords with their united forces were quartered in Banbury; but a quarrel having arisen between the two leaders concerning some maid of an inn,[1] Stafford refused to co-operate with Pembroke; the latter, however, attacked the rebels next day at Danesmoor, near Edgecote, about three miles from Banbury. He was entirely defeated, and with his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, was taken prisoner, and executed at Banbury. Of the bravery of the two brothers in battle Hall thus speaks (p. 274): "Therle of Penbroke behaued hymself like a hardy knight, and expert capitain, but his brother sir Richarde Herbert so valiauntly acquited hymself, that with his Polleaxe in his hand (as his enemies did afterward reporte) he twise by fine force passed through the battaill of his aduersaries, and without any mortall wounde returned." By his wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Walter d'Evreux, the earl had issue four sons: William, who succeeded him;

[1] "The erle of Pembroke and the lorde Stafford of Southwike, wer lodged at Banbery the daie before the feld, whiche was sainct James daie, and there the erle of Pembroke, putte the Lorde Stafforde out of an Inne, wherein he delighted muche to be, for the loue of a damosell that dwelled in the house: contrary to their mutual agrement by them taken, whiche was, that whosoeuer obteined first a lodgyng, should not be deceiued nor remoued" (Hall, p. 274).

Sir Walter, who married Anne, daughter of Henry Stafford, second Duke of Buckingham; and two others, George and Philip. He also had six daughters, of whom the youngest married Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, grandson of the great Earl of Shrewsbury. He also left an illegitimate son, Sir Richard Herbert, of Ewyas, from whom the present Earls of Pembroke are descended.

19. Lord Hastings. Sir William Hastings, or properly De Hastings, was the eldest son of Sir Leonard De Hastings, descended from William De Hastings, who was steward to King Henry I. Sir Leonard married Alice, daughter of Thomas, Lord Camoys. Sir William was the first Lord Hastings, and was one of the most faithful adherents both of Richard, Duke of York, and his son Edward IV., who, when he came to the throne, was not unmindful of Sir William's services, and bestowed upon him many manors and important offices. He was raised to the peerage, in 1461, by the title of Baron Hastings of Ashby de la Zouch, and made a Knight of the Garter in 1462; he was subsequently appointed ambassador to Lewis XI. of France. He married Catherine, widow of Lord Bonville and daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury. But though he was by this marriage brother-in-law to Warwick, the King-maker, when that powerful nobleman espoused the cause of Henry VI. in 1470, he remained faithful to the house of York. After the battles of Barnet and Tewksbury, in which he took an important part, he was made Captain of Calais; though he appears to have been on very bad terms with the family of the Woodvilles, especially Queen Elizabeth's brothers, yet he was devoted to the young Edward V. His opposition to the ambition of Richard drew upon him the enmity of that usurper; and he was beheaded, without any form of trial, June 13th, 1483, on Tower Hill. He left four sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Edward, became Lord Hungerford in right of his wife; and was even knighted by Richard III., 1483; but when Henry VII. came to the throne he was restored to all his father's estates and honours, so that his allegiance to his father's murderer could only have been temporary. William, Lord Hastings, was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, by the side of the king to whom he had been so devoted.

20. Lord Stafford. Sir Humphrey Stafford, generally known as Lord Stafford of Southwick, a cousin of the two brothers Stafford killed in Jack Cade's rebellion (see II. Henry VI. note 14), was the son of William Stafford and Catharine, daughter of Sir John Cheddiock, knight. Sir Humphrey was created Lord Stafford of Southwick, 1464; and in 1469 he was named, but not created, Earl of Devonshire by Edward IV. (see Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 291). His quarrel with the Earl of Pembroke before the battle of Danesmoor has been already mentioned above (note 18): he escaped after the battle, but before long was captured and brought to Bridgewater, where he was beheaded. Lord Stafford was married to Isabel, daughter of Sir John Barre; but had no issue. He, as well as Pembroke, is a *persona muta* in this play.

21. Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer. Of these two characters nothing more is known than the mention of them as having been killed at the battle of Wakefield. They are called "the two bastard uncles of the Duke of York;" but it does not appear who their father was.

22. Lord Rivers was Sir Antony Woodvile, eldest son of Woodvile, Lieutenant of the Tower in I. Henry VI. (see note 19 of that play). He succeeded to the title in 1469. Before that he had been known as Lord Scales, having married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of the Lord Scales of II. Henry VI. (see note 12 of that play). Through his mother, Jacqueline, widow of the Duke of Bedford (see I. Henry VI. note 2), he was descended from Henry III. of England. He figures as Earl Rivers in Richard III. He was most faithful to his royal brother-in-law, and to his young son, the Prince of Wales, to whom he was appointed governor. His fidelity made him an object of detestation to Richard. At the time of the death of Edward IV. Lord Rivers was with the young Prince of Wales at Ludlow. Immediately his young charge was declared king, under the title of Edward V., he and Lord Grey conducted their young sovereign on his road to London; and Gloucester having arrived at Northampton, Rivers and Grey lost no time in going there to welcome him in the name of the young king. They were received with every distinction; but the next day, while riding in company with Gloucester and Buckingham to Stony Stratford, where the king was, Richard suddenly accused Rivers and Grey of having tried to excite his nephew's mind against him. They were at once arrested, and were conveyed under strong guard to Pomfret Castle. There Rivers seems to have been kept in custody till nearly the end of June the same year, 1483, when he was put to death; Grey, Hastings, and others having been previously beheaded. Lord Rivers married, first, Elizabeth, the daughter of Lord Scales, as already mentioned; secondly, Mary, daughter and heiress of Henry Fitz-Lewis; but he had no issue by either marriage.

23. Sir William Stanley was the second son of Thomas, first Lord Stanley (see II. Henry VI. note 15). He is generally called Sir William Stanley of Holt, from his chief residence, Holt Castle, in Denbighshire. In 1460, on the attainder of Lord Clifford, Edward IV. gave him the lordship and castle of Skipton, in Yorkshire. The only scene in which he is introduced is scene 4 of act v., where the dramatist has followed Hall in representing him as taking an important part in aiding Edward to escape from Middleham Castle, where the Yorkist king was kept in honourable custody by the orders of Warwick. Hall's account of the matter is as follows: "Kyng Edward beyng thus in captiuitie, spake euer fayre to the Archebishop and to the other kepers, (but whether he corrupted them with money or fayre promises) he had libertie diuers dayes to go on huntynge, and one day on a playne there met with hym syr William Stanley, syr Thomas of Borogh, and dyuers other of hys frēdes, with suche a great bend of men, that neither his kepers woulde, nor once durst moue him to retorne to prison agayn" (p. 275). The most probable account of this escape of Edward's, which, as has been already said (see above, note 11), is involved in mystery, is that Warwick found himself unable to obtain the levies which he was raising in

Edward's name as long as he kept the monarch in a kind of secret captivity; and, therefore, Edward's release from honourable confinement was, directly or indirectly, the act of Warwick. Sir William Stanley is mentioned in Richard III. iv. 5. 10, as being among those "of noble fame and worth" who joined Richmond. The assistance which he rendered Richmond at the battle of Bosworth helped very materially to bring about the defeat of Richard. After Henry was crowned king he made Sir William a Knight of the Garter and Lord Chamberlain; but the great services he had rendered the king could not save his life, when he was accused of having at least countenanced the conspiracy of Perkin Warbeck. It does not appear that Stanley did anything more than say that, if Warbeck was really the Duke of York, he would not draw his sword against him. But, unfortunately for him, he was one of the king's wealthiest subjects; and the cupidity of Henry VII. made him covet Stanley's large estates. Sir William was beheaded on Tower Hill, 1495; and all his possessions were confiscated. He was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Hopton, and had one son, Sir William Stanley. He left one daughter, Joan, married to Sir Richard Brereton, of Tatton, in Cheshire.

24. Sir John Montgomery should be Sir *Thomas* Montgomery, second son of Sir John Montgomery by Elizabeth, his wife, sister of Ralph Boteler, Lord Sudeley. His elder brother, Sir John, was beheaded in the third year of Edward IV. Sir Thomas, like his brother, had been attached to the cause of Henry VI., to whom he had been esquire of the body; but he seems to have deserted the side of the Yorkists, and to have become one of the most favoured counsellors of Edward IV., who appointed him to various offices, including that of Treasurer of Ireland for life. He accompanied Edward to France, and when the king returned from his brief exile in France and landed at Ravenspurg, Sir Thomas was among those who joined him at Nottingham, as Hall narrates (p. 292): "where (at Nottingham) came to him (King Edward) syr William Parre, syr Thomas a Borogh, syr Thomas Montgomerie, and diuers other of hys assured frendes with their aydes." De Comines speaks of the confidential position which he occupied with the king, for whom he acted as ambassador to Louis XI. He was selected to escort Queen Margaret to France, 1475. He seems to have been a political Vicar of Bray, for he was knight of the body to Richard III. and found favour also with Henry VII. He died peaceably, January 11th, 1495. He was twice married, but had no issue by either of his wives. His sister, Alice, became his heir (see French, p. 198).

25. Sir John Somerville. This character has not been identified with any historical personage. In The True Tragedy he is called simply Summerfield, and in Ff. Somervile. It was Capell who first called him Sir John Somerville, it does not appear why. French says (p. 199): "This knight probably belonged to the ancient family of Somerville, seated at Wichnor, co. Stafford, and at Aston-Somerville in the county of Gloucester, soon after the conquest."

26. Tutor to Rutland. The name of this character is known to us from the passage from Hall already quoted in the memoir of the Earl of Rutland. (See above, note 12.) There is no reason why he should not be called by his name in the Dramatis Personæ. French says (p. 200): "The Aspalls were of an old family and well allied."

27. Mayor of York. According to French (p. 200) (quoting from Drake's Eboracum): "This official was Thomas Beverley, Merchant of the Staple; he was Sheriff of the City of York, in 1451, and Lord Mayor in 1460, and again in 1471, the date of King Edward's visit." In The True Tragedie (Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library, vol. ii. pt. 2, p. 81) he is rightly called "the *Lord* Maire of Yorke;" and is addressed as "my *Lord* Maire" both by Edward and by Lord Hastings. In Ff. he is simply called Mayor.

28. Lieutenant of the Tower. This character appears in act iv. scene 6, and in act v. scene 6. But strictly speaking, they would, probably, be different personages. There were two chief officers of the Tower, the Constable, who was generally a nobleman of high rank, and the Lieutenant, who had practical charge of the prisoners. French (p. 201) hazards the astonishing conjecture, that the lieutenant in act iv. scene 6, was John Tibetoft, or Tiptoft, first Earl of Worcester, who was appointed Constable of the Tower by Edward IV. at his accession. It is scarcely possible that any dramatist would so unnecessarily have violated facts as to make Henry address this man, who was infamous for his cruelties, in such a friendly manner as he does in the scene above mentioned. In 1470 Tibetoft earned the nickname of "Butcher" for the abominable cruelties and barbarities inflicted by him upon the unfortunate prisoners who were delivered to him for execution after the defeat of Sir Robert Welles and his forces at the battle of Erpingham in that year. (See Lingard, vol. iv. p. 175, and foot-note 2.) Tibetoft was the only person put to death on the brief return of Henry to power in October, 1470. The lieutenant, in act v. scene 6, French thinks was John Sutton, Lord Dudley, who succeeded the Earl of Worcester as Constable.

29. A Nobleman. The term nobleman was not confined, in Shakespeare's time, to members of the peerage. It included knights and bannerets. French thinks that this nobleman, who appears in act iii. scene 2, where he comes to report to Edward the capture of King Henry, was "Sir James Harrington, whose servants captured the unhappy monarch during his retreat in the north, at Waddington Hall" (p. 202).

30. Queen Margaret. See I. Henry VI. note 27.

31. Lady Grey, afterwards queen to Edward IV. Elizabeth Woodvile was born 1437. She married Sir John Grey, eldest son and heir of Edward, Lord Grey of Groby. (See I. Henry VI. note 19, and above, note 11.) She was, therefore, twenty-seven years old when her marriage with the king took place, 1464. Her first husband died February 28th, 1461, from the wounds which he received in the second battle of St. Albans, where he led the queen's cavalry. By a singular mistake the dramatist has said (iii. 2. 6, 7):

> in quarrel of the house of York
> The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

The tree in Whittlebury Forest, near Grafton, under

which Elizabeth waited with her two young sons to petition King Edward for the restitution of their father's lands, is still known as the Queen's Oak. The memoir of this unfortunate lady will be more appropriately concluded in Richard III.

32. Bona. The princess Bona or Bonne of Savoy was the third daughter of Louis, first Duke of Savoy. He was created duke in 1440. Her eldest sister Charlotte was married to Louis XI. It also appears that her brother, Amédé, Duke of Savoy, was married to Yolande, sister of Louis XI.; so that she was doubly related to the king. There seems to be little authority among contemporary writers for the incident of Warwick being sent to demand from Louis the hand of his sister-in-law Bona for Edward. The dramatist, however, took the incident from Hall (p. 263): "he came to kyng Lewes the . XI. then beyng Frenche kyng, liyng at Tours, and with greate honor was there receiued, and honorably interteined: of whō, for kyng Edward his master, he demaunded to haue in mariage the Lady Bona, doughter to Lewes duke of Sauoy, and suster to the Lady Carlot, then French Quene, beyng then in the Frenche court." She says, iii. 3. 227, 228:

> Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
> I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

But she did not keep her word, as she married Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, 1468, and died in 1485.

ACT I. Scene 1.

33.—The action of this scene, as Johnson remarked, follows immediately upon that of the last scene of the foregoing play. The events of five years have been passed over unnoticed by the dramatist. The battle of St. Alban's was fought May 22nd, 1455. York was recognized heir to the throne in Parliament, October 1460. The history of the intervening period is little more than that of York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Most of it has already been given in II. Henry VI. notes 10 and 11. In June, 1460, Salisbury, Warwick, and March landed with 1500 men in Kent, where Cobham joined them with 400, and they advanced towards London, which opened its gates. Henry had collected an army at Coventry, and advanced to Northampton, where he intrenched himself. Warwick sought a conference with the king, but this being refused, a battle was fought on July 10th. Lord Grey of Ruthyn, who was on the king's side, betrayed his trust, and introduced the Yorkists within the royal camp. The battle lasted from seven o'clock till nine. About 10,000 fell, Hall says, and the king was captured. Among the slain were the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury. Somerset and others fled with the queen and Prince Edward, and ultimately reached Scotland. Henry was brought to London, Warwick riding bareheaded before him into the city.

"During this trouble," says Holinshed (p. 261), "a parlement was summoned to begin at Westminster, in the moneth of October next following.

"In the meane time the duke of Yorke, aduertised of all these things, sailed from Dubline towards England, and landed at the red bank néere to the citie of Chester, with no small companie: and from Chester by long iournies he came to the citie of London, which he entred the fridaie before the feast of S. Edward, the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, with trumpets also sounding, and accompanied with a great traine of men of armes, and other of his fréends and seruants. At his comming to Westminster he entred the palace, and passing foorth directlie through the great hall, staied not till he came to the chamber, where the king and lords vsed to sit in the parlement time, cōmonlie called the vpper house, or chamber of the péeres, and being there entred, stept vp vnto the throne roiall, and there laieng his hand vpon the cloth of estate, seemed as if he meant to take possession of that which was his right . . . and after withdrawing his hand, turned his face towards the people. . . .

"Whilest he thus stood, . . . the archbishop of Canturburie (Thomas Bourcher) came to him, & . . . asked him if he would come and see the king. With which demand he séeming to take disdaine, answered breefelie . . . thus: I remember not that I know anie within this realme, but that it beséemeth him rather to come and sée my person, than I to go and sée his. . . .

"Maister Edward Hall in his chronicle maketh mention of an oration, which the duke of Yorke vttered, sitting in the regall seat. . . . During the time (saith he) of this parlement, the duke of Yorke with a bold countenance entered into the chamber of the peeres, and sat downe in the throne roiall, vnder the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat)."

34. Line 1: *I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.*—It is not plain whether, at the opening of this scene, the authors were thinking of the battle of St. Albans or of Northampton. But in either case the statement in these three lines is imaginary. Henry was actually captured by the Yorkists after both battles. His escape is an incident in the chroniclers' accounts of the battle of Hexham, 1464.

35. Lines 6-9.—See II. Henry VI. note 336.

36. Line 8: *Charg'd our* MAIN BATTLE'S *front.*—Cf. Hall (p. 250), of the battle of Wakefield; "The duke of Somerset and other of the quenes part . . . appointed the lorde Clifford, to lye in the one stale,[1] and the Erle of Wilshire in the other, and thei theimselfes kept *the mayne battaill.*" The usual military term for the main body of the army is "the centre."

37. Lines 10, 11, 14.—According to Hall (p. 233) "Humfrey duke of Buckyngham, beyng wounded, & Iames Butler erle of Wiltshire & Ormond, seyng fortunes loweryng chaunce, left the king poste a lone & with a greate numbre fled away. This was thend of the first battaill at S. Albons." What is said in the text happened after the battle of Northampton, when there "were slayn Humfrey duke of Buckyngham, Ihon Talbot erle of Shrewesbury, a valeant person, and not degenerating frō his noble parent," &c. (Hall, p. 244). See II. Henry VI. note 8.

38. Line 11: *Is either slain, or wounded* DANGEROUS.—The Qq. read here *dangerouslie.* Shakespeare does not

[1] *i.e.* ambush, or perhaps "wing."

use *dangerous* as an adverb elsewhere, but there does not seem any necessity for altering the text of F. 1.

39. Line 12: *I cleft his* BEAVER *with a downright blow.*—Beaver (Fr. *baviere*) is "the lower portion of the face-guard of a helmet, when worn with a visor" (Planche's Dict. of Costume, p. 38). It covered the throat and mouth, and could be thrown up over the top of the helmet. In this place the word is used for the whole helmet, as in I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 104:

> I saw young Harry, with his *beaver* on.

40. Line 14: Mont. [To York, showing his] *And,* BROTHER, *here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood.*—Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter Isabella was married to York's son, George of Clarence; therefore York and Montague were brothers-in-law. But this alliance did not take place during the life of York. It is, however, plain from line 116 below, and from i. 2. 4 of this play, that the author intended to represent Montague and York as brothers-in-law.

41. Line 16.—Richard was at this time barely eight years old (see II. Henry VI. note 5). His introduction here is therefore an anachronism.

42. Line 18: WHAT, *is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?*—So Malone reads, after The True Tragedie. The Ff. have *But.*

43. Line 19: *Such* HAP *have all the line of John of Gaunt!*—Ff. read *hope,* as does The True Tragedie, an error probably arising from the occurrence of that word in the next line. *Hap* is an anonymous conjecture, adopted by Dyce.

44. Line 29: *hither we have broken in by force.*—This statement, as well as lines 1-3 above, is hardly correct. See note 33 of this play.

45. Line 41: *And bashful Henry* BE *depos'd, whose cowardice.*—This is the reading of The True Tragedie. The word *be* slipped out in the text of Ff.

46. Line 47: *if Warwick* SHAKE HIS BELLS.—A simile taken from falconry. Cf. Rape of Lucrece, line 511:

> With trembling fear, as fowl hear *falcons' bells.*

The bells were attached, one to each leg of the falcon, by leathern thongs called *bewits.* See Strutt, Sports and Pastimes, p. 32.

47. Lines 54, 55.—See above, note 7, and II. Henry VI. note 9.

48. Line 55: *And thine, Lord Clifford;* YOU HAVE BOTH *vow'd revenge.*—F. 1 reads:

> And thine, Lord *Clifford,* and you both have vow'd revenge;

which F. 4 corrects by transposing *have* and *both. And* seems unnecessary after the pause following *Clifford;* we have, therefore, omitted it.

49. Line 62: *Patience is for poltroons,* FOR *such as he.*—We have added *for.* F. 2 reads "AND *such is he.*" Walker (Crit. Exam. vol. ii. p. 26) considers "patience" to be a trisyllable, and "poltroons" to be accented on the first syllable; many modern editors seem to have followed him. But the line is awkward without a syllable before *such. For* seems better than *and;* it rather emphasizes the insult.

50. Line 69.—This line is given to "*Westm.*" in F. 1 by mistake, as the next speech shows. The correction was made by Theobald from The True Tragedie.

51. Line 76:

> *I am thy sovereign.*
> York. THOU 'RT DECEIV'D; *I am thine.*

Ff., perhaps by inadvertence, omit the words "*Thou art deceiv'd*" of The True Tragedie. Something is wanting here; the passage sounds too abrupt as it stands in Ff.

52. Line 79: *'Twas my inheritance, as the* EARLDOM *was—i.e.* the earldom of March. The True Tragedie reads *kingdom.* In the course of the long speech put into York's mouth by Hall, he is made to say (p. 246): "After whose" [*i.e.* Richard II.'s] "piteous death, and execrable murder . . . the right title of the croune, and superiorite of this realme, was lawfully reuerted and returned to Rogier Mortimer, erle of Marche, . . . to which Rogiers doughter called Anne, my most derest and welbeloued mother, I am the very trew and lineall heyre."

53. Line 83: AND *that's Richard Duke of York.—And,* omitted in F. 1, though found in The True Tragedie, was restored in F. 2.

54. Line 84: AND *shall I stand.*—The number of *ands* is very awkward. Should not we read "WHAT! *shall I stand?*"

55. Lines 91, 92.—See note 33, "came to the citie of London," &c.

56. Line 105: THY *father was, as thou art, Duke of York.*—Ff. read *My.* The correction was made by Rowe. As Malone notes (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 371), Richard's father, the Earl of Cambridge, never succeeded to the dukedom, having been beheaded during the lifetime of Edward duke of York, his elder brother.

57. Line 110: *Talk not of France,* SITH *thou hast lost it all.—Sith*="because," comes by loss of final *n* from the older *sithen,* whence also by addition of adverbial *s,* or *ce* came *sithence* or *sithens,* now contracted to "since." *Sith* occurs in Ezek. xxxv. 6; *sithence* is used by Shakespeare in Coriolanus, iii. 1. 47, and in All's Well, i. 3. 124.

58. Line 114: TEAR THE CROWN, FATHER, *from the usurper's head.*—In F. 1 the line stands:

> *Father teare the Crowne* from the Vsurpers Head.

Hanmer made the transposition in the text, which certainly improves the rhythm of the line.

59. Line 120: K. HEN. *Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.*—The Quartos, followed by Lettsom and Hudson, give this line to Northumberland, whom it would very well suit. But other such brief outbursts are put in Henry's mouth in these plays. It is the *persistence* in any manly course of action which would be out of character in his case, and not the momentary assumption of authority.

60. Line 131: BUT *prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.*—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 omits *But.*

61. Line 144: *Think you 't were prejudicial to his* CROWN? —Johnson proposed "*to his* SON;" a mistake, as Richard was childless.

62. Lines 170–175.—Hall says (p. 249), "After long argumentes made, and deliberate cōsultaciō had emong the peeres, prelates, and commons of the realme: vpon the vigile of all sainctes, it was condescended and agreed, by the three estates, for so muche as kyng Henry had been taken as kyng, by the space of . xxxviii . yeres and more, that he should inioye the name and title of Kyng, and haue possession of the realme, duryng his life naturall: And if he either died or resigned, or forfeted thesame, for infringing any poynt of this concorde, then the saied Croune and aucthoritie royal, should immediatly bee diuoluted to the Duke of Yorke, if he then liued, or els to the next heire of his line or linage, and that the duke from thensefurth, should be Protector and Regent of the lande."

Such an arrangement could hardly have been expected to be permanent, and this is suggested below, line 190.

63. Line 186: *And* DIE IN BANDS, *for this unmanly deed!* —This same expression occurs in Marlowe's Edward II. (Works, p. 202):

> Weaponless must I fall, and *die in bands.*

64. Line 193: *Whom I* UNNATURALLY *shall disinherit.*— This line we have retained in spite of its utterly bad rhythm, as the whole passage is taken, with hardly an alteration, from The True Tragedie. It might have been expected that Shakespeare, in the revision, would have written "Whom I *unnatural* shall disinherit." The same scansion occurs below, v. 1. 86.

65. Line 196: CONDITIONALLY *that here thou take an oath.*—Compare Marlowe, Doctor Faustus (Works, p. 86):

> But yet *conditionally* that thou perform
> All articles.

The rhythm would be improved by reading *conditional*, the use of adjective for adverb being common enough in Shakespeare's time. The frequent unrhythmical lines retained in this part of the play from The True Tragedie suggest that the revision was somewhat carelessly carried out.

66. Line 205: *Sennet—i.e.* a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet. It was not the same as a "flourish," for Nares cites from Dekker's Satiromastix (Works, vol. i. p. 222) the stage direction "Trumpets sound a *florish*, and then a *sennate.*"

67. Line 212:

> *I 'll steal away.*
> K. Hen. *So,* EXETER, *will I.*

F. 1 has

> Ile steale away.
> *Henry.* Exeter so will I.

The arrangement of words is the same as in line 80 above:

> Exeter, thou 'rt a traitor to the crown.

But in this place the line would be very awkward for the speaker, and we have adopted Pope's correction.

68. Line 218: *Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.*—A most unmusical line. The scansion is probably "Seeing thóu | hast próv'd," &c. *Seeing*, used adverbially, goes for a monosyllable often in Marlowe, Greene, &c., and is so in line 247 below, but not elsewhere in Shakespeare. Though the line is found only in Ff., we can hardly think it to be his.

69. Line 224: *Rather than made that savage duke thine heir.*—F. 1 reads:

> Rather then *haue* made that sauage Duke thine Heire,

where, perhaps, *rather* may be pronounced as a monosyllable. The correction of F. 2, which we have adopted, seems decidedly preferable.

70. Line 233: *And* GIV'N *unto the house of York such* HEAD.—For this horseman's phrase compare also Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 249:

> *Give* him *head;* I know he 'll prove a jade:

and Richard II. iii. 3. 12, 13.

71. Lines 238–240:

> *Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;*
> *Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;*
> *The duke is made protector of the realm.*

In the parliament that followed the battle of St. Albans, says Hall (p. 233), "the duke of York was made protector of the Realme, and therle of Salisbury, was appoynted to be Chauncellor, and had the greate seale to hym deliuered: and the erle of Warwicke, was elected to the office of the capitain of Calice, and the territories of the same." William Neville, Lord Falconbridge, was Warwick's uncle and Salisbury's brother, being the second son of Ralph, Earl of Westmorland. According to Holinshed, he "had the towne and castell [of Calais] in kéeping" (p. 253). Edward made him Earl of Kent in 1461. In the next year he was "appointed to kéepe the seas" (Holinshed, p. 279, quoting from Stowe). The allusion in the text is inaccurate, for in 1459 the keeping of the seas had been given to Exeter. He was not, however, able to offer much opposition to the Yorkists. York was discharged of his protectorate in 1456, when also the Earl of Salisbury was dismissed from his office. Warwick, strange to say, was allowed to remain in command of Calais until 1459, when Somerset was made captain, but found much difficulty in taking up the command, for the citizens were strong partisans of Warwick. And even after he had made entrance, Warwick was able still to make Calais his headquarters, and entirely to control the Channel. York was again declared Protector after the parliament some of whose proceedings have been represented in this scene (see note at line 170 above). The present passage would appear to be another instance of the way in which events of the years 1455 and 1460 have been mixed together, as pointed out in note 33.

"The narrow seas" was the name not only for the English Channel, but also for the seas lying between the Netherlands and the coast of Essex and Kent. Cf. below, iv. 8. 1, 3:

> Edward from Belgia,
> . . . . . .
> Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas.

72. Line 245: *Before I would have granted to* THAT ACT.—The True Tragedie[1] has

Before I would haue granted to *their wils.* —P. 14.

The expression *granted to*, meaning "assented to," is uncommon, but is used by Hall in the following passage: "he alledged his insufficiencie for so great a roome and weighty burden, . . . yet in conclusion he beynge perswaded by the Archebishop of Cäterbury, the bishop of Excester and other lordes, . . . *graunted to* their peticion" (p. 254).

73. Line 259: *Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay* WITH *me?—With,* omitted in F. 1, is restored in F. 2.

74. Line 261: *When I return with victory* FROM *the field.*—F. 1 reads *to* instead of *from.* The correction was made in F. 2.

75. Lines 267, 268:

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will COAST *my crown.*

The emendation which we have adopted is the same as that suggested by Warburton and adopted by Singer and Grant White. If the reading of the Folios is to be retained the meaning must be "will cost me my crown," which is a very awkward construction, and is a phrase that seems strangely coupled with such a technical term as *tire on.* There is no doubt that the meaning of *coast* is "to keep alongside of," and that it suggests the idea of watching. The word is used by Shakespeare with some indefiniteness of meaning. See Venus and Adonis, lines 869, 870:

Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.

Henry VIII. iii. 2. 38:

The king in this perceives him, how he *coasts*
And hedges his own way.

Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 58, 59:

These encounterers
That give a *coasting* welcome ere it comes.

But it certainly seems the most probable emendation.

76. Lines 268, 269:

like an empty eagle,
TIRE ON *the flesh of me and of my son.*

Compare Venus and Adonis, lines 55, 56:

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak *on* feathers, flesh, and bone.

Steevens quotes Dekker, Match Me in London:

The vulture *tyers*
Vpon the eagles hart.
—Works, vol. iv. p. 187.

See also Kyd, Cornelia:

And th' eagle *tiring on* Prometheus.
—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 248.

There are other later instances also of the word *tire* in this sense; which is taken from that of the French *tirer.* The mode of feeding of all the hawk tribe is to hold the prey firmly with the talons whilst they tear it with the beak. When a hawk was in training, a tough or bony bit was often given her to tire on, *i.e.* to tear or pull at, so as to prolong her meal as much as possible, and prevent her from gorging. See Harting, Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 38.

[1] In the references to The True Tragedie we give the page of the Reprint in Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part ii. vol. ii.

ACT I. Scene 2.

77.—Hall (pp. 249 foll.) says: "The Duke of Yorke well knowyng, that the Quene would spurne and impugne the conclusions agreed . . . , caused her and her sonne, to be sent for by the kyng: but she beyng a manly woman, vsyng to rule and not to be ruled, & therto counsailed by the dukes of Excester and Somerset, not onely denied to come, but also assembled together a great army, intending to take the kyng by fine force, out of the lordes handes, and to set theim to a new skoole. The Protector liyng in Londō, hauyng perfite knowledge of all these doynges: assigned the Duke of Norffolke and the Erle of Warwicke, his trustie frendes, to be about the kyng, and he with therles of Salisbury, and Rutlande: with a conuenient company, departed out of London, the second daie of Decembre Northward, and sent to the Erle of Marche his eldest sonne to folowye him with all his power. The Duke . . . came to his Castle of Sandall, beside Wakefelde, on Christmas eue. . . . The quene . . . determined to couple with hym while his power was small and his ayde not come: And so hauyng in her company, the Prince her sonne, the Dukes of Excester and Somerset . . . and in effecte all the Lordes of the Northe parte, with eightene thousande men, or as some write, twentie and twoo thousande, marched from Yorke to Wakefelde, and bad base to the Duke, euen before his Castle [:] he hauyng with hym not fully flue thousande persones, determined incontinent to issue out, and to fight with his enemies, and all though, sir Dauy Halle, his old seruaunt and chief counsailer, auised him to kepe his Castle, . . . yet he would not be counsailed, but in a great fury saied, a[2] Dauy, Dauy, hast thou loued me so long, and now wouldest haue me dishonored: Thou neuer sawest me kepe fortres when I was Regent in Normandy, . . . but like a man, . . . I issued and fought with myne enemies, to their loss euer (I thanke God) and to my honor: . . . wouldest thou that I for dread of a scolding woman, . . . should incarcerate my self and shut my gates."

78. Line 4: York. *Why, how now, sons and* BROTHER, *at a strife?*—See note on scene 1, line 14.

79. Line 6: *No quarrel, but a* SLIGHT *contention.*—The True Tragedie reads:

No father, *but a* sweete *contention,*

"*i. e.*" says Theobald (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 382), "the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topick; the question of their father's immediate right to the crown."

80. Line 13: *By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe.*—This is a harsh line. Proper names are often unrhythmically introduced, but besides this, the line begins badly. The effect would be somewhat less unpleasant if we omitted *By.*

[2] Ah.

81. Line 17: I'D *break a thousand oaths to reign one year.*—The reading of F. 1. is:

I would *breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.*

Pope printed the necessary contraction—one which old printers not seldom overlooked.

82. Lines 22, 23:

An oath is of no moment, BEING *not* TOOK
Before a true and lawful magistrate.

The absolute use of the participle to denote a condition is frequent in the earlier dramatists. So also is the use of the preterite for the participial inflexion (*took* for *taken*). Cf. I. Henry VI. i. 1. 145, "is took prisoner."

83. Line 24: *That hath authority* O'ER *him that swears.*—The Folio, as is usual, prints *ouer* for *o'er;* we have introduced the contraction for the sake of clearness.

84. Lines 38, 40:

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
. . . . . .
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham.

The True Tragedie reads:

Edward, thou shalt *to* Edmund Brooke *Lord Cobham,*
Thou cosen Montague, *shalt to Norfolke* straight.

The first *unto* is Steevens's correction for *to* of Ff. In line 40 *of,* which is not in Ff., was inserted by Hanmer. It would seem as though the revisal of the passage in the old play was not carried out with enough care. The corrections introduced are necessary for the rhythm, though it is doubtful whether "Lord *of* Cobham" would have been written by Shakespeare. Cf. iv. 5. 1, "my Lord Hastings," without the preposition. Is it possible that *Edward* was meant for a trisyllable? See iii. 3. 109 below:

Queen Margaret, Prince *Edward,* and Oxford.

85. Lines 40–43.—Compare for the description of Kentish folk II. Henry VI. iv. 7. 65–68.

86. Line 43: *Witty* AND *courteous, liberal, full of spirit.*—Ff. omit *and,* which was introduced by Capell, and is necessary for the metre; otherwise the line lacks a syllable at the beginning.

87. Line 47: Enter a Messenger.—This is the direction given in The True Tragedie, and adopted by Theobald. F. 1 reads, *Enter Gabriel,* giving us, no doubt—as in act iii. scene 1—the name of the actor who took this part. Malone remarks that he is mentioned by Heywood in his Apology for Actors, 1612.

ACT I. Scene 3.

88.—For the basis, in Hall's narrative, of this scene, see note 12. The blunder of making Rutland a boy of twelve, instead of a youth of seventeen, is in Hall, and is copied by Holinshed. It arose from the misprint xii for xvii.

The tutor is called "*Sir* Robbert Aspall," as being in orders (cf. *Sir Oliver Martext,* As You Like It, act iii. scene 3); the prefix is not that of knighthood.

89. Line 12: *So looks the* PENT-UP *lion.*—"That is, the lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned" (Johnson, in Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 389).

90. Line 21: *my father's blood.*—Clifford's father, Thomas Lord Clifford, was killed at the battle of St. Albans, 1455, but here (see line 39) is evidently assumed to have died some years previously, although in the former play (v. 2) his death is represented on the stage.

91. Line 48: *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*—Steevens points out (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 391) that this is from Ovid, Heroides ii., Phyllis to Demophoon, l. 66, and that the same quotation occurs in Nash's pamphlet Have with you to Saffron Walden.

ACT I. Scene 4.

92.—Some passages have been marked for omission in this scene, but if the play were acted all after line 64 would be better omitted. Such lavish details of bloodthirsty ferocity are not tolerable on the stage. Hall (p. 251) says of the death of the Duke of York: "This cruell Clifforde, & deadly bloudsupper not content with this homicyde, or chyldkillyng, came to ye place wher the dead corps of the duke of Yorke lay, and caused his head to be stryken of, and set on it a croune of paper, & so fixed it on a pole, & presented it to the Quene, not lyeing farre from the felde, in great despite, and much derision." Holinshed copies the passage with slight alteration, and adds (p. 269): "Some write that the duke was taken aliue, and in derision caused to stand vpon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland in steed of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of sedges or bulrushes; and hauing so crowned him with that garland, they knéeled downe afore him (as the Iewes did vnto Christ) in scorne, saieng to him; 'Haile king without rule, haile king without heritage, haile duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length hauing thus scorned him with these and diuerse other the like despitefull words, they stroke off his head, which (as yee haue heard) they presented to the quéene." He adds, copying again from Hall: "After this victorie by the quéene, the earle of Salisburie and all the prisoners were sent to Pomfret, and there beheaded, whose heads (togither with the duke of Yorkes head) were conueied to Yorke, and there set on poles ouer the gate of the citie, in despite of them and their linage." The dramatist has used both stories.

93. Lines 3, 4:

all my followers TO *the eager foe*
TURN BACK.

This is an unusual phrase instead of "*Turn* (*their*) *backs upon.*"

94. Lines 15, 16:

Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
EDWARD, *"A crown, or else a glorious tomb!"*

F. 1 reads:

Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, *A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe.*

There is evidently something wrong here. Collier proposed to read *Ned* for *And* in the latter line; the Cambridge editors conjecture one or more lines to be lost before it. If the reading in the text be not what the author originally wrote, it at any rate gives the meaning

required. It is possible that lines 16 and 17 should precede line 14; but this is not very likely.

95. Line 19: *We* BODG'D *again.*—The verb "*Bodge*" meaning "bungle," is not an uncommon word in some parts of the Midlands at the present time. The substantive *bodge* means, as Halliwell says, "a patch," generally, if not always, a clumsy one. Through not understanding this, Johnson proposed *budg'd*, and Collier *botch'd*, neither of which words make as good sense as that in the text.

96. Lines 33, 34:

Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide PRICK.

The story of Phaethon's attempt to drive the horses of the Sun will be found in Ovid, Metamorphoses, book ii. lines 1-322. He was a standard example of presumption defeated; compare, for instance, Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 153-155. Clifford here charges York with having attempted a work he was too weak for,—the guidance of the state; and taunts him with his overthrow at the very moment when, having just been recognized as rightful heir to the throne, he was apparently at the zenith of success.

Prick anciently denoted "spot" or "mark." Cf. Lucrece, line 781:

Ere he arrive his weary noontide *prick.*

97. Line 50: BUCKLE WITH *thee blows, twice two for one.*—Cf. Greene, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:

a lusty boy
That dares at weapon *buckle* with thy son.
—Works, p. 175.

No doubt "blows, twice two for one" is added merely antithetically to "word for word" in the foregoing line. Ff. read *buckler*. The correction is Theobald's, from The True Tragedie.

98. Line 59: *It is war's prize—i.e.* "we profit by a state of war," &c. In a somewhat similar sense Jonson, Volpone, v. 1. 30-32, says:

this is our masterpiece;
We cannot think to go beyond this.
Volp. True,
Thou hast play'd thy *prize.*
—Works, vol. iii. p. 293.

Massinger, New Way to Pay Old Debts, iv. 2, at end, has:

If I play not my *prize*
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall. —Works, p. 414.

where the meaning of "play the prize" is, probably, "make use of the advantage gained."

The line is of course a paraphrase of the proverb "All's fair in war."

99. Line 73: *your* MESS *of sons.*—See note 128 on Love's Labour's Lost.

100. Line 80: *with his* RAPIER'S *point.*—Clifford is described, in the last scene, as having stabbed Rutland. It would be awkward to do this with a rapier. He probably carried a dagger as well. Perhaps the word is used vaguely in the text, and only means "weapon."

101. Line 87: *Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.*—In Ff. this line is wrongly put after line 91. The True Tragedie gives it in its right place, and is followed by Malone and most later editors.

102. Line 106: *O, 't is a fault* TOO-TOO *unpardonable!*—Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps showed [see Shak. Soc. Public. 1844, pp. 39-43] that the expression *too-too* is not a mere reduplication, but a provincial word, which became a recognized archaism, with the meaning "exceeding." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 532:

The schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; *too too* vain, *too too* vain.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 4. 204, 205:

I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady *too-too* much.

Often, however, the meaning "too" suits the word just as well. Cf. Greene, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:

Timely ripe is rotten *too-too* soon. —Works, p. 161.

103. Line 108: *take time to* DO HIM DEAD.—This phrase appears to be almost unique. Spenser, Faerie Queen, bk. iii. canto x. st. 32, has:

But soone he shall be fownd, and shortly *doen be dedd:*

And bk. v. canto iv. st. 29:

Which some hath put to shame, and many *done be dead.*
—Works, ii. 305, iii. 227.

Do him to death (below, iii. 3. 103) and *do him to die* are the usual expressions, where *do* has its old meaning of "cause," "make," "put."

104. Line 112: *Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth.*—This seems to be imitated in Wily Beguiled:

Whose tongue more venom than the serpent's sting.
—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 269.

105. Lines 130-133, 141, 142:

'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
. . . . . .
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

Compare Hall (p. 159) on the attributes of a good woman; the passage has been given in note 260 to I. Henry VI.

106. Line 137: *O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!*—This is the line parodied, in 1592, in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit. (See Introduction, p. 187.) If Greene wrote the book called by his name—as it is pretty certain he did—and if, as has been thought, he wrote the part of The True Tragedie in which this line occurs, then he parodied his own words. His ill-will, Dr. Ingleby says, was not only because of Shakespeare's success, nor because his own work had been made use of by the younger poet, but, beyond this, he was angry that one of the despised caste of actors should have succeeded in establishing himself in the much less dishonourable craft of playwright. See Shakspere Allusion Books, part i., Introd. p. xi.

107. Line 150: *Beshrew me, but his passions* MOVE *me so.*—F. 1 reads *moues* instead of *move*. The Cambridge editors print *passion moves*. We have followed the read-

ing of The True Tragedie and the other Folios. The meaning of *passions* is "griefs," "sorrowings," as Dyce explains it.

108. Lines 152, 153:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood.

F. 1, which often breaks the first line of a speech into two, here gives

That Face of his,
The hungry Canibalis would not have touchet,
Would not have stayn'd with blood.

The True Tragedie reads as in the text, save that it has *could* for *would* at the beginning of line 153. The editor of F. 2 appears to have thought something was missing, as that edition reads, unintelligibly:

Would not have stayn'd the roses just *with blood.*

Walker, with some probability, conjectured that two half lines had been lost between the beginning and end of line 153, and proposed to add, after *touch'd*,

those roses, new in bloom,
The mountain beasts

and Lettsom agrees with him.

ACT II. Scene 1.

109.—I have marked this scene for omission, as it is full of historic difficulties and really does nothing to advance the action.

110.—Edward was at Gloucester gathering forces when the news came of his father's death. He rapidly raised an army and was setting forward to intercept the queen on her road to London, but being followed by a body of Welsh and Irish, under the Earls of Pembroke and Ormond, he turned and met them at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire, February 2. It was at this time that, as Hall says (p. 251), "the sunne (as some write) appered to the erle of March, like .iiii. sunnes, and sodainly joined all together in one, and that vpō the sight therof, he toke suche courage, yt he fiercely set on his enemies, & thē shortly discōfited: for which cause, men imagined, that he gaue the sunne in his full brightnes for his cognisaūce or badge." A fortnight later Warwick was defeated by the queen at St. Albans (see note 122). He made the best of his way to the west, and in a few days united the remainder of his forces with Edward "at Chipping Norton by Cotswold."

This first scene departs considerably from the historical order of events, for which see note 11. It is difficult, indeed, to reconcile it with the rest of the play. First we find Edward and Richard in the Welsh marches (see line 140), just escaped from the battle at Wakefield (in Yorkshire) and ignorant as yet of their father's fate. But to Warwick, who arrives a few minutes later, the news is ten days old; he has since then been defeated by the queen at St. Albans (in Hertfordshire) and come in haste to the marches, with George and the Duke of Norfolk, having heard that Edward is there "making another head to fight again." Then at the end of the scene we hear that the queen's forces are close by, so they must have hurried rapidly in pursuit of Warwick. Yet the next scene finds them at York, without any indication that they have retreated before the Yorkists, so that we must now suppose them to have gone there of set purpose.

Edward's victory at Mortimer's Cross is passed over by the dramatist. Really it preceded Warwick's defeat at St. Albans. But after the play has improperly represented Edward as a combatant at Wakefield there is no room for the battle of Mortimer's Cross to be brought in.

111. Line 10: *Where our right valiant father is* BECOME.—Formerly *become* meant "attain to," "arrive," and hence "fall into a state or condition." Thus "he fell among thieves" is in the Anglo-Saxon gospels "he *becom* on tha sceathan" (Luke x. 30). This use of the word still survived, though it was perhaps growing obsolete in Elizabeth's time. Reginald Scot in his Discovery of Witchcraft tells of those who can discover where anything "is become." We find in Greene, Alphonsus King of Arragon, act ii.:

But, noble lords, where is the knight become?
—Works, p. 230.

Peele, Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes, has:

Where is that lady now become.
—Works, p. 533; compare also p. 517:

and in Notes and Queries for December, 1885, p. 392, Mr. Birkbeck Terry quoted from How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad (1602):

O, who can tell me where I am become?
For in this darkness I have lost myself.
—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 69.

112. Line 20: *Methinks, 't is* PRIDE *enough to be his son.*—Ff. read *prize*. If, with Dyce, we retain this, it must be explained as meaning "advantage," "privilege," as in the previous scene, line 59. But the two passages are hardly parallel. The line, as we have given it, is taken from The True Tragedie, and Grant White (quoted by Rolfe) remarks, "it is impossible to believe that Shakespeare, in doing this, changed intentionally a word with a good and pertinent signification for one which, in its present connexion, no proper meaning can be found."

113. Lines 21–24.—Qq., which omit lines 23, 24, begin Edward's speech here instead of at line 25, and Hanmer followed them. The somewhat abrupt transition of ideas is thus avoided. As to the intransitive use of *dazzle* in line 25, compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 3.

114. Line 25.—See above, note 110. The stage direction in Qq. before line 21 is "Three sunnes appear in the aire." We may conclude, therefore, that the apparition was in some way made visible to the audience. The phenomenon of *parhelia*, or mock-suns, is recorded as having occurred occasionally in this country, and is said to be of not unfrequent occurrence in the Alps, the Andes, and Greenland. In many cases the two mock-suns have been seen to have passing through them a circular halo surrounding the sun and a luminous horizontal line which passes also across the sun. The joining together of the sun and the mock-suns, described by the chroniclers, means very likely that when the mock-suns disappeared the horizontal line was observed on either side of the sun.

Mrs. F. B. Palliser says that the badge of Edward IV. was "*the white rose* en soleil," *i.e.* with rays of light pro-

ceeding from it. (Historic Devices, &c., p. 372.) But see also II. Henry VI. note 236.

115. Line 43: Enter a Messenger.—"Enter one blowing" is the direction in Ff., which, however, give the two speeches to "*Mess.*" He must be supposed to have come straight from the battle-field.

116. Line 50: *Environed he was with many foes.*—Hall has almost the same words. "The duke of Yorke," he says (p. 250), " . . . was suffered to passe foreward, toward the mayne battaill: but when he was in the plain ground betwene his Castle and the toune of Wakefelde, he was enuironed on euery side, like a fish in a net, or a deere in a buckestall." This and the next five lines are not in The True Tragedie.

117. Lines 54, 55:

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

Ff. have *hews* and *fells*, which can hardly have been anything but a printer's error. The correction was made by Pope. The sentence seems to have been proverbial.

118. Lines 65, 66:

They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set THE SAME.

This awkward use of *the same*, which occurs again *infra*, v. 1. 65, is found twice in Marlowe, Doctor Faustus:

Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There 's none but I have interest in the same.
—Works, p. 89.

And again:

an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace
Offers to pour the same into thy soul.
—Works, p. 99.

He also has it in Edward II. (See Works, p. 204.) Greene makes frequent use of this circumlocution; in Alphonsus King of Arragon it occurs twenty-one times. Peele, too, has the phrase four times in Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.

119. Lines 83, 84:

kindling coals that FIRES *all my breast,*
And BURNS *me up with flames.*

To improve the grammar Rowe read *fire* and *burn*. Many editors have followed him. But the false concord is a very common one in Shakespeare and his cotemporaries. In this place *coals*, meaning "fuel," might be explained as having the force of a collective singular.

120. Lines 91, 92:

Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.

This was a very old belief. Pliny writes of *Haliiartos*[1] the sixth sort of eagle, "she onely before that her little ones be feathered, will beat and strike them with her wings, and thereby force them to looke full against the Sunne beames. Now, if shee see any one of them to winke, or their eies to water at the raies of the Sunne, shee turnes it with the head forward out of the nest, as a bastard and not right, nor none of hers" (book x. chap. 3; Holland's translation, i. 272). Robert Chester has twelve lines to the same effect in Love's Martyr concerning

The Princelie *Eagle* of all Birds the King,
For none but she can gaze against the Sunne.
—P. 118: New Shak. Soc. Reprint; quoted in Miss Phipson's Animal-Lore of Shakespeare's Time.

The same story is found in Chaucer, Spenser, and many other writers: in Batman vppon Bartholome, fol. 176, Aristotle, lib. 20, is cited as an authority for it. Perhaps it took its rise from the powerful sight which the eagle has.

121. Line 105: *to* ADD MORE MEASURE *to your woes.*—The use of the phrase, *add more measure to*, appears to be almost unique. The meaning is "increase the measure of," *more measure* denoting "additional quantity," as in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 222, "More measure of this measure," where the phrase is used for the sake of the pun.

122. Lines 109–137.—Hall says (p. 252), "ye quene was greatly encouraged with the victory, obteined late at Wakefeld, partly because the duke of Yorke, her vtter enemy was ryd out of the worlde, & partly, because she perceyued, the lordes of the North country to adhere and cleue to her parte and facciō: wherfore with a great multitude of Northrē people, she marched toward London . . . entendyng to subuerte and defaict all conclusions and agremētes, enacted and assented to, in the last Parliamēt . . . wherof ye duke of Northfolke, ye erle of Warwycke, and other, whom ye duke of Yorke had lefte to gouerne the kyng in his absence, beyng aduertised, by the assent of ye kyng, gathered together a great hoste, and set forward towarde saincte Albons, hauyng the kyng in their company, as the head and chefetayn of the warre." Warwick held the town, and the queen's troops were repulsed by a body of archers, but made their entry at another point and ultimately reached Barnet heath, where, says Holinshed (p. 270), "they had a farre greater conflict with foure or flue thousand of the kings armie, that séemed as they had beene auant currers.

"These gaue the onset so fiercelie at the beginning, that the victorie rested doubtfull a certeine time, so that if the easterne and southerne men had continued as they began, the field had beene theirs; but after they had stood to it a pretie while, and perceiued none of their fellowes from the great armie to come and assist them, they began to faint, and turning their backes, fled amaine ouer hedge and ditch, through thicke and thin, woods and bushes, . . . the northern prickers, now in the chase pursued most hotlie, and bare downe manie, and more had doone, if the night comming vpon, had not staied them.

"When the day was closed, those that were about the king (in number a twentie thousand) hearing how euill their fellowes had sped, began vtterlie to despair of the victorie, and so fell without anie long tarriance to running awaie. By reason whereof, the nobles that were about the king, perceiuing how the game went, and withall saw no comfort in the king, but rather a good will and affection towards the contrarie part, they withdrew also," and fled.

123. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff. omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

[1] *Sic:* but read *Haliaetos* or *Haliætos*.

124. Line 130: *like the night-owl's* LAZY *flight.*—Yarrell says of owls: "Their flight is easy and buoyant, but not rapid" (British Birds, i. 109). Horace speaks of "plumas nocturnæ strigis," so that the epithet *night* is of some antiquity.

125. Line 131: *Or like* AN IDLE *thrasher with a flail.*—This is Capell's reading, following Qq. Ff. have:

Or like a *lazie* Thresher with a Flaile.

126. Line 143.—This is a misstatement. After the battle of Wakefield George and his brother Richard were sent to Utrecht for safety, and remained with Philip of Burgundy till Edward had established himself on the throne. Besides, George was at this time but twelve years old, and Richard only nine.

127. Line 144: *Some six miles off the duke is* WITH HIS POWER.—Ff. have:

Some six miles off the Duke is *with the Soldiers,*

an error of the printer's, owing to the occurrence of the words in line 147. The text is from Qq.

128. Line 146: *your kind* AUNT, *Duchess of Burgundy.*—Ritson remarks that Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, was daughter of John I., King of Portugal, and Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. Edward and she were, therefore, no more than third cousins.

129. Lines 161, 162:

wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads.

This is aimed at Henry. Almost the same as line 162 is Margaret's description, II. Henry VI. i. 3. 59.

130. Line 177: *Their power, I think, is* THIRTY THOUSAND *strong.*—Qq. read:

Their power I gesse them *fifty thousand* strong:

and in line 181 they have *eight and forty thousand* instead of the *five and twenty thousand* of the present text. The Quarto reading in line 181 agrees with the statement in Hall (p. 253) and Holinshed (pp. 277, 278) of the Yorkist force at the battle of Towton; but they give "lx. M." (*i.e.* 60,000) as the number of the Lancastrian troops. The reason for the alteration in the text is not obvious. The other varieties between the Quarto and Folio texts of this scene are few and trifling.

131. Line 182: *Why,* Via! *to London will we march* AMAIN.—Ff. omit *amain,* which was added from The True Tragedie by Theobald.

132. Line 190: *And when thou* FAIL'ST,—*as God forbid the hour!*—We have adhered to the reading of Ff. The True Tragedie has *faints* for *fail'st,* an error probably due to imperfect hearing. Steevens read *fall'st,* and is followed by Dyce and others. But the Folio reading is more appropriate, since Warwick is regarded as Edward's staff or support.

133. Lines 205–209.—These lines are absent from The True Tragedie. The passage comes in somewhat by surprise, and the use of it is not apparent. Warwick has just said the queen was in London and that he had come up to the Welsh border to Edward in haste. We must infer that the queen's forces were following in hot pursuit, but in the next scene they are at York with Edward's forces close by (line 56). Compare note 110.

ACT II. Scene 2.

134.—The actual history of this period differs greatly from the version here given us. On the 4th of March Edward was received as king with acclamation at Baynard's Castle and at Westminster, and "lodged in the bishops palace: Dayly makyng prouision, to go Northwarde against his aduerse faccion and open enemies, and on the morow he was proclaymed kyng . . . throughout ye citie. While these thinges were in doyng in the Southpart, king Hēry beyng in the North-countrey, thinking because he had slayn the duke of Yorke, the chefe Capitayn of the contrary lynage, that he had brought all thyng to purpose and conclusion as he would, assembled a great army, trusting with litle payne and small losse, to destroy the residew of his enemies" (Hall, p. 254). Edward in a few days marched northward to Pontefract; Henry and the queen lay at York. The fact that Edward had been formally recognized as king before he set out for the north is ignored in the play.

I cannot understand what Wordsworth means when he says that the second battle of St. Albans "took place *after* the meeting at York" represented in this scene. (Shakespeare's Historical Plays, iii. 200.)

135. Lines 7, 8:

't is not my fault,
NOR WITTINGLY *have I infring'd my vow.*

Reed altered *nor* to *not,* and Walker thought we should read *willingly.* But there seems no objection to giving *wittingly* the meaning "purposely."

136. Line 30: *Which sometime they have us'd* IN *fearful flight.*—Ff. have *with.* Capell restored *in* from Qq.

137. Lines 45–48:

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

Halliwell and Staunton quote, in illustration of the latter couplet, Greene, Royal Exchange: "It hath beene an olde proverbe, that happy is that sonne whose father goes to the devill: meaning by thys allegoricall kind of speech, that such fathers as seeke to inrich theyr sonnes by covetousnes, by briberie, purloyning, or by any other sinister meanes, suffer not onely affliction of mind, as greeved with insatietie of getting, but wyth danger of soule, as a just reward for such wretchednesse." Halliwell refers also to Greenes Newes both from Heauen and Hell (Shakspeare's Library, pt. ii. vol. ii. p. 41).

138. Line 61.—Edward was knighted just after the battle of Wakefield. The statement in the text is a mistake.

139. Line 68: *with a band of* THIRTY THOUSAND *men.*—See note 130. Qq. in this place have *fiftie thousand.*

140. Line 74: *The queen hath best success when you are absent.*—The sentiment is perhaps taken from the Chronicles. Hall (p. 252) concludes his account of the

battle of Wakefield with the remark: "Happy was the quene in her two battayls, but vnfortunate was the kyng in all his enterprises, for where his person was presente, ther victory fled euer from him to the other parte." No doubt Henry had the repute of bringing ill luck. Steevens quotes from Drayton an expansion of Hall's words (Var. Ed. xviii. 416).

141. Line 89.—The True Tragedie begins a speech for "*George*" here, reading *our brother* in line 92 instead of *we*. The alteration was made in F. 1, which, however, by inadvertence still gives the speech to "*Cla.*" The text is from F. 2.

142. Line 110: *Break off the* PARLE.—We have adopted Reed's emendation. Both Ff. and Qq. have *parley*.

143. Line 116: *But ere* SUN SET *I 'll make thee curse the deed.*—Ff. have *sunset*, but Qq. give *sunne set*, which we have adopted. Compare King John, iii. 1. 110, and note 136 on that play.

144. Line 133.—Ff. wrongly give this speech to Warwick. Pope transferred it to Richard, to whom The True Tragedie also assigns it.

145. Line 138: *As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.*—The toad is described as ugly and venomous in As You Like It, and the delusion is still popular. The dreadful sting of the lizard is as imaginary as the harmful qualities of the newt; see A Midsummer Night's Dream, note 133.

146. Line 141: *As if a* CHANNEL *should be call'd the sea.*—A *channel*, Malone remarks, signified in Shakespeare's time what we now call a *kennel*. Cf. II. King Henry IV. ii. 1. 51: "Throw the quean in the *channel.*"

147. Line 144: *A wisp of straw.*—The wearing of a wisp upon the head is shown by Malone to have been a punishment for a scold. He quotes, *inter alia*, A Dialogue between John and Jone:

> Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,
> This once let me entreat thee,
> And make me promise, never more
> That thou shalt mind to beat me;
> For feare thou *weare the wispe*, good wife.
> —Var. Ed. xviii. 422.

In the present passage it seems to be considered also a punishment for a strumpet.

148. Line 172: *Since thou* DENIEST *the gentle king to speak.*—Ff. read *denied'st*. The correction was made by Warburton from Qq.

149. Line 173: *let our* BLOODY *colours wave.*—Compare Henry V. i. 2. 101:

> Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

150.—Lord Fitzwalter, a relative of Warwick, had gained the passage of Ferrybridge, but was surprised and slain by Clifford. "When the erle of Warwycke was enformed of this feate," says Hall (p. 255), "he like a man desperate, moũted on his Hackeney, and came blowyng to kyng Edward saiyng: 'syr I praye God haue mercy of their soules, which in the beginnyng of your enterprise, hath lost their lifes, and because I se no succors of the world, I remit the vengeaunce and punishment to God' . . . and with that lighted doune, and slewe his horse with his swourde, saiyng: 'let him flie that wil, for surely I wil tary with him that wil tary with me,' and kissed the crosse of his swourde.

"The lusty kyng Edward, perceiuyng the courage of his trusty frẽd the erle of Warwycke, made proclamacion that all men, whiche were afrayde to fighte, shoulde incontinent departe, and to all mẽ that tarried the battell, he promised great rewardes." The play puts some of these sentiments of Warwick into Richard's mouth, and includes the events of three different actions in its representation of the battle of Towton. See note 9.

151. Line 5: *And,* SPITE OF SPITE, *needs must I rest awhile.*—Compare King John, v. 4. 4, 5:

> That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
> In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

152. Line 15: *Thy* BROTHER'S *blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.*—This was "the Bastard of Salisbury, brother to the erle of Warwycke," who fell along with Clifford in the engagement at Ferrybridge.

153. Line 37: *Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings.*—Cf. Psalm lxxv. 7: "God is the judge; he putteth down one and setteth up another;" and Daniel ii. 21: "he removeth kings, and setteth up kings." In iii. 3. 157 Margaret, in disgust at Warwick's unbounded ambition and pretension, addresses him as "Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings." The Qq., instead of lines 33–41, have only the following:

> Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,
> And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
> Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,
> Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
> Or let vs die before we loose the daie. —P. 47.

Malone supposed that the third line in this quotation was part of the address to Warwick, and that therefore line 37 in the amended play was addressed to Warwick. But such a mode of address would be an anachronism in this place, and almost blasphemous; it is far better to take the line as the beginning of Edward's prayer. Lines 35, 36 were no doubt introduced in the revised play to prevent the misunderstanding into which Malone fell.

154. Line 40: *Yet that* THY *brazen gates of heaven may ope.*—Dyce prints *the;* but for the reasons mentioned in the last note it does not seem necessary to alter the text.

155. Lines 52, 53:

> *And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards*
> *As victors wear at the Olympian games.*

This somewhat extraordinary proposal is an instance of the way in which, in earlier Elizabethan dramas, classical customs and names were referred to as though still in use. Thus, in David and Bethsabe, Peele calls David "Jove's musician." In the same way we find *Nero* mentioned *infra*, iii. 1. 40.

Collier, in his second edition, read *ware* for *wear*, and Dyce followed him. I cannot, however, find any autho-

rity for such a form of the past tense of *wear* in the literature of the time, and the emendation does not make the sentiment any more natural.

ACT II. Scene 4.

156. Line 8: *And here's the heart that triumphs in their* DEATHS.—This is the reading of Qq. Ff. have *death*, which is not so forcible.

157. Lines 12, 13.—These lines do not occur in the corresponding place in The True Tragedie. They are, as Malone remarked, a repetition of II. Henry VI. v. 2. 14, 15.

ACT II. Scene 5.

158.—The soliloquy in lines 1–54 is much altered and enlarged from the version in Qq. We have there, instead of the simile of lines 5–12, the following lines:

> How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
> This woful battaile doth continue still,
> Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
> And none doth know to whom the daie will fall

The likeness between the passages is curious. Perhaps the idea was suggested by the words of Hall, who says (p. 256): "This deadly battayle" (*i.e.* of Towton) " . . . continued . x. houres in doubtfull victorie. The one parte some time flowyng, and sometime ebbyng." Further on he says: "This conflict was in maner vnnaturall, for in it the sonne fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the vncle, and the tenaũt against his lord." This, it has been supposed with some probability, suggested the episodes in the rest of the scene. The statement does not occur in Holinshed. With *the shepherd blowing of his nails* of line 3, compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 922, 923:

> When icicles hang by the wall
> And Dick *the shepherd blows his nail.*

See also Taming of the Shrew, note 34.

159. Line 23: *To sit upon a* HILL, *as I do now.*—In line 14 Henry has said, "here on this *molehill* will I sit me down." The word must mean a hillock or knoll: compare Cotgrave, who interprets the French *bosse* by "a hillocke, molehill, small hill or barrow of ground." And see i. 4. 67, together with the passage from Holinshed given in note 92. Whethamstede, from whom Holinshed is there copying, says (i. 382) Warwick was set "super unum parvum formicarium colliculum," *i.e.* I suppose, an ant-hill, if the words are to be taken literally. It would appear that during this scene Henry is not seen by the other speakers.

160. Line 36: *So many weeks ere the poor fools will* EAN.—Compare Merchant of Venice, note 90.

161. Line 37: *So many* YEARS *ere I shall shear the fleece.*—Probably a line has been lost before this. Henry may have said, "So many months ere I shall wean the lambs." Malone's explanation, which is scouted by Dyce, is probably right, that the *years* are those which must elapse before the lambs are old enough to be shorn. (Var. Ed. xviii. 433.) Rowe read *months* for *years*, and has been followed by many editors. A ewe's period of pregnancy is from twenty-one to twenty-three weeks. The lambing season begins about March, while shearing time is in the autumn. Thus a lamb is about a year and a half old when first shorn.

162. Line 38: *So minutes, hours, days,* WEEKS, *months, and years.—Weeks,* which the metre requires, is omitted in Ff. It was inserted by Rowe.

163. Line 51: *Is far beyond a prince's* DELICATES.—The word *delicates* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Compare Marlowe, Doctor Faustus:

> pleasant fruits and *princely delicates.*
> —Works, p. 80.

164. Line 55: Enter a Lancastrian soldier, bringing in a dead body.—We have altered the stage direction of Ff. here and before line 79, as the context plainly requires that in the first case a Lancastrian soldier should be introduced, and in the second a Yorkist.

165. Line 62: *Whom in this conflict I* UNWARES *have kill'd.*—We have followed the reading of F. 1, F. 2, F. 3. Whether by accident or otherwise, many editors give *unawares*, the reading of F. 4.

166. Line 75: *Poor harmless lambs* ABIDE *their enmity.—Abide*, in the sense of "pay for," or "be punished for," is used interchangeably with *aby*, the more proper word. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, note 191. Qq. in this place read

> Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths.
> —P. 50.

167. Lines 77, 78:

> *let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,*
> *Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.*

The best meaning that can be got out of this conceit seems to be: "Let our hearts and eyes, like ourselves in civil war, be self-destructive," and thus Cowden Clarke explained the passage, following Johnson.

168. Line 79: *Thou that so stoutly* HAST *resisted me.*—This is the reading of F. 3. F. 1, F. 2 have *hath.*

169. Line 87: *Upon thy wounds, that* KILL *mine eye and heart.*—Ff. have *killes* or *kills.* The text is Rowe's.

170. Line 89: *What* STRATAGEMS, *how fell, how butcherly.*—This is the reading of F. 3, F. 4. F. 1, F. 2 have *stragems*, which is plainly a blunder.

171. Lines 92, 93:

> *O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,*
> *And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!*

Warburton's explanation is that he was born too soon, because had he been born later he would not have had to bear arms; and that the father was too late in depriving him of life, because he should have done so by not bringing him into being. But *too late*, in line 93, is often interpreted here as *too lately, too recently*, as in Rape of Lucrece, lines 1800, 1801 (quoted by Malone):

> O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life
> Which she too early and too late hath spilled;

and this interpretation may be correct. Qq. interchange *late* and *soon*, and were followed by Hanmer and Capell. The Cambridge editors remark that this merely transfers

the difficulty of explanation from one line to the other. Grant White, however, thinks that this may have been the original reading, and compares Heywood's translation of Seneca's Troas:

O sonne begot to late for Troy, but borne too soone for me!

a passage of which he thinks the lines in The True Tragedie may have been a reminiscence. He further suggests that on the revision the text may have been altered to the present arrangement without sufficient consideration, in order presumably to improve the meaning of the first line.

172. Line 100: *The other his pale* CHEEK, *methinks, presenteth.*—Ff. read *cheekes.* The text is Rowe's.

173. Line 104: TAKE ON *with me.*—This expression is nowadays looked on as a vulgarism. We find it in Middleton, Michaelmas Term, iv. 1: "then will I begin to rave like a fellow of a wide conscience, and, for all the world, counterfeit to the life that which I know I shall do when I die; *take on* for my gold, my lands, and my writings" (Works, vol. i. p. 491).

174. Lines 114, 115:

These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre.

Compare Marlowe, Jew of Malta, iii.:

These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.
—Works, p. 161.

Lines 114–120 are not in The True Tragedie: they have all the appearance of an insertion superadded upon the earlier play when the revision was made. It seems not an unreasonable supposition that they were suggested by the line in the Jew of Malta.

175. Line 119: E'EN *for the loss of thee.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *Men* for *E'en;* F. 4 has *Man.* Capell printed *Even,* and Dyce *E'en,* which is no doubt correct.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

176.—For the passage in Hall on which this scene is founded, see note 9. The stage direction in Qq. is "Enter Clifford wounded with an arrow in his necke." It may have been in ridicule of this that Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Knight of the Burning Pestle, act v. scene 3, bring in Ralph "with a forked arrow through his head" (Works, vol. ii. p. 96; quoted by Steevens).

177. Line 6: *that tough commixture melts.*—This is the reading of Qq., followed by Steevens. F. 1 has *thy tough commixtures melts,* and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *thy tough commixtures melt.*

178. Line 8: *The common people swarm like summer flies.*—This line is found only in Qq., but Ff. have, after line 16, the line "They never then had sprung like summer flies," which looks like a perversion of the line in Qq. inserted in a wrong place. Theobald inserted the line here from Qq.

179. Lines 11–13.—See note 96.

180. Line 18: *Had left no mourning widows for our* DEATHS.—Ff. have *death* for *deaths,* which Capell restored from Qq.

181. Lines 41–43.—In F. 1, followed substantially by F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, lines 41, 42, and the first half of 43 are given to Richard, and Edward's speech begins at "And now the Battailes ended." This seems mere carelessness on the part of the printer. Qq. give the speeches, with but slight variations, as in the text, and their arrangement has been generally followed since it was pointed out by Steevens.

182. Line 42: *A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.—Departing* means "parting," viz. of the soul from the body. Compare line 4, *supra.* Various corrections of the line have been proposed. Hanmer would read *in death;* Lettsom *and breath;* neither of which suggestions improves the sense.

183. Line 46: *Who not* CONTENTED.—Unless the meaning given in the foot-note is taken, there is no verb to which *who* can belong. The same intransitive use of the verb *content* is proposed by Dyce in Venus and Adonis, line 61:

Forc'd to *content,* but never to obey.

(See his Glossary, p. 97.) Qq. have, instead of lines 46–50, only the following:

Who kild our tender brother Rutland,
And stabd our princelie father Duke of York.

It may be that in expanding this into the form in which we now have it, the alteration in the construction of the first clause escaped notice.

184. Line 55: *Bring forth that fatal* SCREECH-OWL *to our house.*—The screech-owl is the common barn or white owl (*Strix flammea*). Its usual cry is a shriek, and it is seldom heard to hoot as the brown owls commonly do. Popular dislike extended to all the owl tribe, their appearance and cry being both supposed to foretell misfortune and death. Pliny (Natural History, book x. chap. 12) says of the "scritch-owle," "he is the verie monster of the night, neither crying nor singing out cleere, but uttering a certaine heavie grone of dolefull moning. And therefore if he be seene to flie either within cities, or otherwise abroad in any place, it is not good, but prognosticateth some fearfull misfortune" (Holland's Pliny, vol. i. p. 276). Compare v. 6. 44, *infra,* in the present play, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 383–385:

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

See also I. Henry VI. note 193.

185. Lines 65, 66:

Because he would avoid SUCH *bitter taunts*
WHICH *in the time of death he gave our father.*

The passage corresponding to this in Qq. is as follows:

that in the time of death,
He might avoid *such* bitter stormes *as* he
In his hour of death did give vnto our father.

This is no doubt corrupt; but Dyce thinks that *which* having been substituted in the latter line, it was by an oversight that *such* was not altered into *those.* No change, however, is required; we find *which* following *such* in several other places; *e.g.* Twelfth Night, act v. line 358:

in *such* forms *which* here were presupposed.

186. Line 81: I'D *chop it off*.—Ff. here have "*This hand should* chop it off;" Qq. "*Ide* cut it off." Compare v. 1. 50, 51, *infra;* a passage which is not in The True Tragedie. But it seems to us that in this place the words *This hand* are more likely to be a repetition of *this right hand* in line 79, by a printer's or transcriber's error, than an intentional alteration of the author's. We have accordingly adopted Capell's reading, founded on that of Qq.

187. Line 88.—Edward was crowned on his return from Towton, June 1, 1461. It was in 1463, according to Hall (p. 263), that Warwick went to France to ask the hand of the lady Bona for Edward. Holinshed (p. 283) appears to put it in 1464, after the overthrow of the Lancastrian rising. Both put the embassy in the same year with the king's secret espousal to Elizabeth Wydvile—*i.e.* 1464—but Warwick, it has been shown, could not at the later time have been in France. (See Lingard, vol. iv. pp. 161, 162.)

188. Line 106: *Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.*—Malone refers to Hall's words (p. 209) on the death of the Good Duke Humphrey: "It semeth to many men, that the name and title of Gloucester, hath been vnfortunate and vnluckie to diuerse, whiche for their honor, haue been erected by creacion of princes, to that stile and dignitie, as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, sonne to kyng Edward the third, and this duke Humfrey, whiche thre persones, by miserable death finished their daies, and after them kyng Richard the .iii. also, duke of Gloucester, in ciuill warre was slain and confounded: so yt this name of Gloucester, is takē for an vnhappie and vnfortunate stile." Foxe remarked that this is based on Polydore Virgil's Historia Rerum Anglicarum, book xxiii. (See Acts and Monuments, &c., p. 705, edn. 1583.) The superstitious character of Richard, here indicated, is further developed in the course of this play and that of Richard III.

ACT III. Scene 1.

189.—The stubborn fight at Towton, 1461, established Edward's position. Henry and Margaret, with Somerset and Exeter, found refuge in Scotland, and having bought the king's aid by the cession of Berwick, beset Carlisle, but were routed by Montague. In November the parliament attainted the surviving Lancastrian nobles. Intestine quarrels prevented further aid from Scotland, and in 1463 Margaret's attempt on Northumberland with some French troops under Peter de Brezé ended in failure and shipwreck. Somerset and Percy submitted to Edward and were pardoned, but in 1464 joined Henry and the Lancastrian exiles in a new revolt in the North. In April, 1464, Percy fell at Hedgeley Moor, and a month later Somerset was taken in battle at Hexham and beheaded, Henry himself barely escaping by a precipitate flight. For some time he took refuge in Scotland, but afterwards he seems to have been in hiding in Westmorland and Lancashire. There is a tradition that he dwelt in retreat at Bolton for several months. Margaret withdrew to Flanders and subsequently to her father at Anjou. It was at this time that Edward met Elizabeth Grey, whom he married at the end of April, 1464. The marriage was not, however, declared till five months later. (See note 11.) The next year Henry "whether he wer past all feare, or was not well stablished in his perfite mynde, or could not long kepe hymself secrete, in a disguysed apparell, boldely entered into Englande. He was no soner entered, but he was knowen and taken of one Cantlowe" (Hall, p. 261; Fabyan adds, "in a wood, in the North coūtrey." Compare the Fragment published by Hearne, p. 292.) Warkworth, p. 5, says the capture was made "in a wood beside Bungerly Hyppyngstones" (on the Ribble), "by the mean of a black [*i.e.* Dominican] monk of Abyngdon." Elsewhere it is said to have happened at Waddington Hall, in the same neighbourhood. Henry was at once brought to London to the Tower, "and there he was laied in sure holde" (Hall, p. 261).

The inversion of the historical sequence in this and the next scene is due to the fact that Hall, whose chronology is somewhat uncertain,[1] describes under one and the same year the capture of Henry, Edward's marriage, and Warwick's mission for the hand of Bona. For dramatic convenience the time from 1461 to 1465 is treated in the play as a period of only a few months.

190. Enter two Keepers.—For this, the stage direction of Qq., F. 1 substitutes "Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey." Sinklo seems to have been an actor (see Taming of the Shrew, note 9), and probably, therefore, Humfrey is the name of another. Malone (Var. Ed. xviii. 447) suggests that he may have been Humphrey Jeaffes, who appears from Henslowe's Diary (pp. 99, 102) to have been one of the Lord Admiral's players, and the holder of a half-share in the Rose Theatre.

191. Line 24: *Let me embrace thee, sour adversity.*—F. 1 reads:

> Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries.

We have adopted Dyce's correction.

192. Line 51: *With promise of his sister, and* WHAT *else.*—Compare *what beside*, ii. 1. 175, *supra*, and Tempest, iii. 1. 71–73:

> I
> Beyond all limit of *what else* i' the world
> Do love, prize, honour you.

This seems to be almost the only instance in Shakespeare of *what* meaning "anything," though there are several examples where it means "any."

193. Line 55: *Say, what art thou* THAT *talk'st of kings and queens?*—Ff. omit *that*, which is, however, found in Qq., and was restored by Rowe.

194. Line 63: *Indian stones* are perhaps *pearls;* but India was commonly reckoned the general storehouse for all gems in Elizabethan times.

195. Line 82: *do I not* BREATHE *a man?*—The same use of *breathe* as a copulative verb is found in Richard III. iii. 5. 25, 26:

> the plainest harmless creature
> That *breath'd* upon this earth a Christian.

196. Line 97: *We charge you, in God's name, and in the*

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1 He puts into the second year of Edward's reign all the events of the third, and is a year behindhand in his numbering for several years after.

king's.—The True Tragedie—which contains nothing corresponding to lines 70 to 96—reads, instead of this line,

And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the kings,

and Ff. have the same, with the omission of the first two words. I suspect the lacking syllable was not noticed when the correction was made. The text is Rowe's.

ACT III. Scene 2.

197. Line 2: *Sir* JOHN *Grey.*—He is called Richard in Qq. and Ff. by mistake. Pope made the necessary correction.

198. Line 3: *His* LANDS *then seiz'd on by the conqueror.*—Ff. read *land,* but Qq. *lands.* It was, however, Edward who seized Sir John Grey's lands after his victory at Towton.

199. Lines 6, 7:

in quarrel of the house of YORK
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

This is incorrect. Sir John Grey fought on the Lancastrian side (see note 11). Hall merely says (p. 252), "In this battayl were slayn .xxiii. C. men, . . . of whome no noble man is remēbred, saue syr Ihon Gray," and the mistake in the text perhaps arose from misunderstanding this passage.

200. Lines 24–33.—This passage, with lines 36–59, is another instance of *στιχομυθία,* or dialogue in alternate lines, already remarked on in I. Henry VI. note 207.

201. Line 28: *Nay, whip me, then.*—This is the reading of Qq. Ff. have "Nay then, whip me."

202. Lines 31, 32:

'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. *Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.*

It denotes Lady Grey's suit. Compare v. 7. 40, *infra,* and Love's Labour 's Lost, note 1, for a similar use of the word. Qq. read *them* for *then.*

203. Lines 97, 98:

I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

This is taken from Hall, who says (p. 264) "she . . . aunswered . . . affirmynge that as she was for his honor farre vnable to be hys spouse and bedfelow: So for her awne poore honestie, she was to good to be either hys concubyne, or souereigne lady." The sentence which follows seems to have furnished the idea for lines 84–86. Edward, Hall says, "was nowe set all on a hote burnyng fyre, what for the confidence that he had in her perfyte constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastitie."

But lines 102–105 are probably founded on a passage in the Life of Edward the Fifth by Sir Thomas More, which Hall reproduces in his Chronicle. The words are as follows: "That she is a widdowe and hath alredy children: By god his blessed lady, I am a bachelor and have some to, & so eche of vs hath a proofe, that neither of vs is like to be barren" (p. 367). They are found in a supposed speech of Edward IV. to his mother in defence of his alliance with Lady Grey. It may be that this duplicate account of the king's misalliance was in the mind of the author of the play when he wrote the present scene. If so, he ought not to have blundered as he did about Sir John Grey, who is plainly described therein as one "whom kyng Henry made knight at the laste battaill of sainct Albones."

204. Line 110. *The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.*—F. 1 inadvertently inserts *very* before *sad,* but is corrected by F. 2.

205. Line 112. *To* WHOM, *my lord?*—So Qq. substantially, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 reads *who* for *whom.*

206. Line 123: *lords, use her honourably.*—For the *honorablie* of Qq. F. 1 has *honourable,* but the necessary correction was made in F. 2, and is justified by the next line, where all the copies have the adverbial form.

207. Line 131: *all the* LOOK'D-FOR *issue of their bodies.*—The reading of Q. 1 (p. 63) is

all they lookt for issue
Of their loines,

where Q. 2, Q. 3 wrongly made the alteration *looke.* F. 1, which the other editions substantially follow, has

all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies.

This seems out of place, for Gloster in reckoning up all those who stand between him and the crown naturally concludes with the children not yet born, but whom the persons spoken of might reasonably hope for. *Unlook'd for,* the reading of Ff., is followed by all the editors. I cannot, however, give any more satisfactory interpretation to it than "whom it is not yet time to expect."

208. Line 139: *he'll* LADE *it dry.*—The word *lade* has sometimes been misunderstood; but the sense is clearly shown by the following passage quoted in Dyce's Glossary from Cotgrave: "*Bacqueter.* To lade, or draine a river, or other water, with pailes, or buckets." The word is still used with this meaning.

209. Line 153: *Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb.*—Malone (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 462) compares Wily Beguiled:

For love did scorn me in my mother's womb.
—Dodsley, ix. 27

210. Lines 160, 161:

To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp.

Compare II. Henry VI. v. 1. 157; and v. 6. 51, *infra,* where Henry says that Gloster at his birth was

An indigested and deformed lump.

And compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Wit without Money, i. 1:

They're only lumps, and *indigested pieces,*
Lick'd over to a form by our affections.
—Works, vol. i. p. 184.

These passages call to mind Ovid, *Metam.* i. 7:

chaos rudis indigestaque moles.

The dramatist has given *chaos* the unusual sense of "abortion." With line 157 compare v. 7. 23, *infra;* and for the description of Richard see More's account, given in Hall (pp. 342, 343). There we are told: "he was litle of stature,

euill featured of limnes, croke backed, the left shulder muche higher than the righte. . . . He was malicious, wrothfull and enuious, . . . close and secrete, a depe dissimuler, lowlye of countenaunce, arrogante of herte, outwardely familier where he inwardely hated, not lettynge[1] to kisse whom he thought to kill, . . . not alwaie for euill will, but ofter for ambicion and too serue his purpose." Elsewhere More tells how Richard "plucked vp his doublet sleue to his elbowe on hys lefte arme, where he shewed a weryshe wythered arme & small as it was neuer other" (Hall, p. 360). See, too, notes 327, 336. The legend of newborn bears being shapeless is a well-known one. Pliny says (Naturall Historie, bk. viii. ch. 36): "At the first, they seeme to be a lumpe of white flesh without all forme, little bigger than rattons, without eyes, and wanting hair: onely there is some shew and apparance of clawes that put forth. This rude lumpe, with licking they fashion by little and little into some shape" (Holland's translation, i. 216). Lines 160–162 are not in Qq.

211. Line 170: *Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears.*—This is Steevens's correction. F. 1 reads:

Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head.

212. Line 175: *That* RENTS *the thorns.*—The verbs *rent* and *rend* were sometimes used interchangeably. Thus Marlowe writes in Tamburlaine, 2nd part, i. 3:

When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds,

and in Edward II.:

Rent, sphere of heaven!

—Works, pp. 48, 212.

Compare Richard III. i. 2. 126.

213. Lines 182, 183:

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart.

There seems to be a recollection of these lines in the sentiment of Churms in Wily Beguiled:

I cry content, and murder where I kiss.

—Dodsley, ix. 231.

214. Line 187: *I'll slay more gazers than the* BASILISK. —See II. Henry VI. note 185.

215. Line 190.—*Sinon* was a Greek who, Virgil tells us in Æneid, bk. ii., by his false words and self-inflicted wounds obtained for the wooden horse, in which armed Greeks were hidden, admission into Troy. Compare Lucrece, lines 1506–1522.

216. Line 193: *the murderous* MACHIAVEL. —See I. Henry VI. note 258. The anachronism here does not occur in The True Tragedie, where the corresponding passage (p. 64) reads "the aspiring Catalin."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

217.—The passage in Hall upon which is founded the incident of Warwick's embassy to demand the hand of the Lady Bona is given in note 32, *supra*. The other incidents of this scene belong to the year 1470, when, according to Hall (p. 278), Warwick, "mistrustyng that he was not able to mete with hys enemyes, . . . determined to sayle to kyng Loys the French kyng, to renew the familier acquayntaunce, whiche he had with him when he was there of Ambassade, for the mariage of kynge Edward as you haue hard." Having landed in Normandy, he "rode with greate pompe toward Amboyse, where the Frenche kyng laie. . . . Whē he came to the kynges presence, he was with all kyndes of curtesie and humanitie receiued and welcomed: To whom by long tracte of tyme, he declared the causes & consideracions, of his commyng into Fraunce." The dramatist has been blamed for his departure from history in making Queen Margaret so quickly cast aside her enmity towards Warwick. Probably, however, he merely followed the Chronicle, which does not mention the matter. Hall says (p. 281), "When Quene Margarete, whiche soiorned with Duke Reyner her father, called kyng of Sicile, &c. Harde tell that the erle of Warwicke and the Duke of Clarence, had abandoned Englande, and wer come to the Frenche Courte: hopyng of newe comfort, with all diligence came to Amboyse, with her onely son Prince Edward. And with her came Iasper erle of Penbroke, and Ihon erle of Oxenford, whiche after diuerse long imprisonmentes lately escaped, fled out of Englande into Fraunce and came by fortune to this assemble. After that thei had long cōmoned, and debated diuerse matters, concernyng their suretie and wealthe, they determined by meane of the Frenche kyng, to conclude a league and a treatie betwene them: And first to begin with all, for the more sure foundacion of the newe amitie, Edward Prince of Wales, wedded Anne second daughter to therle of Warwicke, whiche Lady came with her mother into Fraunce. . . . After this mariage the duke and therles toke a solempne othe, that they should neuer leaue the warre, vntill suche tyme as kyng Henry the sixt, or the prince his sonne, were restored to the full possession and Diademe of the Realme. . . . When the league was concluded . . . the Frenche kyng lent them shippes, money, and men, and that thei mighte the surer saile into Englande, he appoynted the Bastard of [Burbon],[2] Admirall of Fraunce with a greate nauie, to defende theim against the armie of the Duke of Burgoyne."

218 Line 11: *to my humble* STATE *conform myself.*—Ff. read *seat*, a repetition from the previous line. We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's correction.

219. Lines 25, 26:

Is, OF *a king, become a banish'd man,*
And forc'd to live in Scotland a FORLORN.

Of a king means, "from being a king." *Of* in this sense occurs in the following passage from Greene's Orlando Furioso: "Agathocles, who *of* a base potter wore the kingly diadem" (Works, p. 93). Compare also Peele, Battle of Alcazar, v. 1. 38, 39:

of a manly man,
Lo, in a twinkling, a senseless stock we see.

—Works, p. 438.

The substantive *Forlorn*, meaning "outcast," "solitary," seems not to occur elsewhere except in the following passage given in Richardson's Dict. from the Tatler, No. 210:

[1] *i.e.* hesitating.

[2] Hall incorrectly writes *Burgoyn;* I have substituted *Burbon* from Holinshed (p. 296), who copies Hall's words almost verbatim.

"I become weary and impatient of the derision of the gigglers of our Sex; who call me old maid, and tell me, I shall lead apes. If you are truly a patron of the distressed, and an Adept in Astrology, you will advise whether I shall, or ought to be prevailed upon by the impertinences of my own Sex, to give way to the importunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded with both, though at present a forlorn" (iv. 82, edn. 1774).

220. Line 94: *To make prescription.*—"*Prescription,*" according to Cowell, "is a course or use of any thing for a time beyond the memory of man, as the expositiō of the law termes doth define it. *Kitch. fol.* 104. saith thus: Prescription is, when for continuance of time, whereof there groweth no memory, a perticuler person hath perticular right against another perticular person" (The Interpreter, 1637, sig. Eee 2).

221. Line 102: *the lord Aubrey Vere.* See note 6.

222. Line 109: *Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford.*—To mend the metre, Hanmer read *lord Oxford.* Lines consisting mostly of proper names are often unrhythmical.

223. Line 124: *an* ETERNAL *plant.*—This is the reading of Qq., adopted by Warburton and succeeding editors. F. 1 has *externall.* The meaning "perennial" appears to belong to the word nowhere else in Shakespeare.

224. Line 127: *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain.*—The meaning appears to be that Edward's love was not liable to malice or spite, though it might be to disdain; which is rather an awkward way of saying that his love would not turn to hatred but it might to scorn if his suit were rejected.

225. Line 140: *To Edward,* YES; *not to the English king.*—The reading of Qq. is:

To Edward, but not the English king.

Ff. have:

To Edward, but not to the English king:

a line which can only be scanned by giving an unnatural accent to the words *but* and *to.* The emendation which we have made restores the proper accent and makes a more forcible speech.

226. Line 156: *Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick!* PEACE.—The last word, wanting in F 1, was supplied in F. 2.

227. Line 157: *Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!*—Compare v. 1. 26, and ii. 3. 37, *supra,* where almost the same words are part of Edward's prayer. See note 154.

228. Line 160: *Thy sly* CONVEYANCE.—See I. Henry VI. note 79.

229. Line 175: *to* SOOTHE *your forgery.*—Compare Greene, James the Fourth, i. 1:

Who *soothe* no vice, who flatter not for gain.
—Works, p. 189.

Heath proposed to read *smooth,* but this seems rather to have the meaning of "flatter."

230. Lines 186, 187:

Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?

This is a strange misstatement. Richard, Earl of Salisbury, Warwick's father, was beheaded—by Margaret's orders, it was said—at Pontefract, having been taken prisoner in the Lancastrian victory at Wakefield in 1461. The line comes unaltered from The True Tragedie, where the mistake is still more surprising since that play in a former scene (p. 46) represents Salisbury as falling on the Yorkist side at Towton.

231. Line 228: I'LL *wear the* WILLOW-GARLAND *for his sake.*—The willow-garland was the badge of a deserted lover. Compare Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 1. 224: "I offered him my company to a willow-tree, . . . to make him a garland, as being forsaken;" and The Complaint of a Lover Forsaken of his Love—a variation of which is found in Othello—has for its refrain, "Sing O the greene willow shall be my garland" (Chappell, Popular Music, pp. 206, 774). So Spenser describes the tree as "the willow, worne of forlorne paramours" (Faery Queen, bk. i. canto 1, st. 9).

F. 1 reads here *I* for *I'll,* but *infra,* iv. 1. 100, has *I'll.* The text is from Qq.

232. Lines 233, 234:

But, Warwick,
Thou and LORD *Oxford, with five thousand men.*

We have added *Lord,* which Ff. omit, making the line a syllable short at the beginning. The same correction was proposed by Keightley. Lines 234–237 are not in Qq.

233. Lines 242, 243:

I'll join mine ELDEST *daughter and my joy*
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Warwick's elder daughter, Isabel, was married to the Duke of Clarence at Calais in 1469; it was Anne, the younger daughter, who became the wife of Prince Edward. The same error, which was probably the dramatist's own, occurs *infra,* iv. 1. 118, but in Richard III. i. 1. 153, the Lady Anne is correctly described as "Warwick's youngest daughter." Theobald substituted *younger* for *elder.*

234. Lines 252, 253:

And THOU, *Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,*
SHALT *waft them over with our royal fleet.*

Qq. have *you* and *shall.* In F. 1 *you* has been altered to *thou,* but *shall* remains. The text is from F. 2.

"This personage was Louis, Count of Roussillon, a natural son of Charles, Duke of Bourbon," and grandson of John, Duke of Bourbon, who occurs in Henry V. (French, p. 208).

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

235.—For the basis of the latter part of this scene see notes 18 and 20. These events were but the precursors, and not, as here represented, the result of Warwick's alliance with Margaret. The dramatist, however, had chosen to subordinate everything else to this, in order, it may be, to avoid complicating his story with too many details of the tortuous course of the events of the time. Accordingly, in scene 5 Edward's flight to Flanders in October, 1470, is represented as following immediately

on his escape from Middleham in August, 1469. Edward actually was in Warwick's power twice. See note 11.

236. Enter . . . SOMERSET.—As has been pointed out in note 4, *supra*, the Duke of Somerset is wrongly introduced in this place. The fourth duke was never anything but a Lancastrian. The mistake is from The True Tragedie. Malone (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 481) says that in that play Somerset does not appear in this scene; but this is an oversight, for line 127, "Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick," as well as the stage-direction after line 123, are both found, with trifling variations, in The True Tragedie (Hazlitt, p. 76). Perhaps the author was thinking of the third Duke of Somerset, who for a short time in the early part of the reign acknowledged Edward as king and was received into favour. Compare note 189.

237. Line 8: Enter . . . PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS.—After this F. 1 continues, "foure stand on one side, and foure on the other." No doubt the king stood in the middle. The passage suggests that the text of this play in F. 1 was printed from an acting copy.

238. Line 9: *Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice.*—Ff. have

> Now Brother *of* Clarence,
> How like you our Choyce.

We follow Pope in omitting the *of* and reading the two lines as one. The arrangement of the lines throughout this scene in the Folio is most confused.

239. Line 17: AY, *and shall have your will, because our king.—Ay,* which is missing in Ff., was added by Walker.

240. Line 22: *Whom God hath join'd together; ay, 't were pity.*—Ff. have *ay* AND *'t were pity.* We omit *and* as being superfluous and weakening the force of Gloucester's sneer. Lines 20–23 are otherwise arranged, as by Capell. Ff. arrange them thus, obviously through some blunder of the transcriber:

> Not I: no:
> God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd
> Whom God hath joyn'd together:
> I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,
> That yoake so well together.

241. Line 40: *England is safe, if true within itself.*—Compare King John, note 322.

242. Line 41: YES; *but the safer when 't is back'd with France.*—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 omits *yes.*

243. Lines 48–63.—The following passage, from a speech put into Clarence's mouth by Hall, illustrates all the allusions in this place: addressing Warwick, he says, "Thynke you to haue hym kynd to you, that is vnkynd, and vnnatural to me beynge his awne brother . . . ? This you knowe well enough, that the heire of the Lorde Scales he hath maried to his wifes brother, the heire also of the lorde Bonuile and Haryngton, he hath geuen to his wifes sonne, and theire of the lorde Hungerford, he hath graunted to the lorde Hastynges: thre mariages more meter for his twoo brethren and kynne, then for suche newe foundlynges, as he hath bestowed theim on" (p. 271). The queen's brother (line 53) was Antony, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lord Scales, in 1465. He appears in the fourth scene of this act as Lord Rivers. Some account of him is given in note 22. The "son" of line 57 is "Syr Thomas Grey, sonne to syr Ihon Grey, the quenes fyrst husband, [who] was created Marques Dorset, and maried to Cicilie, heyre to the lord Bonuile" (Hall, p. 264). The heiress of Lord Hungerford, French says (p. 228), did not marry William Lord Hastings, as Hall has stated, but his son Edward, the second lord. Before then, she had been unsuccessfully sought as a ward by the Earl of Pembroke for his eldest son (Hall, p. 273).

244. Lines 73, 74:

> *So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,*
> *Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.*

For the form *doth* following a plural subject, compare the reading of Qq. in Romeo and Juliet, Prologue, lines 7, 8.

245. Lines 84, 85.—Printed as prose in Ff. We follow Capell in arranging it as verse.

246. Lines 89–91.—In F. 1 these lines are printed thus:

> *Goe too, wee pardon thee:*
> Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
> As neere as thou canst guesse them.
> What answer makes King Lewis vnto our Letters?

and so, substantially, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. The arrangement in the text differs from that of Capell, usually adopted by modern editors. There must be a broken line, and the stage-direction added by us explains why we have preferred to make the broken line at line 90.

247. Line 93: "*Go tell false Edward,* THY *supposed king.*"—This is the reading of Qq. and of Rowe. Ff. have *the,* although in iii. 3. 223, where the same line has already occurred, they read *thy.*

248. Line 119: *sit you fast.*—Compare v. 2. 3: "Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee;" and Peele, Battle of Alcazar, iii. 1. 48: where Stukely begins a monologue with the words, "*Sit fast,* Sebastian;" also Beaumont and Fletcher, The Chances, ii. 3: "*sit fast,* Don Frederic!" (Works, i. p. 502). The phrase was a popular one, meaning, "Look to yourself!" In Dekker, Match Me in London, it is found in its original application: "I must ride that Beast, and best *sit fast*" (Works, iv. p. 143).

249. Lines 124, 125:

> *Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter;*
> *Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay.*

F. 1, followed substantially by the other Folios, reads:

> Not I:
> My thoughts ayme at a further matter;
> I stay not for the loue of Edward, but the Crowne.

Capell's arrangement, which has been generally adopted, is as follows:

> Not I:
> My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
> Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

The objection to this is that it is very unusual, at least in as early a play as this, to find a line ending with an unstopped monosyllable following a pause. Pope ar-

ranges line 124 as we do, and omits *the* before *love* in line 125. The Alexandrine might be avoided by reading:

> Not I:
> My thoughts aim at a further *mark;* I stay
> Not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

Mark would suit the passage very well, while *matter,* which here must have a rather unusual force, might easily have been a misprint for *mark.* If this conjecture be adopted, the *My* at beginning of line 125 must be emphasized by the speaker.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

250.—Edward was captured, according to Hall, shortly after the battle at Danesmoor. The passage on which this and the next scene are founded is as follows: "the kynge conceyuinge a certayne hope of peace in his awne imaginacion, toke bothe lesse hede to him selfe, and also lesse fered the outward attēptes of his enemyes. . . . All the kynges doynges were by espials declared to the erle of Warwycke, which lyke a wyse and politique Capitayne entendyng not to lese so great an auauntage to hym geuen, . . . in the dead of the nyght, with an elect company of men of warre, as secretly as was possible set on the kynges felde, kylling them that kept the watche, and or[1] the kynge were ware (for he thought of nothynge lesse then of that chaunce that happened) at a place called Wolney[2] . iiij . myle from Warwycke, he was takē prysoner." Hence "he caused hym by secret iorneys in the nyght to be conueyed to Myddelham Castell in Yorkeshire, & there to be kept vnder the custody of the Archebishop of Yorke his brother" (p. 275). How far this statement represents what actually happened there is no sufficient evidence for deciding.

251. Line 12: *Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.*—Ff. read *But welcome, &c.* Pope changed *sweet Clarence* to *friend,* a very plausible emendation. *But* may have been inserted by mistake from the *but* in the line above.

252. Line 15: *His soldiers lurking in the* TOWNS *about.*—Ff. read *town,* and so do Qq.; but *infra,* sc. 3, line 13 (a passage not found in the True Tragedie), we have

> his chief followers lodge in *towns* about him,

and the reading in the text has been generally adopted in consequence.

253. Lines 19–21.—The story of Rhesus and his horses is told in the tenth book of the Iliad. He was a Thracian prince who came to bring help to Priam; but it had been prophesied that if his horses drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains the Greeks would never take Troy. Accordingly Diomede and Ulysses came upon him on the night of his coming, killed him, and brought away his horses. The dramatist's authority may have been Ovid, Metamorphoses, xiii. 98–108, 249–252, and Virgil, Æneid, i. 469–473.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

254. Line 14: *While he himself keeps* HERE *in the cold field.*—Ff. omit *here,* which Hanmer inserted.

255. Lines, 16, 17

> *Ay, but give me* WORSHIP *and quietness;*
> *I like it better than a dangerous honour.*

Steevens compares Falstaff's speech in I. Henry IV. v. 3. 62: "I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath; give me life." *Worship,* A. S. *weorthscipe,* literally denotes "worthiness," and hence "dignity." Compare Richard III. i. 1. 66: "that good man of *worship.*" There the word seems to be used in a depreciatory sense. It denotes the honour attaching to an elective office rather than that belonging to an hereditary title.

256. Line 30: *Why, Warwick, when we parted* LAST.—This is the reading of Qq. Ff. omit *last.*

257. Line 32: *When you disgrac'd me in my* EMBASSADE.—The word *embassade* occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, who elsewhere uses *embassage* or *embassy.* It seems to have been adopted from Hall, who has it at p. 265, and again in the following passage: "speake of the vngentle, vntrue and vnprincely handelyng of me, in the laste ambassade" (p. 270). Holinshed in the corresponding passages uses *embassage,* as The True Tragedie does here (p. 78).

258. Line 41: *Brother of Clarence,* WHAT, *art thou here too?*—F. 1 reads:

> Yea, Brother of Clarence,
> Art thou here too?

It seems at first sight as if a line had been omitted, as Clarence has not yet spoken, unless we suppose that lines 38–40 should be given to him; but it may be intentional on the dramatist's part that Clarence should skulk in the background, until Warwick alludes to him, and that Edward should address himself first to his brother, to whom belonged the greater ignominy in this transaction, purposely inflicting a slight on Warwick. The *Yea* in F. 1 seems to have been a mistake of the transcriber, whose eye was caught by the *Nay* at the beginning of line 42. At any rate, the two consecutive lines beginning *yea* and *nay* are not pleasing to the ear, neither can line 41 as presented in F. 1 be made to scan, therefore we have ventured on the emendation in the text; and have added the stage-direction after line 38 to explain Edward's addressing his speech first to Clarence.

259. Lines 46–48:

> *Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,*
> *My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.*
> War. *Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king.*

A variation of the idea which has occurred, *supra,* iii. 1. 59, 60:

> Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
> *K. Hen.* Why, so I am—in mind; and that 's enough.

The metaphor in lines 46, 47 is hardly clear.

260. Line 55: *I'll follow you, and tell* HIM THERE *what answer.*—The words *him there* are not in Ff., but were added by Dyce. Evidently two syllables are necessary. Pope read *tell you what reply,* instead of *tell what answer,* which Dyce objects to, because, he says, "we must suppose that Warwick had already informed Somerset, &c., of the answers of Louis and the Lady Bona to Edward's message."

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[1] ere. [2] Olney.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

261.—Editors generally, following Theobald, have laid this scene at "the palace," *i.e.* of Westminster. The Tower was, however, a favourite residence of Edward's, and we learn from Fabyan (p. 658) that the queen remained there, in the king's lodging, when Edward went to the north against Warwick's forces. The news of Edward's flight reached Elizabeth about the 1st of October, 1470, when, according to Stowe, she stole "secretly in the night out of the Tower of London by water to Westminster," and took sanctuary (p. 422).

262. Line 19: 'T IS THIS *that makes me bridle passion.*—F. 1 reads:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

which F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 seek to amend by inserting *my* before *passion.* I suspect that *this* may have been accidentally omitted by transcriber or printer, and afterwards inserted in the wrong place; and then *is it* written for *'t is* or *it is.*

263. Line 22: *And stop the rising of* BLOOD-SUCKING SIGHS.—See II. Henry VI. note 186.

264. Line 31: *I 'll hence forthwith unto the* SANCTUARY.—The sanctuary here referred to, as before intimated, is the precinct of Westminster Abbey, upon which Edward the Confessor is said to have conferred the privilege of giving protection to criminals who might take refuge there. Broad Sanctuary is still the name of the open space to the west of the Abbey.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

265. Line 4: *Thus* STANDS *the case.*—F. 1 reads *stand* for *stands,* an evident slip of the printer. Below, line 8, it has *come* for *comes.*

266. Line 5: *Is prisoner to the bishop, at whose hands.*—Ff. have:

Is prisoner to the Bishop *here,* at whose hands.

We follow Pope in omitting *here.*

267. Line 19: *Your horse stands ready* HERE *at the park-corner.*—So Hanmer; *here* is omitted in Ff., making an execrable line.

268. Line 21: *To Lynn, my lord; and* SHIP *from thence to Flanders.*—F. 1 has *shipt.* In Qq. this line is given to Gloster. Neither Hastings nor Stanley has any speech assigned to him, but instead of line 23 Edward speaks as follows:

Hastings, and Stanlie, I will
Requite your loues. —P. 80.

ACT IV. Scene 6.

269.—Warwick freed Henry from his imprisonment on the 12th of October, 1470, the Tower having been delivered up without resistance. In the parliament in November "kyng Edwarde was declared a traytor to his coũtrey, & vsurpor of ye Realme . . . & all his goodes were cõfiscate & adiudged, forfayted: & lyke sentence was geuen agaynst all his partakers & frẽdes." After settling the question of succession, "the erle of Warwycke as one to whome the commõ welthe was much beholden, was made Ruler, & Gouernor of the Realme, with whom as felow and compaignion was associated, George duke of Clarence his sonne in law" (Hall, p. 286).

270. Line 29: *For few men rightly* TEMPER *with the stars.*—The use of the verb *temper* with the intransitive sense "suit oneself to," "act in conformity with," is not at all common. We find, however, the word used transitively with the meaning "suit," "conform," in the following passage: "*to* TEMPER *his talke to the fantasie and pleasure of,* &c. Orationem auribus multitudinis accommodare. Cic." (Baret, Alvearie, *sub voce*). For the use of the word *stars* compare Richard II. note 254.

271. Line 55: *And all his lands and goods* BE *confiscate.*—F. 1 omits *be,* which Malone inserted. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *confiscated;* but *confiscate* is the only form of the participle used in Shakespeare, and is found in the passage of Hall quoted above (note 269). See Merchant of Venice, note 305.

ACT IV. Scene 7.

272. Line 1: *Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest.*—Ff. have LORD *Hastings.* We follow Pope in omitting *Lord.*

273. Line 8: *Ravenspurg.*—For a notice of this place see Richard II. note 145. It is curious that in this passage the word is used as a dissyllable and printed *Rauenspurre* in F. 1 (and *Raunspur* in Q. 1, Q. 3), while in Richard II., while the accentuation is the same, it is a trisyllable, and spelt *Rauenspurgh,* a form which F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 adopt in this place also.

274. Line 30: *A wise stout* CAPITAIN, *and soon persuaded.*—We have adopted Lettsom's proposal, approved of by Dyce and Delius. Ff. read *captain,* and Qq. gives:

By my faith, a wise stout captain, & soone perswaded,

which can hardly be considered a verse at all. Walker doubted if the trisyllabic pronunciation could be given to *captain* except in an author, like Spenser, of archaizing proclivities; but Lettsom quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, A King and No King, iv. 3:

The king may do much, cap'tain, believe it.
—Works, i. 69.

where no other pronunciation seems possible. (See Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, iii. p. 171.) In Macbeth, i. 2. 33, 34:

Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

the division of the lines is uncertain, so that no conclusion can be drawn from this passage.

275. Line 40: *Sir John Montgomery.*—See note 24.

276. Line 61: *Away with scrupulous wit.*—The use of *wit,* in this and several other places in Shakespeare, with the meaning "wisdom," "judgment," approaches more nearly to the original sense of the word than its modern signification. The primary sense of the word was simply "knowledge," as it is derived from the verb which in the infinitive mood is *wit,* and in the present tense *wot,* meaning "know."

277. Line 77: *Thanks, brave Montgomery;—thanks unto you all.*—Ff. have:

And thankes vnto you all.

We have omitted the *and* as weak, unnecessary, and prejudicial to the metre.

278. Line 81: *Above the border of this* HORIZON.—The word *horizon* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. We find it accented on the first syllable again in Brome's Lines to the memory of Dr. Hearne (quoted in Richardson):

Our moon's eclips'd, and th' occidental sun
Fights with old Aries for his *hórizon.*

Compare Chaucer, Frankeleines Tale:

For the *orizont* hath reft the sonne his light.
—Canterbury Tales, line 11329.

ACT IV. SCENE 8.

279.—This scene takes place in "the Bishops palace of London, adioyning to Poules church" (Hall, p. 294), where Henry was brought after his liberation from prison, and lived until he was again cast into prison.

280. Line 2: *With* HARDY *Germans and blunt Hollanders.—Hardy* is Mr. Kinnear's suggestion; Cruces Shakespearianæ, p. 263. Qq. and Ff. read *hasty,* the only suitable meaning of which, in this passage, would be "passionate," "impetuous," an epithet hardly applicable to *Germans,* or Flemings, whom the word is here used to denote.

281. Line 3: *Hath pass'd in safety through the* NARROW SEAS.—For the meaning of "narrow seas" see note 71. Edward crossed from Flushing to Cromer; but, as Oxford was ready to oppose his advance, he did not land there, but sailed on to the Humber.

282. Line 6.—Ff. give this line to Henry. Instead of lines 6–8 Qq. read:

Ox. 'T is best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

Accordingly, we have adopted the arrangement first proposed by Malone, and have given line 6 to Oxford.

283. Line 12: *Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent.*—Ff. read *stir up,* an adaptation from Qq., where we have "shalt in Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent, stir up;" the words being variously divided into verses in the three editions. The passage is another instance of the carelessness with which the revision of the old text was made. The history is of the dramatist's own invention, for Montague was at Pontefract in the south of Yorkshire, Oxford in the eastern counties with Exeter, and Clarence with Warwick at Warwick, when Edward reached Leicester in his march on London which was in the keeping of Somerset and the Archbishop of York.

284. Line 31: *And all at once, once more, happy farewell.*—Ff. unrhythmically read *a happy farewell.* There is no other place in Shakespeare where *farewell* means "parting," which seems the only sense which it can have here.

285.—In Qq. scenes 6 and 8 are thrown into one, scene 7 preceding them. From this cause probably the stage-direction in Ff. at the beginning of scene 8 wrongly inserts *Somerset* among the persons present, copying, as it seems, from the list at the beginning of the scene in Qq. It has, however, been supposed that *Somerset* is a blunder for *Exeter,* whom Ff. omit. After Warwick's speech (line 32) Qq. continue:

All. Agreed. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.

Ed. Sease on the shamefast Henry. —P. 86.

The colloquy between Henry and Exeter, which intervenes in Ff., is not found in Qq., and in neither is the play divided into acts or scenes. Mr. P. A. Daniel says: "Contrary to modern usage, I divide act iv. sc. viii. into two scenes, assigning a separate day to the latter half (sc. viii. *a*). My division is, perhaps, justified by the stage-directions—such as they are—of the Folio and Quarto: the *Exeunt* of Folio and *Exeunt omnes* of Quarto which follow the departure of Warwick and the rest, may mark the termination of a scene, and though there is no direction marking the re-entry of the King and Exeter, the probability of the plot absolutely requires a separate scene here; otherwise we have Henry talking of his forces which are not yet levied as in existence, and Edward speaking of Warwick, who has only just left the stage, as now remaining at Coventry. I note that the Cambridge editors, in their reprint of The True Tragedy, &c. (the Quarto), number this scene of the seizure of King Henry as a separate scene. The ill contrivance of the modern sc. viii. has not escaped the notice of the commentators; but perhaps editors are more responsible for it than the dramatist" (see Time-analysis, &c., p. 321). But it may be pointed out that Henry might naturally speak of the forces that were going to fight for him as in existence, for Warwick and the others were already in command of a considerable army; nor is it unnatural that Edward having heard of Warwick's intention to proceed to Coventry, might presume he was already at that place. The compression of historical events, necessary for the purposes of the stage, must give rise to many improbabilities as far as lapse of time is concerned; and it seems to us that the difficulties mentioned by Mr. Daniel are not greater than the difficulty of supposing that in the interval between the exit and the immediate re-entrance of a character, forces could be levied, and Warwick could have marched from London to Coventry. It must be remembered that the whole scene, as it stands in our text, evidently takes place in the palace, so that the presumption is that it is continuous.

286. Line 40: *Nor* POSTED OFF *their suits with slow delays.*—The same phrase is found in Hackluyt, Voyages, vol. i. p. 247: "Master Chanceler (seeing himself held in this suspense with long and vaine expectation, and thinking that of intention to delude him, they *posted* the matter *off* so often) was very instant with them to performe their promise;" and in Webster's Dictionary the following passage is quoted from Baxter: "Why did I venturously *post off* so great a matter?"

In II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 255, the phrase *posted over* is used with the sense rather of hurried over than "passed

by," and the same is the case with *o'erposting* in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 171.

287. Line 43: *My mercy dried their* WATER-FLOWING *tears.*—That *water-flowing* means "flowing like water" is easily seen from the similar expressions *furnace-burning*, ii. 1. 80, and *wind-changing*, v. 1. 57. Walker, however, thought *flowing* might mean "shedding," and Capell proposed to alter *tears* to *eyes*, while Collier's MS. Corrector read *bitter-flowing*.

288. Line 50.—We have, with Dyce, adopted Johnson's correction of the stage-direction. Ff. read "A Lancaster, A Lancaster," of which no satisfactory explanation can be given: it was probably, like many other stage-directions, not given at all by the author.

289. Line 61: *Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.*—Compare Wily Beguiled:

> When most you did expect a sunshine day,
> My father's will would *mar* your *hop'd-for hay.*
> —Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 299.

ACT V. Scene 1.

290. Line 3.—Dunsmore Heath lies on the road from Daventry to Coventry, about half-way between the two places. The Fosse way, the Roman road which goes from Seaton on the south coast of Devonshire to Lincoln, passes by the Heath on the north-west. On some old maps the name is written *Dunsmere*.

291. Lines 4, 5:

> *Where is the post that came from Montague?—*
> *How far off is our brother Montague?*

These lines appear to have been accidentally transposed in Qq. and Ff. There is no reason, dramatic or otherwise, for Warwick putting the cart before the horse in this instance. He may be very excited, but he has not so completely lost his self-control as to ask a question of a person whom he cannot see, and of whose exact whereabouts he is at least uncertain.

292. Line 6: *Daintry* is still the form which the name of Daventry takes in the mouths of the inhabitants.

293. Line 7: *Somerville.*—See note 25.

294. Line 12: *It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.*—From Nottingham Edward had advanced to Leicester, new forces coming daily to his standard. Warwick meanwhile levied troops in Warwickshire; Oxford joined him at Warwick. Clarence should have brought up reinforcements from London, but delayed, so Warwick awaited Edward at Coventry. "In the meane season," says Hall (p. 293), "kyng Edward came to Warwycke, where he founde all the people departed, and from thence with al diligence auaũced his power toward Couentre, & in a playne by the citie he pytched his felde. And the next day after that he cam thither, hys men were set forwarde, and marshalled in array, & he valiãtly bad the erle battayle: which mistrustyng that he should be deceaued by the duke of Clarẽce (as he was in dede) kept hym selfe close within the walles. . . . the duke of Clarence came forward toward hym with a great army, kynge Edward beynge also therof enformed, raysed hys campe, & made toward the duke. . . . Whẽ eche host was in sight of other, Rychard duke of Glocester, brother to them both, as though he had bene made arbitrer betwene them, fyrst rode to the duke, and with hym commoned very secretly: from him he came to kyng Edward, and with lyke secretnes so vsed hym, that in conclusion no vnnaturall warre, but a fraternall amitie was concluded and proclaymed, and then leuyng all armye and weapõ a syde, both the bretherne louyngly embraced, and familierly commoned together." The dramatist has followed this account of Hall's; he either did not know of or else disregarded the correcter version in Holinshed, from which we learn that Edward came from Leicester to Coventry and defied the Earl of Warwick, but finding he could not provoke a battle, withdrew to Warwick and there met and was reconciled with Clarence (pp. 307, 308). Overtures of peace were made to Warwick, but scornfully rejected.

The Warwick road entered Coventry on the south-west by Greyfriars Gate: that from Southam appears to have entered by New Gate. From either this or Gosford Gate—outside which Edward is elsewhere[1] said to have encamped—Warwick would be looking eastwards. On coming up from Warwick Edward must be supposed to have found the Greyfriars Gate closed against him, and to be coming round the city wall. Warwick hears the drum somewhere behind him, whereas the road from Southam, which Somerville points to, is before him.

295. Lines 37, 38:

> *And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;*
> AND *Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.*

The second *and* at the beginning of line 38 is singularly weak. As has been already observed in reference to II. Henry VI. (see note 61 on that play), the number of weak *ands* is very remarkable. We would propose to read:

> Henry is *now* my king, Warwick his subject.

296. Line 39: *Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.*—The sequence of events has been altered for dramatic effect. Edward came to Coventry on his way towards London. As soon as the capital was reached Henry again became a captive, and he was borne with the Yorkist troops to the field of Barnet.

297. Lines 43, 44:

> *whiles he thought to steal the single ten,*
> *The king was slily finger'd from the* DECK!

"The single *ten*" is Clarence, whom Warwick had, as it were, got into his hands by underhand means. *Single* signifies "feeble." Thus we find in Taming of the Shrew, act ii. line 407: "Yet I have fac'd it with a card of *ten.*" *Deck*, meaning a pack of cards, is a slang term, not to be found in some dictionaries: Ash, however, records it, with many other cant words. Compare Peele, Edward I.: "the king hath put us amongst the discarding cards, and, as it were, turned us with deuces and treys out of the *deck*" (Works, p. 393). Lytton uses the word in one of his novels, and it still exists in the United States (see Bartlett, Dictionary of Americanisms, *sub voce*).

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1 Dugdale's Warwickshire, ed. 1730, p. 143; W. Smith's, 1830, p. 204.

298. Line 49: *Nay,* WHEN? *strike now, or else the iron cools.*—This line shows how *when* came to be generally used as an exclamation of impatience. Compare Richard II. i. 1. 162, 163:

> When, Harry, when?
> Obedience bids I should not bid again.

299. Lines 68, 69:

> *Thou and thy brother both shall* BUY *this treason*
> *Even* WITH THE DEAREST BLOOD *your bodies bear.*

The meaning seems to be *pay dearly for.* See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 213. Qq., however, read *abie,* for which see the same play, note 191. From meaning "produce," the verb *bear* easily comes to mean "possess" or "contain." Compare Winter's Tale, v. 3. 64, 65: "those veins did verily *bear* blood," and Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 137.

300. Line 73: *Two of thy name.*—See below, note 339.

301. Line 78: *With whom* AN *upright zeal to right prevails.*—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 erroneously has:

> With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes.

302. Lines 80, 81.—In Qq. the following stage-direction precedes line 80: "Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers togither, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwike" (p. 89). Ff. give no direction at all here; most editors, however, following Capell, have introduced the latter part of this direction after line 81. If this be done, surely the former part should also be retained.

303. Lines 83–88.—While Clarence and Warwick were at the French court in 1469 a certain damsel came from Edward to Clarence with secret overtures of amity. "She perswaded the Duke of Clarence, that it was neither naturall, nor honorable to hym, either to condiscende or take parte, against the house of Yorke (of whiche he was lineally discended) and to set vp again the house of Lancastre, whiche lignage of the house of Yorke, was . . . by the whole Parliament of the realme, declared to be the very and indubitate heires of the Kyngdome" (Hall, p. 281). These are the arguments which the dramatist has put into Clarence's mouth. Doubtless it was the acknowledgment of Prince Edward as heir, and his marriage with Warwick's daughter, which estranged the ambitious and disappointed Clarence from Warwick's side. This, however, could not be hinted here, nor indeed has the dramatist thought fit to suggest it in any part of the play.

304. Lines 90, 91:

> *To keep that oath were more impiety*
> *Than* JEPHTHAH'S, *when he sacrific'd his daughter.*

See Judges xi. 30–39. The text is Rowe's. F. 1, F. 2 read *Iephah,* F. 3, F. 4 *Iepthah.* Cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 422.

ACT V. Scene 2.

305. Line 2: *Warwick was a* BUG *that fear'd us all.*—Compare Taming of the Shrew, note 65. *Bug* is a word of Celtic origin, meaning a spectre, or terrifying object. So in How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad we find:

> not these drugs
> Do send me to the infernal bugs,
> But thy unkindness. So, adieu!
> Hobgoblins, now I come to you.
> —Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 50.

In the Book of Psalms, the words "thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night," of the Authorized Version (xci. 5) are rendered, "Thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any *Bugges* by nighte," in the versions of Coverdale, 1535, Matthew (or rather Rogers), 1537, and Taverner, 1539; but the Great Bible of 1539 established the reading *terrour.*[1] In Rider's Dictionary, *terriculum* is interpreted "a thing that putteth in great feare, a scarecrow, a *bugge.*" Compare Peele, Battle of Alcazar, i. 2:

> Why, boy, is Amurath's Bassa such a *bug*
> That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?
> —Works, p. 424.

306. Line 14: *Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree.*—For *overpeer'd* compare Merchant of Venice, note 7. *Jove's tree* is the oak. See Virgil, Georgics, iii. 332:

> magna Iovis antiquo robore quercus
> Ingentes tendat ramos.

Compare Marlowe, Edward II.:

> I stand as Jove's huge tree,
> And others are but shrubs compared to me. —Works, p. 221.

and As You Like It, iii. 2. 249.

307. Line 44: *Which sounded like a* CLAMOUR *in a vault.*—We have adopted the reading of Qq., which Warburton introduced. Ff. have *cannon.* The line has some likeness to ii. 3. 18, *supra:*

> Like to a dismal clangor heard from far.

308. Line 45: *mought.*—The verb *may* (A.S. *mæg*), of which the infinitive was *mugan* in Anglo-Saxon, and *mowe* or *mowen* in Middle English, had two forms of the preterite, viz. *might* and *mought,* A.S. *mihte* and *meahte* (or *mahte*). The same form as occurs in this place is used by Peele, Eclogue Gratulatorie,—

> O honour's fire, that not the brackish sea
> *Mought* quench! —Works, p. 563.

The word is said to be found in Chaucer; Drayton uses it, it occurs in the Mirror for Magistrates, and in the Misfortunes of Arthur (Dodsley, vol. iv.), and is still preserved, vernacularly, in England and in the United States. It occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, and in the parallel passage of the Quarto we find *could.* It is probable that Shakespeare employed this old verb here in order to avoid the jingle of the *might* in the next line.

ACT V. Scene 3.

309. Lines 7, 8:

> *I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen*
> *Hath rais'd in Gallia have* ARRIV'D *our coast.*

The transitive use of the verb *arrive* occurs in three other places in Shakespeare. See Lucrece, 781:

> Ere he *arrive* his weary noon-tide prick.

The battle of Barnet was fought on Easter Sunday, the 14th of April, and on the same day Queen Margaret, whom adverse winds had kept inactive in Normandy ever

[1] See H. Stevens, Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition, p. 91.

since November, landed, after a stormy passage from Honfleur, at Weymouth in Dorsetshire. On Tuesday the news reached Edward (Holinshed, pp. 312, 315).

310. Line 12: THY *very beams will dry those vapours up.* —This is the reading of F. 1. The Cambridge editors give *the* for *thy* without any remark. Edward's cognisance, the sun of York, is alluded to, as in line 5. Compare Richard III. i. 1. 2, and see note 114.

311 Line 21: *willingness rids way.*—Compare Peele, Arraignment of Paris, i. 2 (Works, p. 361):

> My game is quick, and rids a length of ground;

and Cotgrave, Dictionary, *sub voce* Tirer; "*Tirer païs* . . . (in travelling) to goe on, rid ground, gain way."

ACT V. SCENE 4.

312. Lines 8, 9:

> *With tearful eyes add water to the sea,*
> *And give more strength to that which hath too much.*

The same fancy occurs again in As You Like It, ii. 1. 42–49:

> Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
> Augmenting it with tears. . . .
> . . . . . .
> As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
> To that which had too much.

Indeed it seems to have been a sort of stock sentiment. Compare A Lover's Complaint, lines 39, 40; Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 138.

313. Line 23: *As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.*—The meaning is, for all the advantage that we shall get from the Yorkists, who are remorseless as the sea, by offers of submission, we might as well defy them at once. Parleying is now useless.

314. Line 34: *If* CASE *some one of you would fly from us.*—Compare the "very proper dittie to the tune of Lightie love" (given in Staunton's Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 745), whose last lines are:

> Amende, and whats said, shall soone be amended,
> *If case* that your lightie love, no longer do rayne.

The phrase occurs twelve times in Peele's Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.

315. Line 75: *Ye see, I drink the water of* MINE EYES.—Ff. read *my eye.* We have followed Capell and most subsequent editors in retaining the reading of Qq.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

316.—This scene originally doubtless formed a continuation of the foregoing. Qq. divide the two scenes by the following stage-direction: "Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers[1] be discharged. Then enter the king, Cla. & Glo. and the rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, & the prince, & Oxf. & Sum. and then sound and enter all againe" (p. 94). The business here ordered was to represent to the audience the battle of Barnet, and the direction in Ff., though much abbreviated, indicates just the same evolutions. As it is more convenient to consider the battle to have taken place in the interval between the scenes, we have omitted that part of the direction which relates to it

317. Line 1: *Lo here a period of tumultuous broils.*—Ff. have *Now* for *Lo,* which is from Qq.

318. Line 2.—See note 6.

319. Line 3: *For Somerset, off with his guilty head.*—As to the execution of Somerset, see Richard III. note 1.

320. Line 16: *all the trouble thou hast* TURN'D *me to.*—Compare the Tempest, i. 2. 63, 64:

> O, my heart bleeds
> To think o' the teen that I have *turn'd* you to:

and Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 89, 90:

> If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
> And *turn* him to no pain.

321. Lines 23, 24:

> *That you might still have worn the petticoat,*
> *And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.*

The old saying of a shrewish wife that she wears the breeches is alluded to in II. Henry VI. i. 3. 149:

> Though in this place most master wear no breeches.

In Sherwood's English Index to Cotgrave's Dictionary, we find, *sub voce* Breech, "*She weareth the* BREECHES. Dit d'une femme, qui a la supériorité de son mari. Elle porte les brayes."

322. Line 25: *Æsop* was hunchbacked, we are told. Qq. and Ff. read *sorts* in the next line, which Rowe corrected to *sort.*

323. Line 38: K. Edw. *Take that, the likeness of this railer here.* [Stabs him.]—Edward did not himself stab the prince, but only thrust him back, or, as some say, struck him with his gauntlet. See the quotation from Hall in note 2.

324. Line 50: THE *Tower, the Tower!*—Ff. read "Tower, the Tower."

325. Line 67: *As, deathsmen, you have* RID *this sweet young prince!*—Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 364:

> The red plague *rid* you!

Greene, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:

> *Lucy.* Then, Edward, short my life, and end her love.
> *Mar.* Rid me, and keep a friend worthy many loves.
> —Works, p. 166.

Peele, Edward I.:

> I *rid* her not; I made her not away.
> —Works, p. 408.

326. Line 77: *What, wilt thou not?—Where is that devil's butcher?*—Ff. add *Richard* at the end of this line, catching the word up by mistake from the line next following.

327. Line 78: HARD-FAVOUR'D *Richard.*—In the History of Edward V. and Richard III., attributed to Sir Thomas More, Richard is described as "harde fauoured of visage, such as in estates[2] is called a warlike visage, and emonge commen persones a crabbed face" (Hall, p. 343).

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[1] Small cannon.

[2] Princes.

ACT V. Scene 6.

328.—As to the murder of Henry, see note 1. Hall, as usual, gives no date. The battle of Barnet was fought on April 14th, 1471; on May 4th Margaret was defeated at Tewksbury. Edward had returned to Coventry, whither everyone hastened to do him homage, when on the 12th of May, the bastard of Fauconberg, at the head of a large body of Kentish insurgents, attacked and fired London in various quarters. He was at last driven back by Urswick the recorder, and Earl Rivers. On May 21st Edward arrived at the capital with (it is said) 30,000 men, and the rebels dispersed. Henry ended his life that night, and the next day his body was exposed in St. Paul's. Richard is represented by the dramatist, by a very pardonable license, as leaving immediately after Tewksbury for the Tower in order to murder Henry. (See above, scene 5, line 50.)

This scene is embodied in act i. scene 2 of Colley Cibber's too well-known perversion of Richard III., which from the year 1700 was the only form in which that play was represented on the stage even down to the time of the late Charles Kean.

329. Line 10: *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*—Quintus Roscius was a very celebrated actor in comedy at Rome. He is said to have given instruction in elocution to Cicero, and was a friend of the great orator as well as of many other celebrated men of that time. Like Æsopus, his contemporary in tragedy, he amassed a large fortune. He died in the year 62 B.C. The Elizabethan writers used the name Roscius to signify merely an actor, not heeding whether it were in tragedy or comedy. Accordingly the appellation is here given to Richard, partly, it would seem, in allusion to his hypocritical character.

330. Line 15: *I, the hapless* MALE *to one sweet bird.*—Monck Mason (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 538) observed that *male* here denotes "parent;" a sense of the word which seems unique. *Bird*, as in ii. 1. 91, has the not uncommon meaning of "young," or "offspring."

331. Lines 18–25.—Dædalus, according to the story, was imprisoned by Minos, king of Crete, and finding on his escape that no ship could be procured, he fashioned wings for himself and his son Icarus, and fastened them on with wax. But Icarus flying too near the sun, the wax which fastened his wings melted, and he was drowned. From him a part of the Ægean was called the Icarian Sea. The story is told by Ovid, Metamorphoses, bk. viii. lines 183–235.

With lines 22, 23, compare Wily Beguiled:

> He is the only fiery Phaethon
> *Denies* my *course*, and *sears* my waxen *wings*.
> —Dodsley, ix. p. 282.

332. Lines 41, 42:

> *Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,*
> *And orphans for their parents' timeless death.*

F. 1 omits *fate And*, which, in order to correct the halting rhythm, were inserted by the editor of F. 2. Instead of lines 37–42 Qq. read:

> And thus I prophesie of thee.
> That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
> And many an infants water standing eie,
> Widowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers.

It seems plain that in both the old and the revised play some confusion has arisen, which it is impossible now to correct.

333. Line 47: *The raven* ROOK'D *her on the chimney's top.*—To *rook* is to squat, to lie or sit huddled up. The word commonly occurs in the form *ruck*, as in the following passage from Stanyhurst's Virgil (book iv.):

> Also on thee turrets the skrich howle, lyke fetchliefe ysetled,
> Her burial roundel dooth *ruck*, and cruncketh in howling.
> —Arber's Reprint, 1880, p. 111.

Generally it is the cry of the raven that is considered ominous, not, as here, its mere presence. But compare Othello, iv. 1. 20–22:

> O, it comes o'er my memory
> As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
> Boding to all.

For the *night-crow* of line 45, compare Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 83, 84: "I had as lief have heard the *night-raven*, come what plague could have come after it." Strictly speaking, none of the *Corvus* family are night-birds. It is not clear what bird is meant by the appellation *night-raven* or *night-crow*, but it has been supposed to be the bittern, or *Ardea minuta*, a bird less common in England now than formerly. It makes a loud booming noise, and frequents marshy places. The only other bird which could properly be meant would be the night-jar.

334. Line 51: *An indigested and deformed lump.*—Ff. read:

> *To wit*, an indigested and deformed lumpe,

but as Dyce has shown, the words *to wit* were retained merely by inadvertence from The True Tragedie, which reads:

> To wit: an vndigest created lumpe.

See note 210, *supra*.

335. Line 67: *Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.*—Compare Greene, Alphonsus King of Arragon, ii. 1:

> Go, pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
> And make report unto thy traitorous sire
> How well thou hast enjoyed the diadem:
> . . . . . .
> And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
> Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown.
> —Works, p. 229.

336. Lines 70–75.—With this passage and lines 49–54 *supra*, compare Sir T. More's account, in Hall (p. 343): "as it is reported, his mother the duches had muche a dooe in her trauaill, that she could not be deliuered of hym vncut, and that he came into the worlde the fete forwarde, as menne bee borne outwarde, and as the fame ranne, not vntothed."

337. Line 84: *thou* KEEP'ST *me from the light.*—F. 1, F. 2 read *keept'st*, and Qq. *keptst*. The text is from F. 3, F. 4.

ACT V. Scene 7.

338. Line 4: *Have we mow'd down in* TOP *of all their pride.*—Qq. and Ff. read *tops;* but compare II. Henry VI. i. 2. 48, 49:

> To tumble down thy husband and thyself
> From *top* of honour to disgrace's feet:

and Antony and Cleopatra, v. 1. 43:

> my competitor
> In *top* of all design.

339. Lines 5, 7, 8.—See II. Henry VI. notes 6 and 9, and notes 4, 9, and 7 of the present play, for these Somersets, Cliffords, and Northumberlands.

340. Lines 5, 6:

> *renown'd*
> FOR *hardy and undoubted champions.*

The same use of the preposition *for* has occurred before, iv. 6. 26:

> Your grace hath still been fam'd *for* virtuous.

Compare II. Henry VI. i. 3. 182:

> Doth any one accuse York *for* a traitor?

For *renown'd*, which is the reading of Qq., Ff. give *renowne* or *renown*.

341. Line 10: *the two brave* BEARS, *Warwick and Montague.*—There is an allusion here to the well-known badge of the *bear* and the ragged staff. See II. Henry VI. v. 1. 144, and note 328 on that play.

342. Line 18: WENT *all afoot in summer's* SCALDING *heat.*—*Went* is the participle as well as the preterite tense of the verb *wend*, just as *sent* is of *send*. The participial use is uncommon in Elizabethan English, but occurs in Fairfax, Godfrey of Bulloigne, book iii. stanza 70:

> But when he saw her gentle soul was *went*,
> His manly courage to relent began.

The expression *scalding heat* finds a parallel in Carew's Cœlum Britannicum:

> to all weathers,
> The chilling frost and *scalding sun*, expose
> Their equal face.

343. Line 30: Q. Eliz. *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.*—F. 1, F. 2 give this line to Clarence, an evident blunder, as is the correction "King" of F. 3, F. 4. In Qq. it is assigned to the queen, to whom it was restored by Theobald.

344. Line 44: *Such as* BEFIT *the pleasure of the court?*—Qq. and Ff. read *befits* for *befit*. The text is Pope's.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abodements...	iv.	7	13
Alms-deed.....	v.	5	79
Battle (verb)..	ii.	5	74
Bear-whelp....	iii.	2	161
Bemoan.....	ii.	5	110
Blood-sucking.	iv.	4	22
Bodge (verb)..	i.	4	19
Bright-shining.	v.	3	3
Brother-like...	v.	1	105
Butcherly.....	ii.	5	89
By-word.....	i.	1	42
Child-killer....	ii.	2	112
Clangor.....	ii.	3	18
Clear-shining..	ii.	1	28
Concubine.....	iii.	2	98
Conditionally..	i.	1	196
Conform	iii.	3	11
Contemplate ..	ii.	5	33
Crook-back(sub.)	ii.	2	96
	v.	5	30
Crook-back (adj.)	i.	4	75
Dangerous (adv.)	i	1	11
Darraign	ii.	2	72
Deck (of cards).	v.	1	44
Delicates (sub.)	ii.	5	51
Drummer.....	iv.	7	50
Easeful.....	v.	3	6
Easy-melting ..	ii.	1	171

	Act	Sc.	Line
Effuse (sub.)...	ii.	6	27
Embassade.....	iv.	3	32
Entail (verb) ..	i.	1	194
	i.	1	235
*Fair-shining..	ii.	1	40
Fast-falling....	i.	4	162
Fence(=defence),	iv.	1	44
Fiercely.....	ii.	1	121
Flail	ii.	1	131
Footstool.....	v.	7	14
Forecast	v.	1	42
Forlorn (sub.)..	iii.	3	26
Forslow.....	ii.	3	56
Furnace-burning	ii.	1	80
Gentle-hearted	i.	4	176
Great-grown...	iv.	8	63
Hardest-timbered	ii.	1	55
Hearten[1].....	ii.	2	79
Holding-anchor	v.	4	4
Horizon.....	iv.	7	81
Hunger-starved	i.	4	5
*Ill-got.....	ii.	2	46
Invective[2]	i.	4	43
Lade.....	iii.	2	139

1 Lucrece, 295.
2 Lucrece, Arg. 24.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Laund[3].....	iii.	1	2
*Life-time.....	i.	1	171
Lineally	iii.	3	87
Luckless	ii.	6	17
	v.	6	45
Magnanimity..	v.	4	41
Malcontent(adj.)	iv.	1	10
	iv.	1	60
Mirthful	v.	7	43
Miserably.....	i.	3	42
Mislike (sub.)	iv.	1	24
Misproud.....	ii.	6	7
Mis-shaped....	iii.	2	170
Night-crow....	v.	6	45
Night-foes.....	iv.	3	22
Overshine[4]....	ii.	1	38
*Parliament-house	i.	1	71
Persecutor	v.	6	31
*Plucker-down	ii.	3	37
Poltroon	i.	1	62
Prancing.....	ii.	1	24
Preachment....	i.	4	72
Prejudicial	i.	1	144

3 Venus and Adonis, 813.
4 Used here literally=to shine upon. It occurs twice (Troil. iii. 1. 171; Tit. i. 317) in the sense of "to excel."

	Act	Sc.	Line
Prepare (sub.)..	iv.	1	131
Proud-hearted..	v.	1	98
*Puller-down ..	iii.	3	157
Quenchless[5]...	i.	4	28
Rack (verb, of clouds).....	ii.	1	27
Railer.....	v.	5	38
Repass	iv.	7	5
Replant.....	iii.	3	198
Repurchased..	v.	7	2
*Rich-embroidered	ii.	5	44
Rooked.....	v.	6	47
Sad-hearted....	ii.	5	123
Septentrion....	i.	4	136
*Setter-up.....	ii.	3	37
	iii.	3	157
She-wolf	i.	4	111
Shrink (trans. =wither)...	iii.	2	156
Shriver.....	iii.	2	108
Sinew (verb)[6]..	ii.	6	90
Sith (prep.)....	ii.	1	106

5 Lucrece, 1554.
6 Used with *together* in the sense of "to knit." *Sinewed*="having sinews" occurs John v. 7. 88.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Slake[7] (trans.).	i.	3	29
Sturdy[8]	i.	1	50
Tearful.....	v.	4	8
*Thick-grown..	iii.	1	1
Thrasher.....	ii.	1	131
Top-branch	v.	2	14

[7] Lucrece, 1677 (intrans.).
[8] Venus and Adonis, 152.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Treacherously[9]	ii.	1	72
*True-anointed	iii.	3	29
Unchanging...	i.	4	116
Uncrown.....	iii.	3	232
	iv.	1	111
Undutiful.....	v.	5	33
Unhoped.....	iii.	3	172

[9] Lucrece, Arg. 14.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Unlicked.....	iii.	2	161
Unloving.....	ii.	2	25
Unnaturally...	i.	1	193
Unpardonable.	i.	4	106
Unwares.....	ii.	5	62
Vizard-like....	i.	4	116
Water-flowing..	iv.	8	43
Water-standing	v.	6	40

	Act	Sc.	Line
Weakling[10] ...	v.	1	37
Well-chosen...	iv.	1	7
Well-meant....	iii.	3	67
Well-minded..	iv.	8	27
Wind-changing	v.	1	57
Winding-sheet.	i.	1	129
	ii.	5	114
Wishful.....	iii.	1	14
Wisp.....	ii.	2	144

[10] Lucrece, 584.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note
48. i. 1. 55: *And thine, Lord Clifford;* YOU HAVE BOTH *vow'd revenge.*
49. i. 1. 62: *Patience is for poltroons,* FOR *such as he.*
94. i. 4. 15, 16:
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
EDWARD, *"A crown, or else a glorious tomb!"*
207. iii. 2. 131: *all the* LOOK'D-FOR *issue of their bodies.*
225. iii. 3. 140: *To Edward,* YES; *not to the English king.*
240. iv. 1. 22, 23:
ay, 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
249. iv. i. 124, 125:
Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter;
Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay.

Note
251. iv. 2. 12: *Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.*
258. iv. 3. 41: *Brother of Clarence,* WHAT, *art thou here too?*
262. iv. 4. 19: 'T IS THIS *that makes me bridle passion.*
277. iv. 7. 77: *Thanks, brave Montgomery;—thanks unto you all.*
284. iv. 8. 31: *And all at once, once more, happy farewell.*
291. v. 1. 4, 5:
Where is the post that came from Montague?—
How far off is our brother Montague?

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note
54. i. 1. 84: WHAT! *shall I stand?*
64. i. 1. 193: *Whom I* UNNATURAL *shall disinherit.*
65. i. 1. 196: CONDITIONAL *that here thou take an oath.*
80. i. 2. 13: *Giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe.*

Note
249. iv. 1. 124, 125:
My thoughts aim at a further MARK; *I stay*
Not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
295. v. 1. 38: *Henry is* NOW *my king, Warwick his subject*

HENRY VI.

CONDENSED FROM SHAKESPEARE

BY CHARLES KEMBLE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.
Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter.
Earl of Suffolk, afterwards Marquess and Duke of Suffolk.
Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards Edward IV.,
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, } his sons.
Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset.
Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, his son.
Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk.
Thomas Montague, Earl of Salisbury.
Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury.
Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, his son.
Marquess of Montague, brother to the above.
Earl of Richmond, a youth.

Lord Clifford.
Lord Stafford.
Sir John Somerville.
Vernon, of the White Rose or York faction.
Basset, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.
Clerk of Chatham.
Jack Cade, a rebel.
George Bevis,
John Holland,
Dick the Butcher,
Smith the Weaver, } followers of Cade.
Sinklo,
Humphrey, } two Keepers.
1st Watchman.
2nd Watchman.
1st Murderer.
2nd Murderer.
Huntsman.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Elizabeth Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Guards, Citizens, Messengers, Watchmen, Ladies, &c.

Scene—Partly in England and partly in France.

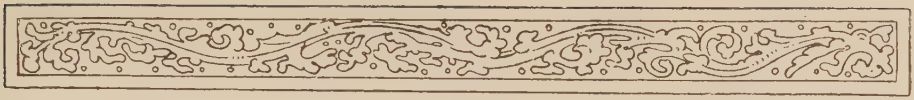
HISTORIC PERIOD.

From 1426 to 1471.

HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

INTRODUCTION.

The matter of this play is taken from the Three Parts of Henry VI. with the exception of seven passages from Richard II., amounting in all to 35 lines, and two passages from Richard III., amounting in all to 58 lines. Very few of the lines in this play are not to be found in Shakespeare. Such lines we have marked with an asterisk; although, in many cases, part of these lines are either taken from Shakespeare's own words, or closely imitated therefrom. Only in two instances has Charles Kemble introduced words which Shakespeare has not used, namely, *hint* (the verb), ii. 4. 25, and *unfurl*, iii. 5. 192; and he has been guilty of an impropriety in the use of the modern exclamation *Huzza* (iii. 4. 98); which, although it is the older form of *Hurrah*, is not to be found, apparently, in any author before Evelyn (1665). Neither form of the exclamation occurs in Shakespeare. Nowhere has the adaptor attempted to rise to such original flights as Cibber; in fact this condensed play shows how much greater reverence was felt for the text of Shakespeare in Charles Kemble's time, compared with that of Crowne, or Cibber, or even of David Garrick. It is a matter of some difficulty to identify all the passages from Shakespeare that have been brought into requisition. In those cases where the text has been rigidly adhered to we have used the expression "Taken from." In those cases where some words and phrases have been altered, or the sequence of the lines re-arranged, we have used the expression "Adapted from." It has been impossible to note all cases where speeches have been taken from one character and assigned to another. But, on the whole, it will be found easy for anyone interested in the subject to follow closely the mode in which Charles Kemble did his work, and we think it will be generally admitted that, at least, this is a very ingenious piece of mosaic; evincing a thorough knowledge of Shakespeare, a conscientious regard for the integrity of his text —as far as the requirements of the stage will permit—and a thorough sympathy with the spirit of his work. It does not appear that this play was ever published, or performed in the theatre. Our text is printed from the only copy known, which was in the possession of the late Sir Henry Irving, the MS. portion being in Charles Kemble's own handwriting. The account of two other acting versions of Henry VI., both of which were represented on the stage, will be found in the Introduction to Part II. and Part III. of Henry VI.



HENRY VI.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

CONDENSED FROM SHAKESPEARE, AND ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE

BY CHARLES KEMBLE.

**** The Lines marked with an asterisk are those interpolated by Kemble.*

ACT I.

[1] [SCENE I.] *The Temple Garden in London.*

[*A clamour within.*]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, SALISBURY, WARWICK, SOMERSET, CLIFFORD, VERNON, BASSET, *Lords, Lawyers, and Attendants.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Clif. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
he garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else,[2] was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Clif. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us. 10
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets[3] of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
Since you are tongue-ty'd and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants[4] proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman, 21
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party[5] of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet. 30
Clif. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Sal. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

1 This scene is taken mainly from I. Henry VI. ii. 4.
2 *Or, else,* or in other words.
3 *Quillets,* subtleties.
4 *Significants,* mute indications or signs.
5 *Party,* side.

Som. My lord of Salisbury, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Sal. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case, 40
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Sal. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false, 50
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
[*Vernon, Basset, and all the persons present chuse their roses, but much the greater part white ones.*
Plan. Good Vernon, I am bound to you, and all,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
[*They shout and wave their white roses.*
Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet, 60
'T is not for fear; but anger—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen. 70
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.
Clif. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud sir, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Som. Away, away,
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by Heaven's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England; 79
Spring crestless yeomen[1] from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[2] from ancient gentry?
Plan. My father was attached,[3] not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men that Somerset, 91
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[4]
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes.
Clif. Go forward and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next.
Som. Have with you, sir.—Farewell ambitious Richard. 100
[*Exit, followed by Clifford and the Red Roses.*
Plan. How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it!

---

[1] *Crestless yeomen*, yeomen who have no right to a coat of arms.
[2] *Exempt*, excluded. [3] *Attached*, arrested.
[4] *Apprehension*, opinion.

*Enter Messenger.**

Mess. Plantagenet, it is the king's high will,* 102
That you forthwith repair to the parliament*
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster.
Plan. I wait upon his grace.*
[*Exit Messenger.*
War. Be of good heart;*
This blot, that they object against your house,
Never again shall stir your princely blood;*
For, if thou be not now created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 110
What says my father Salisbury?*
Sal. As my son.*
Already have I spoke in his behalf,*
And here I swear, if words lack power to move,*
I'll move them with my sword to do thee right,*
In spite of Somerset and his red rose.*
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry flower
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree:
And here I prophesy—this brawl to day 120
Grown to this quarrel, in the Temple Garden
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] SCENE II. *The Court.*

Enter VERNON, *and* BASSET.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot but now,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord Plantagenet—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage[2]
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as Richard. 9
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. [*Strikes him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you; 17
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt Vernon and Basset.*

[3] SCENE III. *The Parliament. Flourish.*

KING HENRY, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, EXETER, SOMERSET, CLIFFORD, BUCKINGHAM, *Lords and attendants.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloucester, if thou canst accuse,
Do it without invention, suddenly.
Glo. Presumptuous Winchester!
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd[4]
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness, 10
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As[5] very infants prattle of thy pride.
Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply;
And he shall know, I am as good—
Glo. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

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[1] This scene is taken from I. Henry VI. iii. 4. 28–45.
[2] *Patronage,* make good.
[3] Lines 1–71 adapted from I. Henry VI. iii. 1.
[4] *Preferr'd, i.e.* "as a charge against thee."
[5] *As*=that.

Glo. What? Am I not protector, saucy priest? 19
Win. Thou art a most usurping proditor,[1]
And not protector of the king or realm.
King. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
Clif. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse, 30
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?
Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. [*Aside*] Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.— 40
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me Heaven, as I dissemble not!
Win. [*Aside*] So help me Heaven, as I intend it not!
Thy heart's blood I will have for this day's work.
[*Gloster goes to the King's R. H. The Cardinal to his left.*
King. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 50
We do exhibit to your majesty.

[1] *Proditor*, traitor.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince, 52
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told[2] your majesty.
King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
King. If Richard will be true, not that alone, 60
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
King. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon[3] of that duty done,
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely Duke of York.
War. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York! 70
Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

[4] *Enter* VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak,—
What is the wrong whereof you both complain?
Bas. This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves 80
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

[2] *I told, i.e.* of which I told.
[3] *Reguerdon*, reward.
[4] Lines 72–114 taken from I. Henry VI. iv. 1.

When stubbornly he did repugn[1] the truth,
About a certain question in the law 83
Argu'd betwixt Plantagenet and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. Know, my dread lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions, at this badge, 89
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd[2] the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be try'd by fight, 100
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage 110
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Let me persuade you take a better course.

[3] SCENE IV. *Flourish.*

Enter SUFFOLK, MARGARET, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hand, 10
The happiest gift that ever marquis gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.
King. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret: [*Kisses her.*
O Thou, that lend'st me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
Queen. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had— 20
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
With you mine alder-liefest[4] sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.
King. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love. 29
All. Long live Queen Margaret!
Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*
Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles.
Glo. [*reads*]. It is agreed between the French king Charles, and Henry King of England, that Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchies of Anjou and of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her fa— [*Lets the paper fall.*

[1] *Repugn*, resist, oppose. [2] *Bewray'd*, betrayed.
[3] Lines 1–57 taken from II. Henry VI. i. 1.

[4] *Alder-liefest*, dearest of all.

King. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart, 43
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.
King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Car. [*reads*]. The duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

King. They please us well. Lord marquis, bow thy knee; 50
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk.
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,
Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.
And now, my lords, once more I beg of you*
Let me be umpire in your doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, 60
[*Takes Somerset's rose.*
That anyone should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York—
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both;
And let us still continue peace and love.
[*Exeunt Henry, Margaret, Exeter, Suffolk, Clifford, and their Attendants.*
[1] *York.* Well spoken, Henry!*—yet I like it not
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
[2] *Glo.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars? 71
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy,
That France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame; 80
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!
Sal. Suffolk has dimm'd the honour of our isle;*
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears. 90
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Glo. A proper jest!—and never heard before.
War. France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries, with their wives:
And our King Henry gives away his own, 100
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. Would she had staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before that England's king had ever stoop'd*
To match himself unto a dowerless wife,*
Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
[3] A dower, my lords!—disgrace not so your king
That he should be so abject, base and poor
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love;
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich. 110
Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

[1] Lines 59–66 from I. Henry VI. iv. 1. 151–155; 176, 177.
[2] Lines 67–105, 111–183 from II. Henry VI. i. 1.
[3] Lines 106–110 from I. Henry VI. v. 5. 48–52.

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, 112
But 't is my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Farewell, my lords; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long.
[*Exit.*

Car. So—there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy, 120
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—"Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester;" 130
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Heaven long preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.
[*Exit cardinal.*

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together—with the Duke of Suffolk—
We 'll quickly hoise[1] Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Som. Though Humphrey's pride, 140
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displac'd, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm. 150
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,[2]
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And York thou art fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
Join we together, for the public good;
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, 160
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of our country.

War. So Heaven help Warwick, as he loves the realm,
And common profit of his native land!

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.[3]
[*Exeunt Salisbury and Warwick.*

York. Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim the crown; 170
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Let me be still awhile, till time do serve:
And watch and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York, 180
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose feeble rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

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1 *Hoise*, hoist, heave.

2 *House-keeping, i.e.* hospitality.

3 In the MS. there is a note, "*Leave room here for ten lines to be introduced,*" but they were not inserted.

ACT II.

[1] SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BEVIS *and* HOLLAND, *and four Petitioners.*

Bev. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[2]

Hol. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Heaven bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN *and Attendants.*

Bev. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

Hol. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector. 10

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me?

Bev. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading*] "For my Lord Protector!" Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

Bev. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me. 21

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed. What's yours? What's here? [*Reads*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave!

Hol. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Suf. Base cullions,[3] you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. 30
Away, away! [*Tears the petitions.*

All. Come let's be gone.
[*Attendants drive off the Petitioners.*

Queen. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, 33
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke? 40
I thought, King Henry was indeed a king;*
But all his mind is bent to holiness.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England; so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort 50
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife; 59
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,

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[1] This scene is taken from II. Henry VI. i. 3. *Bevis* and *Holland*, two of Jack Cade's followers, are introduced among the Petitioners.

[2] *In the quill, i.e.* in a body. [3] *Cullions,* wretches.

That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
Even now the duchess is in conference 70
With Margery Jourdain the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer;
Winchester soon will bring good news of her.*
Let me be bold to counsel you in this;
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with these lords,
With dogged York, that reacheth at the moon,—
Whose overweening arm I will pluck back
Despite his roses,—and with Buckingham,*
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace. 80
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] SCENE II.

Enter CARDINAL *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Car. Good Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well,
E'en at an inch;* the king and commonweal
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains.
And is the good Duke Humphrey's wife so dry*
For sov'reignty, she seeks to gain the crown*
By treas'nous sorcery and unholy witchcraft?*
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death." 10
Why, this is just
"Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse."
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand."
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's; 20
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither these news, shall go immediately.*
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

[1] This scene is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. i. 4. The *Cardinal* is substituted for *York*.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, 24
To be the post, in hope of his reward.
Car. At your good pleasure, Buckingham.
[*Exit Buckingham.*
[2] This knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture[3] the protector's fall—
[4] Humphrey of Gloster, thou shall well perceive
That, nor in birth nor for authority, 30
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop, and bend the knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exit.*

[5] SCENE III. *A Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus: 9
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster:
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd king; 20

[2] Lines 27, 28 adapted from II. Henry VI. i. 2. 105, 106.
[3] *Attainture, i.e.* her being *attainted* for treason.
[4] Lines 29–33 taken from I. Henry VI. v. 1. 58–62.
[5] This scene is taken from II. Henry VI. ii. 2.

Till Bolingbroke, the heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; and murder'd England's lord.*
War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.
York. The third son Lionel Duke of Clarence left 30
Philippa, a daughter — her granddaughter Anne,*
My mother (rightful sov'reign of this realm,*
By whom I claim the kingdom) was the heir
Of Roger, Earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; that married Philippa,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt, 40
The fourth son; York claimeth it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd 50
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
Who now is gone Lord Regent into France:
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey: 60
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
Sal. My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.
War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself—
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Scene IV. *The Abbey at Bury.*

Enter the King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, Clifford, Exeter, &c., *to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion, 10
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
My Lords of Suffolk—and of Winchester—
Reprove[2] my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.
Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale. 20

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[1] This scene is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. iii. 1.
[2] *Reprove,* disprove.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepest: 21
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
Car. The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began those devilish practices
I oft have hinted to your majesty,*
By wicked means to frame King Henry's fall.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man,
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
Take heed, my lord, the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man. 30
King. My lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

[1] *King.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham? 41
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort[2] of naughty persons, lewdly[3] bent—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death, 50
And other of your highness' privy-council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
King. O Heaven, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture[4] of thy House, 55
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd the king, and commonwealth:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard: 60
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with[5] such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed, and company;
And give her up to law, and punishment,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
[6] *King.* In sight of Heaven and us their crime is great;
And if by lawful course their guilt be found,*
In Smithfield shall the rest be burnt to ashes,
Dame Eleanor being more nobly born, 70
Despoiled of her honour in her life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in the country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Glo. Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.
King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster: ere thou go, 80
Give up thy staff; Henry will rule himself;
Then go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
Queen. I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry gave it me;
And leave it humbly at thy royal feet.*
As others would ambitiously receive it. 90

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[1] Lines 41-66 taken from II. Henry VI. ii. 1.
[2] *Sort*=set, company. [3] *Lewdly*, wickedly.
[4] *Tainture*, defilement.
[5] *Convers'd with*, associated with.
[6] Lines 67-90 adapted from II. Henry VI. ii. 3.

[1] *Suf.* Now, Gloster, thou art a private[2] man again,*
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
I see your malice and I scorn it, lords;*
For had I twenty times as many foes,
And each of them had twenty times your power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
Car. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they, that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me Heaven, as I have watch'd the night—
Ay, night by night—in studying good for England!
That doit[3] that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat[4] I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
[5] *Queen.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
[6] *Buck.* In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 't is well known, that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the blame that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their crimes.
Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.
King. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous![7]
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
And all to make away my guiltless life:
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,

[1] Lines 92–94, 100–118 from II. Henry VI. iii. 1; Lines 95–98 from II. Henry VI. ii. 4.
[2] *Private*, deprived of official position.
[3] *Doit*, a small coin = $\frac{1}{12}$th of a penny.
[4] *Groat* = a small coin = fourpence.
[5] Lines 119–122 taken from II. Henry VI. i. 3.
[6] Lines 123–177 are taken from II. Henry VI. iii. 1.
[7] *Dangerous*, fraught with peril.

As if she had suborned some to swear 162
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play me false!—
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. A guard—secure the duke, and hold him sure.* 170
Glo. I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
[1] Farewell my king, when I am dead and gone,
May loyalty and peace attend thy throne.
[*Exit guarded.*
Suf. Thus droops the lofty pine and hangs his sprays.[2] 180
Queen. Why now is Henry king, and Margaret queen.
[3] *King.* Ah, uncle Humphrey! yet the hour's to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
[4] Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Paris, Guienne, Rheims, Orleans, are reta'en,*
And all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you—all is lost.
King. Cold news, lord regent: but Heaven's will be done! 190

Enter YORK.

York. My liege, from Ireland have I letters here*
To signify—that rebels there are up, 192
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, Harry, stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Som. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent a regent thither:
To awe the rebels with his blushing rose,* 200
'T is meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.—
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
And pallid ensign of a coward's hue,*
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost. 210
Queen. No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame!
[5] *King.* Peace, brawling lords, your factions you maintain,*
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
Oh, faithful Gloster, come to me again!*
Thou never didst me wrong, nor no man wrong.* 220
[6] But, oh, with bootless tears and with dimm'd eyes
I look to thee, and cannot do thee good,
So mighty are thy vowed enemies. [*Exit.*
Queen. Methinks my lord is cold in these distractions,*
Too full of tender pity, and Gloster's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile

[1] Lines 178–181 taken from II. Henry VI. ii. 3.
[2] *Sprays*, shoots, branches.
[3] Lines 182–184, 188–215 from II. Henry VI. iii. 1.
[4] Line 185, 186 taken from I. Henry VI. i. 1.
[5] Lines 217–218 taken from I. Henry VI. i. 1.
[6] Lines 221–296 adapted from iii. 1.

With sorrow snares relenting passengers—
But, come, dispatch must answer these affairs.
Go, muster force, bold York—for Ireland—fly,*
Bend down rebellion to the royal yoke,* 230
Redeem the glories of the blemish'd crown,*
And make high majesty look like itself.
Go, levy powers, and prosperous mayst thou fight*
For England's weal, and royal Henry's right.*
[*Exeunt all but York, Cardinal, and Suffolk.*
Car. The uncivil[1] kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
Thither your grace shall lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords, 240
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
[*Sits down to write.*
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'T is meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument, 250
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
Car. So that by this you would not have him die.
Say as you think, and speak it from your soul.
Suf. Ah, Lord, as fain as I myself would live.*
Say but the word and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due order for a priest.
Say you consent and censure well[2] the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing. 260

[1] *Uncivil,* barbarous.
[2] *Censure well,* approve of as a judge.

York. My lord of Suffolk, even on the instant, 261
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my lord of York.*
Car. And for Duke Humphrey, I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
[*Exeunt all but York.*
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Well, nobles, well; 't is politickly done, 271
To send me packing with an host of men:
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head, 280
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[3]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
This devil here shall be my substitute; 288
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' minds;
If they affect the house and claim of York,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.
[*Exit.*

[3] *Flaw,* commotion; or, perhaps, a sudden gust of wind.

ACT III.

[1] SCENE I. *Part of Kent.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up. 11

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said—"labour in thy vocation;" which is as much to say as—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates. 21

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf. 30

Holl. And Smith the weaver—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holl. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We, John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Bev. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer—

Holl. [*Aside*] He was an honest bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet— 40

Holl. [*Aside*] I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in commons, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, as king I will be— 51

All. Heaven save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Bev. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers. 59

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. See what noise is that. [*Exit Holland.*] Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 't is the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who 's there? 68

Enter HOLLAND *bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

Holl. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt. 70

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Holl. H 'as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Bev. 'T will go hard with you.

[1] This scene is taken from II. Henry VI. iv. 2.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man? 82

Clerk. Sir, I thank Heaven I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exit Holland, &c., with the Clerk.*

Shouts. Re-enter HOLLAND.

Holl. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow. 90

Holl. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Holl. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him! 101

And you that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men, 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;[1]
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts. 107

Bev. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. Strike up the drum. [*Exeunt.*

[2] SCENE II. *An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter two from the murder of Duke Humphrey.

First Mur. Run, tell Lord Suffolk, and the cardinal,
We have despatch'd the duke, as they commanded.

Sec. Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatched the duke?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house; 120

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

[*Exeunt murderers.*

The king and all the peers are here at hand.—

Enter the KING, *the* QUEEN, BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *with Attendants.*

King. Go, call the duke unto our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[*Exit.*

King. And, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter[3] 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than, from true evidence of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable. 130

Queen. Heaven forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

King. How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead. [*The King swoons.*

Car. Heaven's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

King. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me? 140

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

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[1] *Clouted shoon,* hob-nailed shoes.

[2] This scene (lines 1–255) is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. iii. 2.

[3] *No straiter,* no more strictly.

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Ah, woe is me for Gloster, hapless man!
Queen. Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea; 150
And twice by awkward[1] wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them[2] from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me;
The splitting rocks[3] cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides; 160
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish[4] Margaret.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY *without, with many Commons following.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk's and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death. 170
King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died Heaven knows, not Henry:[5]
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.
[*Warwick goes in.*
O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect[6] be false, forgive me, Heaven,
For judgment only doth belong to thee!

A bed with GLOSTER'S *body put forth.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body. 180
King. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[7]
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless, 190
Being[8] all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd 200
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking:
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.[9]
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

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[1] *Awkward,* adverse.
[2] *He that loos'd them, i.e.* Æolus.
[3] *Splitting rocks, i.e.* rocks that are used to split the sides of vessels. [4] *Perish,* used actively=kill.
[5] *Henry,* pronounced as a trisyllable.
[6] *Suspect,* suspicion.
[7] *Timely-parted ghost, i.e.* the corpse of one who has died a natural death. [8] *Being, i.e.* (the blood) being.
[9] *Lodg'd,* beaten down.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh, 210
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's[1] nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons? [*Exit Cardinal.*
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say it;
For every word, you speak in his behalf, 220
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft[2] with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. Liar and slave!—[3]
[*Suffolk and Warwick draw.*
King. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn 229
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
[*Shout.*
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace;
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is; 240
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.
Commons [*Within*]. An answer from the king.
King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited[4] so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
[*Exit Salisbury.*
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by his majesty I swear, 251
Whose far unworthy deputy I am—
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

[5] *Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?
Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly, 260
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
Y. Clif. Retire, my sovereign lord; his grace and I*
Will quickly raise a power to put them down.*
[*Exeunt Clifford and Buckingham.*
[6] *King.* Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matter to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk*
Suf. Mischance and sorrow, go along with you!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
A plague upon them!—Poison be their drink!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss; 270

[1] *Puttock*, a kite.
[2] *Graft*, past participle of *graff*=grafted.
[3] Compare Macbeth, v. 5. 35.
[4] *Cited*, urged.
[5] Lines 256–261 taken from II. Henry VI. iv. 4. 26–31.
[6] Lines 264–296 adapted from II. Henry VI. iii. 2.

And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

Queen. Enough, good Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself;
Let me entreat thee cease! go, get thee gone!
And leave poor Margaret here without one friend.*
Go, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough, 280
So Suffolk had thy gracious countenance,*
And still were servant to his honour'd queen.*
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Enter Messenger.

Queen. Whither away so fast? what news, I prithee?

Mess. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming Heaven, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost 290
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged[1] soul;
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

[*Exit messenger.*

Queen. Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?

Scene III. *Southwark.*

Enter Jack Cade *and the rest.*

[2]*Cade.* Silence, I charge you in my name.—The Staffords and Lord Say are slain, and now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduits run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. 10

[*They kill him.*

Bev. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Cade. Come then, let's go and set London Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Holl. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Holl. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth. 21

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Bev. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common. [*A parley sounded.*] [3]What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill? 30

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford, *attended.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty! 40
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,

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[1] *Overcharg'd,* overburdened.

[2] Lines 1–28 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 6.

[3] Lines 28–92 taken from II. Henry VI. iv. 8.

Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart, in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recover'd your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me—I will make shift for one; and so—a curse light upon you all! 59

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Were 't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets. 69
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
Heaven on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king, and Clifford. 77

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. Heaven and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him; 90
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt Clifford, &c.*

[1]My friends, your duty has redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country;
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several counties.

All. Huzza! huzza! huzza!—Long live the king!* [*Exeunt.*

[2]Scene IV. *Kenilworth Castle.*

Enter King.

King. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Clifford.

Buck. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield. 10

Clif. The rebel Cade is slain, my lord.*

King. By thee?*

Clif. No—by a gentleman of Kent, call'd Iden.*

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—

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[1] Lines 93–97 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 9. 15–21.
[2] This scene is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. iv. 9.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Is marching hitherward in proud array; 19
His grace of Somerset and Clifford's father*
Are in the field and stop his further progress.*
I left St. Albans as their battles join'd.*

King. Haste, my good lords, post haste to meet the traitor,*
And know what is the reason of these arms.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.
[1] Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil,
And for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares; 30
So that between their titles, and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Fields near St. Albans.*

Enter YORK *attended, with* EDWARD, RICHARD, WARWICK, SALISBURY, *&c.*

[2] *York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Welcome to London, thrice-renowned friends.*
[3] Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day;
Saint Albans' battle, by the white rose won,
Shall live eterniz'd in the rolls of fame.

War. I long to hear what leaders they have lost.*

[4] *Edw.* Old Clifford's either slain, or wounded dangerously; 10
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.

Rich. Would Somerset were here to speak for me.*

War. What, is he gone, my lord of Somerset?*

[5] *Rich.* Ay, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

[6] *War.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.

[7] *Sal.* Now, by my sword, Richard struck well to-day;
So did we all.

[8] *York.* My gallant sons, you have demean'd yourselves 20
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried "Courage, father, fight it out!"—
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!
A crown—or else a glorious sepulchre!"—
[9] And on my knee I vow to Heaven above 30
I 'll never pause, nor e'er again stand still,
Till I am seated on that royal throne,*
Which now the House of Lancaster usurps.*

[10] *Sal.* The king this day here holds his parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of his council.

Rich. By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king.

[11] *York.* See, see, King Henry doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun, 40
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Withdraw, my lords of Salisbury and Warwick;*
My sons, go with them, and be resolute,*
When I shall call to seize upon my right;*
[12] But offer to the king no violence,
Unless he seek to put us out by force.

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[1] Lines 27–32 taken from Richard III. i. 4. 78–83.
[2] Lines 1–4 taken from II. Henry VI. v. 1. 1–4.
[3] Lines 6–8 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 3.
[4] Lines 10, 11 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 1.
[5] Lines 14–16 taken from II. Henry VI. v. 2.
[6] Line 17 taken from III. Henry VI. i. 1.
[7] Lines 18, 19 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 3.
[8] Lines 20–29 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 4.
[9] Lines 30, 31 adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 3.
[10] Lines 34–38 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 1.
[11] Lines 39–44 taken from Richard II. iii. 3. 62–67.
[12] Lines 48–52 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 1.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best, 50
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
[*Exit.*
Sal. We'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares. [*Exit.*
Rich. And fair befal your husbandry, my lords;*
For I know who shall reap the fruit of it.*
[*Exeunt Richard and Edward.*
[1] *York.* Methinks King Henry and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of Heaven.

Enter HENRY, EXETER, CLIFFORD, BUCKINGHAM, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* WESTMORELAND.

[2] *King.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, 60
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our Presence?
[3] *Clif.* Yield thee, or here I do arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
York. The sons of York shall be their father's bail.
Go, call them, sirrah—let me ask of them
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.*
[4] Great York's imperial tongue is stern and rough, 70
Used to command, and sooner shall my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the lord of all, the King of kings.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD.

[5] See, where they come—I'll warrant, they'll make it good.
Buck. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower.

[1] Lines 55–58 taken from Richard II. iii. 3. 54–57.
[2] Lines 59–63 taken from Richard II. iii. 3. 72–76.
[3] Lines 64–69 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 1.
[4] Lines 70–73 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 1.
[5] Lines 74–102 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 1.

Clif. He is arrested, but
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall. 80
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape!—
York. Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter the Earls of WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.
War. You were best to go to bed, my young lord Clifford, 90
To keep thee from the tempest of the field,
For fear you sink beneath it like your father.*
Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst ever conjure up;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
I'll ever wear aloft my burgonet,[6] 99
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Resolve thus, Richard, seize upon thy right.
York. I am resolv'd for death, or sov'reignty,
And boldly seat me in the regal chair,*
Despite the blushing roses of my foes.*
[7] *King.* Is the throne empty? Is the sovereign dead?
[8] Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord. 109

[6] *Burgonet*, a close-fitting helmet.
[7] Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 470.
[8] Lines 106–109 taken from Richard II. iii. 2. 54–57.

Descend, and kneel for mercy at my feet;*
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.*
[1]Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
Clif. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.
War. How pluck him down? Why, Clifford, you forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong, 119
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.*
Y. Clif. Let us assail them, gracious sovereign.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
Clif. What wrong were this unto the prince your son? 130
War. What good were this to England, and himself?
[2]*King.* For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds, plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
[3]We therefore are content, Richard, that thou
Enjoy the kingdom after our decease.
Clif. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Come, lords, let's go and tell the prince these news.*

[1] Lines 112–131 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 1.
[2] Lines 132–135 taken from Richard II. i. 3. 125–128.
[3] Lines 136–190 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 1.

Buck. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king, 140
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
Clif. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!
[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, Westmoreland, and Buckingham.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
King. Alas! alas!
Well, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath 150
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
Neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! [*Here the Lords come forward.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers. 160
Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Salisbury, Norfolk, and Montague.*

Enter Queen, Buckingham, Clifford, Northumberland, *and* Westmoreland.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee. [*To the King, who is going.*
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son. 170

Clif. My liege, you cannot disinherit him:
If you be king, why should not he succeed?
Queen. Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes, 180
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to the foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
King. Have I not sworn the kingdom shall be York's?
Can I dispense with Heaven for mine oath?
Clif. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath. 190
[1] *Queen.* Awake, insulted majesty, thou sleep'st.
Hast thou not powers—unfurl the flags of war—*
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, great name! a puny subject strikes
At thy fierce glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a king.—Are we not high?
High be our thoughts.—
[2] Discomfortable Harry, know'st thou not,
For ev'ry man that Richard hath imprest
To lift sharp steel against thy golden crown, 200
Heav'n for his Henry hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious angel, and when angels fight
Weak man must fall, for Heav'n still guards the right.

ACT IV.

[3] SCENE I. *Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.*

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
How fares our brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat: 11
So far'd our father with his enemies;
Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on,
When as the noble Duke of York was slain.
Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he di'd, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
By many hands your father was subdu'd; 20
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York

[1] Lines 191–203 adapted from Richard II. iii. 2. 84–89.
[2] Lines 198–203 adapted from Richard II. iii. 2. 36, 58–62.
[3] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 1.

They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd. 31
Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
Never henceforth shall Edward joy again,
Never, oh, never, shall I see more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it. 41

March. Enter WARWICK *and his Army.*

War. How now, my lords? What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!
War. Some days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king, 51
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
Short tale to make—we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail— 59
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
We fled; and Henry scap'd unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power:
And for your brother—he was lately sent 69
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war, 79
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick: blame me not;
'T is love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And weep for murder'd York's unworthy end;
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out.
Rich. Now if thou be that princely eagle's bird, 90
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom too,
Boldly set on, or thou art none of his.*
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st, as Heaven forbid the hour!
Must Edward fall.
War. Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And all the crew are making on towards London. 99
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand full;
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to twenty thousand strong,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon the foe!
But never once again turn back, and fly.
Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York; 110
The next degree is, England's royal king:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
King Edward—valiant Richard—Montague—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds)
I come to pierce it—or to give thee mine. 119
War. Then strike up, drums: Heaven, and St. George, for us! [*Exeunt.*

[1] Scene II. *York.*

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Clifford, *and* Exeter, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear Heaven! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Queen. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside. 10
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him. 20
Were it not pity, that your goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child—
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?"
K. Hen. Full well hath Margaret play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Margaret, tell me, didst thou never hear—
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
[*Drums.*
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh, 30
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
Then, royal Henry, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee; 40
I was adopted heir by his consent.
Since when, his oath is broke.
Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—oh, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crookback; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

[1] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 2.

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For Heaven's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown? 50
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
Geo. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove us thence.
Rich. Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoll'n heart
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father; call'st thou him a child? 60
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Edw. And, in this resolution, we defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference.
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward. 70
Edw. No, wrangling woman, I 'll no longer stay:
This strife shall cost ten thousand lives to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Charge, Shouts, &c.

[1] SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the gust:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors. [*Alarum.*

Alarums. Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and* EXETER.

Exe. Fly, Henry, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit. 10
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Scotland post amain:[2]
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly,
[*Alarum afar off.*
[3] If you be ta'en, we should see the bottom 20
Of all our fortunes.
Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] SCENE IV.

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
That led calm Henry, though he were a king;
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

[1] This scene (except two lines, 20, 21) is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 5.

[2] *Amain*, swiftly.
[3] Lines 20, 21 taken from II. Henry VI. v. 2. 78, 79.
[4] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 6.

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave; 10
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.
When he is found, off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again; 20
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
[1] Thou setter up and puller down of kings.
And never will I undertake the thing, 29
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] SCENE V. *A wood in Lancashire.*

Enter SINKLO *and* HUMPHREY, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

Sink. Under this thick-grown brake[3] we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund[4] anon the deer will come.
Hum. I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
Sink. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
Hum. Here comes a man, let 's stay till he be past. 10

Enter KING HENRY, *with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?
Sink. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course. 20
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a king soon won with moving words.
Hum. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be; 30
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind, and that 's enough.
Hum. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

[1] Compare III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 37; iii. 3. 157.
[2] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iii. 1.
[3] *Brake*, thicket. [4] *Laund*, lawn, glade.

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented 40
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?
Hum. No, never such an oath; nor will we now.
K. Hen. Well, do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded; 49
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We charge you, in Heaven's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In Heaven's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what Heaven will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] SCENE VI. *London. The Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* CLARENCE.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The noble gentleman did lose his life.
Go some of you, and call her to our presence.*
Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her. 10
[*Enter Lady Grey.*

[1] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iii. 2.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. [*Aside*] Yea! is it so?
I see the lady needs must make a grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [*Aside*] He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind.
Glo. [*Aside*] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay: 19
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. [*Aside*] I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. [*Aside*] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
K. Edw. 'T were pity, they should lose their father's land.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit. 30
Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.
[*Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service. 40
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. [*Aside*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject. 50
K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.
Glo. [*Aside*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love. 60
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to live with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather live in want.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower:
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily. 70
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. [*Aside*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [*Aside*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty; 80
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord.
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends; 90
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by my faith, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing 100
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*Aside*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You 'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts. 109

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourably. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

[1] [Scene I.] *Palace.*

King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloster, Somerset, Hastings, Montague, Pembroke, Stafford.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well. 10

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 't were pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen?—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think. 20

Clar. Then this is my opinion—that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?

Clar. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage. 30

[1] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 1.

K. Edw. Why, knows not Clarence, then, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Glo. Yes; but the safer, when 't is back'd with France.
K. Edw. 'T is better using France, than trusting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen, 40
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey? 50
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. [*Aside*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.[1]

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?
Mess.[1] My sovereign liege, no letters: and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate. 60
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."
K. Edw. Is he so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words; 70
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him, ere 't be long."
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the younger; Clarence will have the elder. 79
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*
Glo. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Let 's levy men, and make prepare for war; 91
They are already, or quickly will be landed;
But, ere I go, Hastings—and Montague—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick, more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.

[1] This character is described on his entry as *a Messenger;* but, by an oversight, the prefix *Post*, as given in the Folio, is left before all his speeches. We have remedied the error.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause! 100
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why, so, then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence: and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] [SCENE II.] *Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French Soldiers.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale,[2] but me?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
And, to repair my honour lost for him, 11
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence comes;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother, 20
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

[1] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 2. with the exception of lines 3–12 taken from III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 256–260; 190–194.
[2] *Stale*, a stalking-horse, a decoy.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
At unawares we 'll beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.— 31
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry, "Henry!"*
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

[3] SCENE III. *Edward's camp.*

Enter the Watchmen to guard his tent.

First Watch. Come on my masters, each man take his stand;
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
Second Watch. To-morrow morning then shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
First Watch. 'T is the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
Third Watch. Oh, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field? 10
Second Watch. 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
Second Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

[3] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 3.

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and French Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 21
First Watch. Who goes there?
Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest.
[*Warwick and the rest cry all, "Warwick! Warwick!" and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, "Arm! arm!" Warwick, and the rest, following them.*

The drum playing and trumpets sounding. Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in a gown, sitting in a chair.* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Clar. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here 's the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassage,
Then I degraded you from being king, 29
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Edward will always bear himself as king: 39
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York.
[*They lead him out forcibly.*
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. 50
[*Exit, guarded.*
Clar. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] [SCENE IV.] *A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty:
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd[2] him by secret means,
That if about this hour, he make this way, 10
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD, *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

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[1] This scene is taken from III. Henry VI. iv. 5. 1–29.
[2] *Advertis'd,* informed.

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord;
And ship from thence to Flanders. 21
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then, away; let 's ha' no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. 29
[*Exeunt.*

[1] [SCENE V.] *The Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place; 10
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty:
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself 21
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news: but how made he escape?
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him 30
In secret ambush from the forest side.
War. My liege, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
[2] *K. Hen.* Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence, 40
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights, and gentlemen, to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens—
Like to this island, girt in with the ocean, 49

[1] This scene (lines 1–34) is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 6.

[2] Lines 35–74 adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 8.

Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.*

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile;
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off[1] their suits with slow delays; 60
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies.
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 70
[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak. [*Exeunt some with King Henry.*

[2] *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Thus far our fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

[3] Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[1] *Posted off*, put off carelessly.

[2] Lines 75–78 taken from III. Henry VI. iv. 7. 1–4.

[3] Lines 79–82 taken from III. Henry VI. iv. 8. 64 and 59–61.

Where peremptory Warwick now remains: 80
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] Scene VI. *Before the town of Coventry.*

Enter Warwick, *two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.*

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

Enter Sir John Somerville.

Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. 10

March: flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid[5] spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

[4] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 1.

[5] *Unbid*, uninvited, unwelcome.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, 20
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least he would have said —the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift. 30
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
Glo. You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 40
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall write in dust this sentence with thy blood—
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs. 50
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. Oh, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory; 59
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.
[*A parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together, and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.*
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? 70
[*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
And here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd, 81
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brotherlike.
War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:— 90
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

[1][SCENE VII.] *Field of battle near Barnet.*

Alarum and excursions. Enter EDWARD *and* WARWICK.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug,[2] that fear'd[3] us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; 20
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again! 30
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last; 40
And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan—
"O, farewell, Warwick!"
War. Sweet rest his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven. 50
[*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*They bear away his body, and Exeunt.*

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[1] This scene is taken from III. Henry VI. v. 2. 1–50.
[2] *Bug*, bugbear. [3] *Fear'd*, frightened.

[1] SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *in triumph; with* GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords—those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, 10
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glo. The queen is valu'd[2] thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertis'd[3] by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;[4]
And as we march our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—"Courage!" and away. [*Exeunt.*

[5] SCENE IX. *Tewksbury.*

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock, 9
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
Although unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less; it is his policy, 20
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he 's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd, 28
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Both parties go out. Alarum: Retreat: Excursions.*

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[1] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 3.
[2] *The queen is valu'd, i.e.* the forces of the queen are estimated at. [3] *Advertis'd,* informed.
[4] *Rids way, i.e.* gets rid of, or diminishes distance.
[5] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 4.

[1] Scene X.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, &c. *The* Queen Margaret, Oxford, *and* Somerset, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made—that, who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10
Glo. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
And, where I stand, kneel thou, 19
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward — and thou perjur'd George—
And thou mis-shapen Dick—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;— 28
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*
Cla. And there 's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*
Q. Mar. Oh, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold.
Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
Oh, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off, 40
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Take up the body—bear her hence by force.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not! Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.
[2] *Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes, 50
And then to dry them gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fallen upon thee,
And Heaven, not we, has plagued thy bloody deed.
Q. Mar. Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?

[1] Lines 1–47 adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 5.

[2] Lines 48–165 adapted from Richard III. i. 3, 174–181, 195–201, 210–214.

Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses.
If not by war, by surfeit die your king;
And his young son, for Edward my poor boy,*
Die in his youth by like untimely violence. 60
Rivers and Dorset you stood smiling by,*
And so didst thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers. Heav'n, I pray,
That none of you may live your nat'ral age,
But some unlook'd for mischief all cut off![1]

[2] *Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave thee out? Stay dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If Heav'n have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe, 70
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.
Thou elvish-mark'd,[3] abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity, 80
The slave of nature, and the son of hell,
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb.

[4] *Glo.* Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butchered.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!
O, princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee; 91
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood.
Good Buckingham, beware of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death and hell have set their marks upon him
And all their ministers attend upon him.
O, thou 'lt remember me another day, 99
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Marg'ret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Heaven's.

[5] *K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to my son! [*Exit Queen with guards.*

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother;

I 'll hence to London on a serious matter.
Ere you come there, be sure to hear more news.

Clar. What? What? 109

Glo. King Henry, man—the Tower. [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence; discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope she hath a son for us. [*Exeunt.*

[6] SCENE XI. *The palace in London.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Attendants.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:

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[1] So in MS. In Shakespeare the line runs:
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

[2] Lines 66–83 taken from Richard III. i. 3. 215–232.

[3] *Elvish-mark'd,* marked, or disfigured by fairies.

[4] Lines 84–103 adapted from Richard III. i. 3. 273–303.

[5] Lines 104–117 adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 5.

[6] This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 7.

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands;
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion, 10
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd; 20
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way—and that shalt execute. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:— 30
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—"all hail!" when as he meant—"all harm." } *Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time 40
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, a Tinker.
A Page, disguised as Sly's supposed wife.
Hostess.
Huntsmen, Servants, Players and Attendants.

Scene—First outside a Country Alehouse; afterwards in the Lord's Country House.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.
Vincentio, an old Merchant of Pisa.
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca (disguised as Cambio, a Teacher of Languages).
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, son to Antonio, suitor to Katharina.
Gremio, an old gentleman.
Hortensio (disguised as Licio, a Music Master).
The Pedant (disguised as Vincentio).
Tranio (disguised as Lucentio), Biondello, } servants to Lucentio
Grumio, servant to Petruchio.
Curtis, Nathaniel, Philip, Joseph, Nicholas, Peter, } servants at Petruchio's Country House.
A Tailor.
A Haberdasher.

Katharina, the Shrew, Bianca, } daughters to Baptista.
A Widow (afterwards married to Hortensio).
Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Scene—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

HISTORIC PERIOD.

The historic period is vague; probably some time in the first half of the 16th century.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of action comprises five or six days with intervals. Mr. Daniel thus divides them:

Day 1: Act I.
Day 2: Act II.—Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.
Day 3: Act III. Scene 1.—Saturday, eve of the wedding.
Day 4: Act III. Scene 2; Act IV. Scene 1. Sunday, the wedding day.—Interval (?).
Day 5: Act IV. Scene 2.—Interval (?).
Day 6: Act IV. Scene 3, Scene 4, Scene 5; and Act V.—(? The Second Sunday.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The first known edition of this play, or rather we should say, of Shakespeare's version of it, is that published in the first Folio. In 1631, an edition in Quarto was published, the title of which is as follows:

"A wittie | and pleasant | Comedie | Called | *The Taming of the Shrew.* | As it was acted by his Maiesties | *Seruants at the* Blacke Friers | *and the* Globe. | Written by Will. Shakespeare. | LONDON, | Printed by W. S. for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be | sold at his Shop in *Saint Dunstones* Church- | yard vnder the Diall: | 1631."

The Cambridge editors add, however: "From a minute comparison of this Quarto edition with the first Folio, extending to points which are necessarily left unrecorded in our notes, we have come to the conclusion that the Quarto was printed from the Folio." Mr. Collier's conjecture that this Quarto "was printed long before 1623, perhaps as early as 1607 or 1609," and that the title-page was "struck off long subsequent to the printing of the body of the comedy to which it is attached," is perfectly refuted by the result of the examination of Capell's copy by the said editors, from which it appears that the paper, on which the title was printed, "forms part of the first quire, and has not been inserted."

In 1594, was published (anonymously) in Quarto:

"A | Pleasant Conceited | Historie, called The taming | of a Shrew. | As it was sundry times acted by the | *Right Honorable the Earle of* | Pembrook his seruants. | Printed at London by Peter Short and | *are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his* | shop at the Royall Exchange, | 1594."

This was reprinted in 1596, and again, in 1607, by N. Ling. It appears from the records of Stationers' Hall that, on the 22nd January, 1607, Burby the publisher transferred to Ling his right to this play, to Romeo and Juliet, and to Love's Labour's Lost. It was shortly after this transfer that Ling brought out the third Quarto mentioned above. It would appear, then, as Stokes has pointed out in his Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays (p. 34) that Burby, Ling, and Smethwicke most probably thought, in 1607, that "The Taming of a Shrew" was Shakespeare's play. Mr. Stokes arrives at the conclusion (p. 35) "that, *as far back as May*, 1594," it "*was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense.*" However this may be, it seems pretty evident that Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew was the result of a somewhat hasty rewriting and reconstruction of the old play first published in 1594; some hints being taken from Gascoigne's Supposes, a translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*, a comedy first published in 1524, and, as appears from Allacci (Drammaturgia, Edn. 1755, columns 745, 746; 933), republished eight times between that date and 1598.

How much of the present play was written by Shakespeare, and at what date, has been a matter of learned dispute amongst students of Shakespeare. I must refer the reader to Mr. Fleay's paper, and the discussion thereon, in the New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1874 (Part I., pages 85–129); also to Macmillan's Magazine, November, 1875; and to the Shakespeare Manual (1876), in which Mr. Fleay further explains his views as set forth in the paper above alluded to. Mr. Grant White, in his Introduction to this play (Riverside Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 607), repeats his opinion that, in this play, "three hands at least are traceable: that of the author of the old

play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a colaborer." I cannot see the necessity for this hypothesis. The occasional, or, we may say, frequent irregularity of the metre, and the presence of lines which, both in rhythm and construction, differ from those which we know to be Shakespeare's own, do not seem to me to prove anything more than what we know to be the fact; namely, that Shakespeare based his play upon a previous one, taking therefrom, in this case, most of the situations and some portion of the dialogue. That he greatly improved upon his original any one, who reads the Quarto of 1594 and the present play, can find out for himself; but that he did not exercise so much care as usual with regard to the metre, except in certain passages, is plain; and it may be that much of the verse, so called, is not intended to be verse at all. Nor do I see any proof of the existence of a third hand in this play, in the fact that the Prince of Cestus becomes a simple merchant; or that the period and scene of the play are both changed. What seems most probable is, that Shakespeare touched up and added to the old play, altering the names of the characters, the scene, &c. at an early period, perhaps before 1594; and that subsequently he polished some of the more important passages: but that the play with him was never one of his favourite children, even of adoption; and that the MS., left by him in his own theatre, was more full of mistakes and of oversights than is the case with those plays in which he took far greater interest and pride.[1]

The first allusion to this play, or perhaps to the old play on which it is founded, is given in Sir John Harington's Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596. "Read the Booke of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir." "Booke" here is used in much the same sense as we talk nowadays of the *book* of the play. In Rowlands' "Whole Crew of Kind Gossips," 1609, quoted by Ingleby (Centurie of Prayse, p. 85), occurs the following allusion:

> The chiefest Art I have I will bestow
> About a worke cald *taming of the Shrow.*

Another allusion—at least to the Induction—is to be found in Sir Aston Cockayn's poems, 1659, quoted by Malone (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 352):

> Shakspeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
> That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
> Sleeping) and there needed not many a word
> To make him to believe he was a lord:
> But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
> 'T will make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
> Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies
> Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances:
> And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
> And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

As to the source from which the Induction was taken, it was, most probably, derived immediately from an anecdote in an old collection of short comic stories in prose, printed in 1570, "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels" (see Malone, Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 353); but the story was one which, whether founded on any historical circumstance or not, was common amongst vari-

[1] As an instance of the remarkable carelessness, with which this play was constructed and written by Shakespeare, Mr. Daniel points out that Hortensio, "by gaining access to Bianca as Licio, drops out of the competition for her hand, and neither Baptista, Gremio, nor Tranio appear to be at all surprised at his absence:" also that, in act iii. sc. 2, every reader must be struck by the sudden knowledge which "Tranio (the supposed Lucentio) manifests of Petruchio's manners and customs." It does not appear from the play that either Lucentio, or Tranio, who assumes Lucentio's character, could possibly have known him before they met him at Padua. In act i. sc. 2 (towards the end) Tranio treats Petruchio as a stranger. It is evident that Shakespeare transferred to Lucentio the familiarity with Petruchio which really belonged to Hortensio. Tranio's speeches (in the assumed character of Lucentio) would not have been out of place in the mouth of Hortensio; but they are very much out of place in his. (See New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877–9, Part II., pp. 164, 165.) I do not think there is much force in Mr. Daniel's first objection. Hortensio, certainly, had an intelligible object in obtaining access to Bianca in the character of Licio; nor is it necessary that his absence should have been noticed by any of the other characters; but there is no doubt that the careless haste, with which Shakespeare reconstructed and rewrote the old play, made him forget that he had made Hortensio a parallel to Polidor (who is the intimate of Ferando in the old play); and that he neglected to explain, in any way, the apparent familiarity which exists, in act iii., between Tranio and Petruchio. In making Hortensio disguise himself as a musician, Shakespeare's dramatic instinct was quite right; as he, by that means, obtained a much more effective situation than that in the old play, where only Valeria (Polidor's servant) disguises himself as a musician.

ous nations. We may instance the well-known tale of The Sleeper Awakened, in the Arabian Nights; the story of the Emperor Charles V. recorded by Staunton; and a similar story of Philip the Good of Burgundy, referred to by Malone (*ut supra*), is narrated by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy (p. 174). An anecdote of a Tartar prince, taken from Marco Polo, which contains a similar idea, is also quoted by Burton (p. 391).[1]

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote a comedy called The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed, which is a sequel to this play, and not, I believe, intended in the least degree to ridicule it: in it Petruchio is tamed by his second wife. Tranio and Bianca are introduced, but no other characters from Shakespeare's play.

STAGE HISTORY.

This play, in its old shape at least, seems to have been a great favourite. Mr. Stokes says that "one other company at least (Lord Nottingham's) ran a series of plays upon a similar line, viz., Dekker's *Patient Grissel*, 1597, in which he was assisted by Haughton and Chettle; and *Medicine for a Curst Wife*, which he brought out alone soon afterwards; indeed the last-named play has (but on insufficient grounds) been conceived to be Dekker's edition of *The Taming of a Shrew*."[2] I do not see how there could be any connection between a play founded upon the subject of the Patient Griselda and the Taming of the Shrew, nor is Mr. Stokes quite correct in his dates. The first record of Patient Grissel occurs in Henslowe's Diary (p. 96) under the date of "the 19 of december 1599," in the shape of a receipt for three pounds "in earnest of patient Grissell, by us, Tho Dekker, Hen Chettle, and Willm Hawton;" while the first entry in the Diary (p. 224) referring to A Medicine for a Curst Wife relates to a sum lent "to geve unto Thomas Dickers, in earneste of a comody called a medyson for a curste wiffe, 19 of July 1602," which would be some time after the production of Shakespeare's version of The Taming of a Shrew. This latter play, however, of Dekker's (which was never printed) was, most probably, upon the same subject as Shakespeare's comedy, whether it was another version of the same old play, or not. It is evident, therefore, that the subject of this play was a popular one, since no less than three companies, the Earl of Pembroke's, Lord Nottingham's, and Shakespeare's, must have produced plays on this same subject between 1594 and 1602. On the 11th June, 1594, Henslowe's diary records the performance of "the tamynge of a shrowe" (p. 36). This was, probably, the old play. On the next evening, by a curious coincidence, another old play which we know was at least touched up by Shakespeare, Titus Andronicus, was performed. In Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book, quoted by Malone (Var. Ed. vol. iii. p. 234), appears the following entry: "On tusday night at Saint James, the 26 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene, The Taminge of the Shrew. Likt." This must have been Shakespeare's play. In Pepys' Diary on 9th April, 1667, we find the following: "To the King's house, and there saw 'The Tameing of a Shrew,' which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally it is but a mean play; and the best part 'Sawny,' done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me." And again on 1st November, 1667: "My wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw a silly play, and an old one, 'The Taming of a Shrew.'" This must have been Lacy's alteration of Shakespeare's play, called 'Sauny the Scot,' (referred to below). Downes records [Edn. 1789 (p. 57)]: "Between these operas" (viz. The Prophetess or Dioclesian, by Betterton, and the Fairy Queen, a mangled version of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream) "there were several other plays acted, both Old and Modern; As, *Bury Fair*, *Wit Without Money*, *The Taming of a Shrew*, &c." This was after James II. came to the throne, probably about 1686; but, according to Genest, Lacy's adaptation, "Sauny the Scot," was played on 9th April, 1667. The name was evidently suggested by Sander,[3]

[1] The references are to Edn. 1676. The former tale is in part 2, sect. 2, memb. 4; the latter in part 3, sect. 4, memb. 1, subs. 2.

[2] *Ut supra*, p. 35.

[3] This name is spelt, in the Quarto of 1594, variously Sander, Sanders, Saunder, and Saunders. Probably it was the name of the actor who played the low comedy part.

the name of the character in the old Taming of a Shrew, which Shakespeare elaborated into Grumio. Sander is a dull dog; and if Sauny the Scot was no livelier, the mutilation of Shakespeare's play must have been an unnecessary labour. "Sauny the Scot" was revived at Drury Lane, 1698, when the part of Sauny was played by Bullock, Margaret the Shrew by Mrs. Verbruggen, and Biancha by Mrs. Cibber. This precious work was published in that year, 1698. From the account of it given by Genest, it must have been a very poor and rather vulgar production.

No performance of this play seems to have taken place till 1754; when a version in three acts was played, on 18th March, for Mrs. Pritchard's benefit. This was probably the same version, substantially, as that produced on 21st January, 1756, in conjunction with a mangled adaptation of Winter's Tale, for both of which mutilations of Shakespeare Garrick was responsible. On the latter occasion Woodward played Petruchio; Yates, Grumio; and Mrs. Clive, Katharine. Between Woodward and Mrs. Clive there seems to have been no very friendly feeling; and the actor, entering thoroughly into his manager's idea of degrading Shakespeare's play as much as possible, so exaggerated the violence of Petruchio that he threw the actress down at the end of the second act, and even, so it was said, ran a fork into her hand. It is not to the credit of the taste either of English managers, or of English audiences, that this farcical version of Shakespeare's comedy, perpetrated by his great admirer, Garrick, should have held the stage ever since. It appears from Genest that, in conjunction with the mutilation of the Winter's Tale, it was performed twelve times during the season of 1756. This Garrickisation of Shakespeare's play, known as Katharine and Petruchio, seems to have been given, chiefly on the occasion of benefits, several times between 1757 and 1760. On 13th March, 1788, for John Kemble's benefit, it was reproduced, with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the parts of Petruchio and Katharine. This was, most probably, the only occasion on which the great tragic actress condescended to enact this rôle; it must have been a very interesting performance. On the 25th June, 1810, the play was produced under the title of Taming of *a* Shrew. Kemble was Petruchio; Mrs. Charles Kemble was Katharine: again on the 16th September, 1812, on which occasion Young played Petruchio. An opera by Reynolds, founded on this play, was produced at Drury Lane on the 14th May, 1828. This appears to have been the first time in which Shakespeare's title, Taming of *the* Shrew, was restored. Genest puts at the beginning of the entry, "not acted eighty years;" and adds that the original play, in all probability, had not been acted since the Restoration. I cannot find any previous record of the performance of this opera, which was certainly not Shakespeare's original play, and presumably not Garrick's adaptation. On this occasion Wallack played Petruchio; Harley, Grumio; and Braham, Hortensio.

A very interesting performance of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew, including the Induction, was brought out at the Haymarket on the 16th March, 1844, under the superintendence of Mr. J. R. Planché, principally with a view to the fact of Mrs. Nisbett (then Lady Boothby) having returned to the stage; which seems to have suggested the idea of the revival to Mr. Planché. There were only two scenes given; the first, the outside of the ale-house on the heath; the second, the Lord's bed-chamber, in which the strolling players were supposed to act; the scenery being indicated, as in the time of Shakespeare, merely by written placards, affixed to the tapestry at the end of the apartment.

The appearance of the stage during this series of performances has been thus described to me by one of the best of our old actors,[1] the only survivor, I believe, of the original cast: "The Lord and his servants were

[1] Mr. Howe, the Hortensio on the above occasion, to whose kindness I am indebted for the details I have given above. He differs from Mr. Planché in assigning the part of Grumio to Keeley instead of to Buckstone. Both agree that, on its first production, the revival was a great success; but Mr. Howe says that, on the second occasion, it was not so. This was in October, 1847, when Lambert played Sly; Keeley, Grumio; and Mrs. Seymour (Charles Reade's friend), Bianca.

seated on the left-hand corner of the stage in the first entrance: Sly and his party on the right hand. A large drapery of maroon-coloured curtains looped up, with inner curtains of tapestry, stretched completely across the stage; there was a division in the centre of the latter through which the various characters made their exits and entrances. At the beginning of each scene, one of the troupe of actors removed the old placard, and hung a fresh one denoting the place in which the action was to be represented."

The cast included Webster as Petruchio; Buckstone as Grumio; Howe as Hortensio; and Strickland as Sly; with Mrs. Nisbett as Katharine, and Mrs. Seymour as Bianca. Mr. Planché says: "No such Katharine as Mrs. Nisbett had been seen since Mrs. Charles Kemble had acted it in the pride of her youth and beauty. Strickland justified all my expectations. As powerful and unctuous as Munden, without the exaggeration of which that glorious old comedian was occasionally guilty." The difficulty of getting rid of Christopher Sly, at the end of the comedy, was thus ingeniously overcome by Mr. Planché: "At the end of each act no drop scene came down, but music was played while the servants brought the bewildered tinker wine and refreshments, which he partook of freely. During the fifth act he appeared to fall gradually into a heavy drunken stupor, and when the last line of the play was spoken, the actors made their usual bow, and the nobleman, advancing and making a sign to his domestics, they lifted Sly out of his chair, and as they bore him to the door, the curtain descended slowly upon the picture. Not a word was uttered, and the termination, which Schlegel supposes to have been lost, was *indicated* by the simple movement of the *dramatis personæ*, without any attempt to *continue* the subject." Since then the play—generally, if not invariably, under the title of Katharine and Petruchio—has been represented many times; the version used being Garrick's adaptation, with as many vulgarisms and as much low pantomime business added, as the ingenuity of the various managers or actors could invent.

The play was among the Phelps Shakespearian revivals at Sadler's Wells, where it was produced on November 15th, 1856. Phelps cast himself for Sly; and the performers included Miss Atkinson, Miss J. Marston, Frederick Robinson, H. Marston, and Belford. The comedy was given in accordance with the original text.

For the opening of Daly's Theatre, March 12th, 1893, The Taming of the Shrew was the selected piece; Miss Ada Rehan was the Katharine, and Mr. John Drew the Petruchio. The same players filled the same parts when, on January 18th, 1887, at Daly's Theatre, New York, the manager produced his own adaptation.

Mr. Frank R. Benson gave the play (without the Induction) at the Comedy Theatre, January 2nd, 1901, himself being the Petruchio, and Mrs. Benson the Katharine.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The Taming of the Shrew is the one of Shakespeare's plays most devoid of serious interest, not excepting The Comedy of Errors. It is more straggling in construction, and contains less ingeniously devised situations than the latter play; the characters in it, however, are more varied, and are treated with greater power of delineation. It must be confessed that the female characters of this play are not very interesting or sympathetic. Bianca has not much individuality; the widow is almost a nonentity; and Katharina, though immensely superior to her prototype in the old play, is not a character that ever can hope to enlist the serious interest, or the deeper sympathies of an audience. The chief value of this play is that it gives us a better example, than any other included in Shakespeare's dramatic works, of his wonderful power of giving life to dead bones. Nothing can be more "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" than the old play from which this is so ingeniously adapted. One cannot help asking one's self the question, after reading carefully The Taming of *a* Shrew, and then reading, with equal care, The Taming of *the* Shrew, whether the creative power, shown by Shakespeare in such an adaptation, is not almost greater than that

which, in many cases, belongs to originality in the accepted sense of the term. An original play is indeed a rare thing; and some of the plays so called are the least original; for the dramatist must take his characters from some types in history or in real life; and it depends solely upon the amount of the author's power, in analysing the springs of action and the emotions of human nature, whether the characters so derived are mere dummies; or whether they seem to us living men and women, in whose fate we are interested, and with whose joys or sorrows we can vividly sympathize. The dramatist who could take The Taming a Shrew, with its commonplace dialogue, its shallow characters, and its ill-managed story, and could produce from such poor materials the lively and lifelike comedy before us, need not be ashamed of acknowledging that he was indebted to something else than his own observation or invention. One may compare the process, by which Shakespeare transformed the old play into the one which bears his name, to the work of a great architect who, finding a hideous, dingy, incommodious building, pulls it down; and then, using almost the same bricks or stones, designs and erects a handsome, cheerful, and commodious palace. In the old play, Ferando is a coarse and dull-witted fellow; transformed into Petruchio, he becomes, if not exactly refined, at least a determined and witty character, who, throughout all his extravagant assumption of severity, retains the manners and the heart of a gentleman; impressing the audience with the belief that such a man, having once subdued the temper of a self-willed and passionate woman, could hardly fail to win her love, if there was any good in her character, by his strength of will; and, having won it, would retain it by that innate gentleness which all his well-acted eccentricities could not conceal. The Kate of the old play is a very different person from the Katharina of Shakespeare. The speech, in which the latter describes so eloquently the duties of a wife, is not more superior to the dreary homily for which it was substituted, than she is herself, in every quality of womanhood, to her prototype in the older comedy. The loves of Lucentio and Bianca, of Hortensio and the Widow, are certainly more interesting than those of Aurelius and Philena,[1] or of Polidor and Emilia.

Sander, who is nothing more than a vulgar clown, becomes, in the shape of Grumio, transformed into a study of humorous comicality fit to rank with some of Shakespeare's best creations in this line of character. I cannot see why this play should be called "an outrageous farce;" surely it is quite as worthy of the name of comedy as many plays so called. Is The Merry Wives of Windsor to be stigmatized as a farce, because it is full of practical jokes? If Tobin's Honeymoon be dignified with the title of a comedy, surely a play which is on the same subject, and is much more cleverly treated, should not be sneeringly spoken of as "outrageous farce." It is a great pity that, in representing this play upon the stage, most managers should have done their best to degrade Shakespeare's work; and to exclude carefully from the comedy all the refinement with which he had so characteristically endowed it.

But some one has been found, at last, with courage enough to follow the footsteps of Planché and Webster. Mr. Augustin Daly has produced this play at his theatre in New York, retaining the Induction and the comedy scenes, with—I am happy to say—the greatest success. His edition of the play has been privately printed; and in the words of the introduction, written by that accomplished critic, Mr. William Winter, "this book will serve to show that in Mr. Daly's present revival of 'The Taming of the Shrew' a careful and thoughtful effort is made to do absolute justice to the original piece." Mr. Daly, wisely considering that the omission of proper scenery was by no means essential, has mounted the play with liberality and good taste. The fact that the comedy, as represented by Mr. Daly's company, ran for more than a hundred consecutive nights—indeed it has proved one of his greatest financial successes—may, perhaps, encourage other managers to follow so good an example.

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[1] This name is spelt variously, in the old play, *Philena, Phylena, Philema, Phylema.*

Grumio. How he beat me because her horse stumbled, &c.—(Act iv. 1. 78.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an alehouse on a heath.*

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY; *the latter very drunk.*

Sly. I'll pheeze[1] you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris;*[2] let the world slide: *Sessa!*[3]

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?[4]

Sly. No, not a denier.[5] Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.[6] [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

[1] *Pheeze* (*fease, feaze*), beat.

[2] *Paucas pallabris,* i.e. *pocas palabras* (Spanish), "a few words with you."

[3] *Sessa,* i.e. *cessa!* (Italian), stop! be quiet!

[4] *Burst, i.e.* broken.

[5] *Denier,* properly the twelfth part of a sou; a coin of the lowest value. [6] *Third-borough, i.e.* constable.

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Trash Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;[7]
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.[8]
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good[9]
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord. 30

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

[7] *Emboss'd, i.e.* exhausted, and foaming at the mouth.

[8] *Brach,* bitch. [9] *Made it good, i.e.* recovered the scent.

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale, 32
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!—
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,— 40
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
[And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;]
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say "What is it your honour will command?"
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say "Will't please your lordship cool your hands?"
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is—[1], say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[2] gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.
First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence, 70
He is no less than what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:
[*Exit Servant.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now! who is it?
Serv. An 't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour. 80
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fit, and naturally perform'd.
A Player. I think 't was Soto that your honour means.
Lord. 'T is very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time; 90
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eying of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play—
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves, 100

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[1] *When he says he is—, i.e.* "when he says he is 'so and so.'"
[2] *Kindly, i.e.* naturally.

Were he the veriest antic[1] in the world. 101

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,[2]
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him "madam," do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action, 110
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say "What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?"
[And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,]
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him[3]
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions. 130
[*Exit Servant.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Antic, i.e.*, queer fellow, oddity.
[2] *Buttery, i.e.*, pantry.
[3] *Esteemed him, i.e.* himself.

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich nightgown, with Attendants: some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances; and Lord, dressed like a servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me "honour" nor "lordship:" I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent, 15
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? [Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,[4] score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom.] What! I am not bestraught:[5] here 's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, 30
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

[4] *Sheer ale, i.e.* unmixed ale; what brewers call "entire."
[5] *Bestraught, i.e.* distracted.

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
[Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.]
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,[1]
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe. 50
[*Sec. Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds, 60
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.]
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
First Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 70
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christóopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd! 79
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
[And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,[2]
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:] 90
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
[Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps o' th' Green,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.]
Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen. 100
Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

[1] *Trapp'd, i.e.* adorned with trappings.

[2] *Leet, i.e.* court leet, or court of the lord of the manor.

Where is my wife? 104
Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me "lord:" I am your goodman.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord. Madam. 111
Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.
[*Sly.* Madam, my wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept about some fifteen year or more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you 120
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.] 130

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is 't not a commonty[1] a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick? 141
Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.
Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT I.

Scene I. *Padua. A public place.*

Enter Lucentio *and his man* Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
[Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,—
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness

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[1] *Commonty*, a corruption of commodity; here = comedy.

By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash[1] to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. *Mi perdonate,*[2] gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk logic[3] with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?
Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, pray impórtune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. [*To Baptista*] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale[4] of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. [*Aside to Lucentio*] Hush, master! here 's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
Luc. [*Aside to Tranio*] But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tra. [*Aside to Lucentio*] Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Well, gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat![5] it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.
Luc. [*Aside to Tranio*] Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*

[1] *Plash,* puddle.
[2] *Mi perdonate* (Italian), pardon me.
[3] *Balk logic, i.e.* dispute in logic.
[4] *A stale, i.e.* a common harlot.
[5] *Peat, i.e.* little pet, from *petit* (Fr.).

And for I know she taketh most delight 92
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning[1] men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca.
[*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
Belike, I knew not what to take, and what
To leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.—(Act i. 1. 105.)

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: [your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Our love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides.] Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to[2] her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice,[3] it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially. 121

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

[1] *Cunning, i.e.* skilful.
[2] *Wish him to, i.e.* recommend him to.
[3] *Upon advice,* upon reflection.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell? 129

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.* 150

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
[That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—]
Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio, 160
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

[*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated[1] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.]

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 170
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[2] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air: 180
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,[3]
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care 191
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son, 200
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

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[1] *Rated,* scolded.

[2] *Daughter of Agenor, i.e.* Europa.

[3] *Shrewd,* mischievous.

Luc. *Basta;*[1] content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house, 204
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[2] and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa. 210
'T is hatch'd and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
[*They exchange habits.*

Tra. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it thus your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
For so your father charg'd me at our parting,
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense; 220
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.—
Here comes the rogue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what 's the news? 230

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir!—[*Aside*] Ne'er a whit. 240

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. 242

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go: 250
One thing more rests, that thyself execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

[*The presenters above speak.*

First Serv. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 't is but begun.*

Sly. *'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 't were done!* 259
[*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Hortensio's house.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and his man* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock,—knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused[3] your worship?

[*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

[1] *Basta, i.e.* enough! (Italian). Dialectic abbreviation for *abbastanza.* [2] *Port,* state.

[3] *Rebused,* probably intentional mistake for *abused.*

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first, 13
And then I know after who comes by the worst.]
Pet. [Will it not be?]
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it;
I 'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.
[*Wrings Grumio by the ear; who falls.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona? 22
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core, ben trovato,[1] may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.[2]
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. [*Rising*] Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges[3] in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty,—a pip out? 32
[Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate!—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—"Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly"? And come you now with—knocking at the gate?] 43
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this'[4] a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world, 50
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,[5]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee, 59
And wish thee to[6] a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.
Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,—
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,—
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd 70
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
[*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[7] or an old trot[8] with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.]
Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,

[1] *i.e.* With all my heart, well found.
[2] "Welcome to our house, my much honoured signior Petruchio."
[3] *'Leges*, alleges.
[4] *This'* = this is.
[5] *In a few, i.e.* in short.
[6] *Wish thee to, i.e.* recommend thee to.
[7] *Aglet-baby*, a small figure cut on the tag of a point, or lace.
[8] *Trot*, an old woman (in a contemptuous sense).

I will continue that I broach'd in jest. 84
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault,—and that is faults enough,—
Is that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure, 90
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;
[For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.]

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. 100

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks.[1] [I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.] You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca; 120
And her withholds from me, and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,—
For those defects I have before rehears'd,—
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title, for a maid, of all titles the worst. 130

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen[2] in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Gru. [*Aside*] Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! 140

Enter GREMIO; *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!
[*Petruchio and Grumio retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality, 150
I 'll mend it with a largess. [Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go.] What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
As for my patron,—stand you so assur'd,—
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is! 160

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

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[1] *Rope-tricks, i.e.* abusive language.

[2] *Well seen,* well skilled.

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you 164
Whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry, 170
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'T is well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another, 173
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?—(Act i. 2. 229.)

Gru. [*Aside*] And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman? 190
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
Gre. O, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
[But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.]
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. [*Aside*] Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? 200
[Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?]
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 210
Tush, tush! fear[1] boys with bugs.[2]

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *disguised as Lucentio, and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way 220
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is 't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's away.

Luc. [*Aside*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no? 230

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
[Fair Leda's daughter[3] had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words? 250

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you this,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.]

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 261
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
[And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

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[1] *Fear, i.e.* frighten. [2] *Bugs, i.e.* bugbears.

[3] *Leda's daughter,* Helen.

And since you do profess to be a suitor, 272
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,]
Please ye we may contrive[1] this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone. 280
[*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so: —
Petruchio, I shall be your *benvenuto.*] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I. *Padua. A room in Baptista's house.*

Enter Katharina, *and* Bianca *with her hands bound.*

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face 11
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then, you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:—
[*To Bianca*] Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
[*To Katharina*] For shame, thou hilding[2] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. [*Flies at Bianca.*
Bap. [*Holding her back*] What, in my sight? —Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit Bianca.* 30
Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man;* Petruchio, *with* Hortensio *as a musician; and* Tranio, *with* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen! 41
Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

[1] *Contrive,* wear out, spend.

[2] *Hilding, i.e.* low wretch.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60
Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.
Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I knew him well: you are welcome for his sake. 70
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare![1] you are marvellous forward.
Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. —Welcome, good Cambio. [*To Tranio*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here, 90
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,[2] 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
[*To Hortensio*] Take you the lute, [*To Lucentio*] and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.—
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both, 110
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Biondello following.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner.—You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

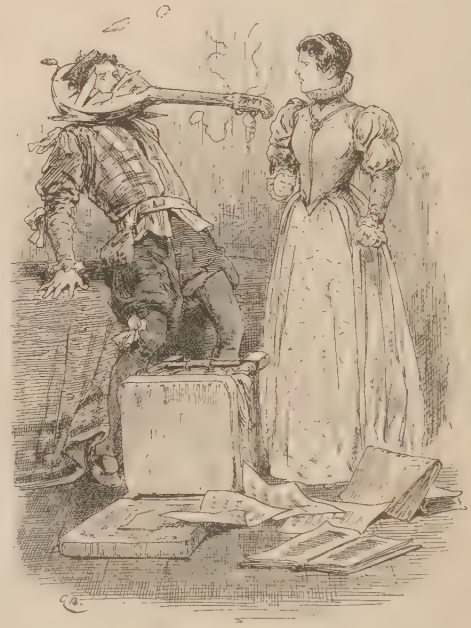
[1] *Baccare*, a proverbial expression = get back!

[2] *i.e.* The lute carried by Biondello.

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,[1]—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head bleeding, and a broken lute in his hand.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[2] 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with them:" 153
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me "rascal fiddler,"



Hor. And there I stood amazed for a while.—(Act ii. 1. 156.)

And "twangling Jack," with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so. 160
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. [*To Hortensio*] Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

[1] *Widowhood, i.e.* dower, settlement.
[2] *Frets,* stops.

Pet. I pray you do. [*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*] I will attend her here, 169
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why, then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
[Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:]
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day 180
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
[But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,—
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, 190
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—]
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kath. A joint-stool.[1]
Pet. [*Offering his knee*] Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
[*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 200
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you. 201
Kath. No such a jade as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be! should buzz![2]
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.[3]
Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry. 210
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,]
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.* 220
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:[4]
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
[*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.[5]]
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

[1] *Joint-stool*, a three-legged stool, made of pieces *joined* together.

[2] *Should buzz*, a pun is intended on *bee* (be) and *buzz*.

[3] *Buzzard*. This word means a *beetle*, as well as the *buzzard* hawk.

[4] *Lose your arms*, *i.e.* lose your coat of arms, which a gentleman had a right to wear.

[5] *A craven*, a degenerate cock.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. 230
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*—(Act ii. 1. 220.)

Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares. 240
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen, 245
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will; 250
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
[O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove, 260
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!]
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. [Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.]
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
[And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable, as other household Kates.[1]] 280
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack, 290
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 't is thus:—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
[She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:]
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300
Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
[I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss 310
She vied[2] so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink[3] she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock[4] wretch can make the curstest shrew.]
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands; 320
God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
[*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you: 330
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry. 340
Skipper, stand back: 't is age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes, that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I 'll compound this strife:
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

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[1] *Household Kates.* The pun on *cat* and *Kate* is obvious in these lines.

[2] *Vied,* a term at the game of Primero = challenged, or invited.

[3] *Twink, i.e.* wink or twinkle.

[4] *Meacock,* a tame, dastardly fellow; a henpecked husband.

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry; 351
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,[1]
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Tra. Sir, list to me.—(Act ii. 1. 365.)

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework;
Pewter, and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa's walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; 370
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles'[2] road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliases,[3] 380
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower? 391
Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

[1] *Counterpoints*, counterpanes.

[2] *Marseilles*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

[3] *Galliases*, large galleys.

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'T is in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.] [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Padua. Baptista's house.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *both disguised; and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this, her sister, is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
[I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:]
[*To Hortensio*] Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? [*To Bianca.*
Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument. [*Hortensio retires apart.*
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, madam: [*Reads.*

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.[1]

Bian. Construe them.
Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
Hor. [*Turning towards them*] Madam, my instrument 's in tune.
Bian. Let 's hear. [*Hortensio plays.*] O fie! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.

[1] On this side flowed Simois; here is the Sigeian land;
Here had stood the lofty palace of old Priam.
—*Ovid, Epist. Her.* i. 33, 34.

Hor. [*Advancing*] Madam, 't is now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward is our pedant!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet. 50
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; [*Seeing Hortensio listening*] for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. [*Turning to Hortensio*] Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. [*To Lucentio*] You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts. 60
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but[1] I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] "*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection:
D sol re, one cliff,[2] two notes have I:
E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
[Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice, 80
To change true rules for odd inventions.]

[1] *But, i.e.* unless. [2] *Cliff*, old form of *clef*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books, 82
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*
Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,[3] 90
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and others, with Attendants.*

Bap. [*To Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed[4] day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
[What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!]
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby[5] full of spleen; 10
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
[I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

[3] *Stale*, decoy. [4] *'pointed*, appointed.
[5] *Rudesby*, blusterer, swaggerer.

Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.]
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!" 20

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour. 30

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? [how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.] 41

Tra. But say, what is thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;[1] with two broken points: his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; [besides, possess'd with the glanders and like to mose in the chine;[2] troubled with the lampass,[3] infected with the fashions,[4] full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed[5] with the yellows, past cure of the fives,] stark

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, &c.—(Act iii. 2. 43.)

[1] *Chapeless.* A *chape* means either the guard of the hilt, or the metal tip of the scabbard.

[2] *To mose in the chine,* a disease sometimes called "mourning in the chine," or "the running glanders."

[3] *Lampass,* or *lampers,* a swelling of some of the lower bars of a horse's mouth.

[4] *Fashions,* an old name for the *farcy.*

[5] *Rayed,* defiled, discoloured.

spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd[1] in the back, and shoulder-shotten;[2] near-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit and a headstall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and new-repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure,[3] which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him? 65

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock[4] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The Humour of Forty Fancies* prick'd in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

[*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?
Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?
Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came. 80
Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.
Bap. Why, that 's all one.
Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.]

Enter PETRUCHIO *very hurriedly, followed by* GRUMIO, *both of them meanly and fantastically dressed.*

Pet. Come, come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well. 90

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it not better I should rush in thus? 93
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come; 100
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse 110
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
[Could I repair what she will wear in me, 120
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.]
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and Attendants.*

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[1] *Sway'd,* strained.
[2] *Shoulder-shotten,* sprained in the shoulder.
[3] *Velure,* velvet.
[4] *Stock,* stocking.

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, 131
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 141
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra. That, by degrees, we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio. 150

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.
Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!—
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest 160
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns,"[1] quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: "A health!" quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,[2]
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
[Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.]
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack, 180
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:—
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave. 190
Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you. 201
Pet. I am content.

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[1] *Gogs-wouns,* a corruption of God's wounds.

[2] *Muscadel,* a strong sweet wine, made from muscat grapes.

Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; 210
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
[You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:]
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure. 219
Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
[Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves:]
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; 230
I will be master of what is mine own: 231
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
[My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;]
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate: 240
I 'll buckler[1] thee against a million.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.
[*Luc.* Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table, 249
You know there wants no junkets[2] at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go.] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Petruchio's country house.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd?[3] was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. [Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm

[1] *I 'll buckler thee,* I 'll shield thee.
[2] *Junkets,* dainties.
[3] *Ray'd,* covered with dirt.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Act III Scene 2 lines 240 241

Pe . . . Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate
I'll buckler thee against a million

myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold.]—Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water. 21

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; [for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least.] But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 40

Curt. There's fire ready: and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho! boy!" and as much news as will thaw.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks[1] fair within, the jills[2] fair without, the carpets[3] laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. [Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Gives him a box on the ear.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin:] *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,— 70

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd,[4] how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave. 86

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

[1] *Jacks*, large jugs made of leather.
[2] *Jills*, drinking-cups made of metal.
[3] *Carpets*, table-covers.
[4] *Bemoil'd*, covered with mire.

Curt. They are.
Gru. Call them forth.
[*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress. 101
Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.
Curt. Who knows not that?
Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.
Curt. I call them forth to credit her.
Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.]

Enter NATHANIEL, PHILIP, JOSEPH, NICHOLAS, PETER, *and other Servants.*

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!
Phil. How now, Grumio! 110
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master? 119
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—[Cock's passion,[1] silence! I hear my master.]

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before? 130
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd[2] i' the heel;
There was no link[3] to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; 140
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. [*Exeunt Servants.*
[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud![4]

Re-enter PETER *and other Servants with supper.*

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. [*Strikes him.* 151
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!
[Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:— [*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—]
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Enter a Servant with basin and ewer.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. [*Servant lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

[1] *Cock's passion,* a vulgar form of God's passion.

[2] *Unpink'd,* not ornamented with eyelet holes.
[3] *Link,* torch.
[4] *Soud!* probably an exclamation expressing fatigue.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed,[1] flap-ear'd knave! 160
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?
Peter. Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

Pet. There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.—(Act iv. 1. 168.)

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. at them.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight. 170
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient;[2] to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company: 180
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter, severally, NATHANIEL, PETER *and* GRUMIO.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

[1] *Beetle-headed,* having a head like a wooden mallet; stupid.

[2] *Patient,* pronounced here as a trisyllable.

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. 190
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus politicly I've begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.[1]
[Another way I have to man my haggard,[2]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate,[3] and beat, and will not be obedient.]
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; 200
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly[4] I intend[5]
That all is done in reverent care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake. 210
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 't is charity to show.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

[1] *Lure*, a stuffed bird used to *lure* a hawk back from his flight.
[2] *To man my haggard, i.e.* to tame my wild hawk.
[3] *Bate*, flutter.
[4] *Hurly*, turmoil.
[5] *Intend*, pretend.

Hor. To satisfy you, sir, in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart! [*They retire.* 10
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress Bianca loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. Despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:[6] 20
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours 30
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her though she 'd entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,

[6] *Cullion*, a term of contempt = a mean wretch.

Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.[1]
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.
[*Exit.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace 44
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?—(Act iv. 2. 48.)

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, 50
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her too.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary: but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel[2] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatanté,[3] or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

[1] *Haggard*, an untrained hawk.

[2] *Angel*, worthy old man.

[3] From Italian *mercatant*, merchant.

Luc. And what of him?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Ped. God save you, sir!—(Act iv. 2. 72.)

Enter a PEDANT.

Ped. God save you, sir! 72
[*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.]
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard. 80
Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'T is marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them. 90
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100
Bion. [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like, sir, to Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir:—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it. 111
Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.

[This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you: 119
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Petruchio's house.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites[1] me more than all these wants, 11
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's[2] foot?
Kath. 'T is passing good: I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard,—but without the beef. 30
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?[3]
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee: 40
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I 'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. [*Aside*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. 50
[*To Katharina*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
[With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.]

[1] *Spites,* angers. [2] *Neat's,* calf's. [3] *Amort,* dispirited.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling[1] treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments; 61
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy:
[Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack,[2] a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:]
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. [*Aside*] That will not be in haste.
Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap, 81
A custard-coffin,[3] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[*Exit Haberdasher.*
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:[4]
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. [*Aside*] I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
[Go, hop me over every kennel[5] home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it. 100
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?] 111
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete[6] thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
[*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made? 120
Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd[7] many things.

[1] *Ruffling*, rustling; or, perhaps, having ruffs or ruffles.
[2] *Knack*, knick-knack, trifle.
[3] *Custard-coffin*, the raised crust round a custard.
[4] *Demi-cannon*, a kind of cannon, carrying a ball of about 30 lbs.
[5] *Kennel*, gutter.
[6] *Be-mete*, *i.e.* measure.
[7] *Fac'd*, *i.e.* put facings on.

Tai. I have. 124

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd[1] many men; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.]

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify. 131

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads*] "*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:"

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom[2] of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads*] "With a small compass'd[3] cape:"

Gru. I confess the cape. 141

Tai. [*Reads*] "With a trunk sleeve:"

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads*] "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it. 151

[*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard,[4] and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.]

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 't is for my mistress.

[*Pet.* [*To Tailor*] Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! 161

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!]

[1] *Brav'd, i.e.* made fine.
[2] *Bottom*, a ball or skein. [3] *Compass'd*, round.
[4] *Mete-yard*, measuring-yard.

Pet. [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou 'lt see the tailor paid. 166

[*To Tailor*] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master. 170
[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
[And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye? 180
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;]
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
[*To Grumio*] Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two; 191
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. [*Aside*] Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* PEDANT *dressed like Vincentio.*

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, ay, what else? and but I be deceiv'd,

Signior Baptista may remember me, 3
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longs to a father.
Ped. I warrant you.

Enter BIONDELLO.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good that he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him.
Sirrah Biondello, 10
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou 'rt a tall[1] fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the Pedant*] Sir,
This is the gentleman I told you of: 20
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long, 30
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
[For curious[2] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.]

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass[3] my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best
We be affied,[4] and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?
Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know, 51
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily[5] we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Go, Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!
Tra. [*Winking and laughing to Lucentio, unseen by Baptista*] Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
[*Lucentio retires out of sight, after interchanging signals with Biondello.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
But come, sir; we will better it in Pisa. 71
Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

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[1] *Tall*, here = clever. [2] *Curious, i.e.* scrupulous.
[3] *Pass, i.e.* convey, assure.
[4] *Affied*, betrothed. [5] *Happily*, by chance.

[*Bion.* [*Calling to Lucentio*] Cambio! 72

Luc. [*Coming forward*] What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but 'has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens. 80

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this? 90

Bion. I cannot tell, except—they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:* to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.
[*Exit.*]

Scene V. *A public road.*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, *and Servants.*

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now. 3

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—
[*Exit one of the Servants.*
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd! 10

Hor. [*Aside to Katharina*] Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind. 20
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. [*Aside*] Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! what company is coming here?

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, 31
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. [*Aside*] A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
[Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars 40
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!]

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:

Pet. Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? —(Act iv. 5. 27.)

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known 50
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name's Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman.
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she 's of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. 70

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof; 75
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

Hor. Well, well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if shé be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Padua. Before Lucentio's house.*

Gremio discovered. Enter at back, unseen by Gremio, BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. 11

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They 're busy within; you were best knock louder.

[*Pedant looks out of the window.*]

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal. 21

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well-beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him. 30

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and is here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance. 41

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.[1]

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me? 50

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.* 61

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[1] *Crack-hemp,* one who deserves hanging.

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! 62
[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter PEDANT *below;* TRANIO, BAPTISTA, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![1] O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 79

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name.—(Act v. l. 84.)

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio. 89

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison. 100

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd[2] in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

[1] *Copatain hat,* a hat with a conical crown.
[2] *Cony-catch'd, i.e.* deceived.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st. 104

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him! 110

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd[1] and abus'd: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O! we are spoil'd and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, 119
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here 's packing[2] with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last 130
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [*To Lucentio*] But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany, [*Exit.* 140

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough;[3] but I 'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
[*Exit.*

Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me? 150

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Padua. A room in Lucentio's house.*

A banquet set out; enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, *and* GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet[4] is to close our stomachs up,

[1] *Hal'd,* dragged away (to prison).
[2] *Packing, i.e.* plotting.
[3] *My cake is dough* = my plans have failed.
[4] *Banquet, i.e.* what we call dessert — consisting of fruits, cakes, wine, &c.

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down; 10
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.
Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20
Pet. Roundly replied.
[*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.]
Kath. "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:"
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrow,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning. 30
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
[*Pet.* To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad!
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn. 41
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you? 42
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird[1] you aim'd at, though you hit her not; 50
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'T is thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let us each one send word unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns. 70
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred, then.
Hor. Content.

[1] *This bird, i.e.* Bianca.

Pet. A match! 't is done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.—Biondello,
Go, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word 80
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, a better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? 90
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me.
[*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not come.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame,[1] here comes Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife? 101
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy? 110
Bap. Now, fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* WIDOW.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women 130
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

[1] *Holidame*, a corruption of "halidom."

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling. 132

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall:—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds, 140
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; 151
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there 's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate. 180

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vin. 'T is a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
[*To Lucentio.*] 'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;[1]
And, being a winner, God give you good-night! [*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*

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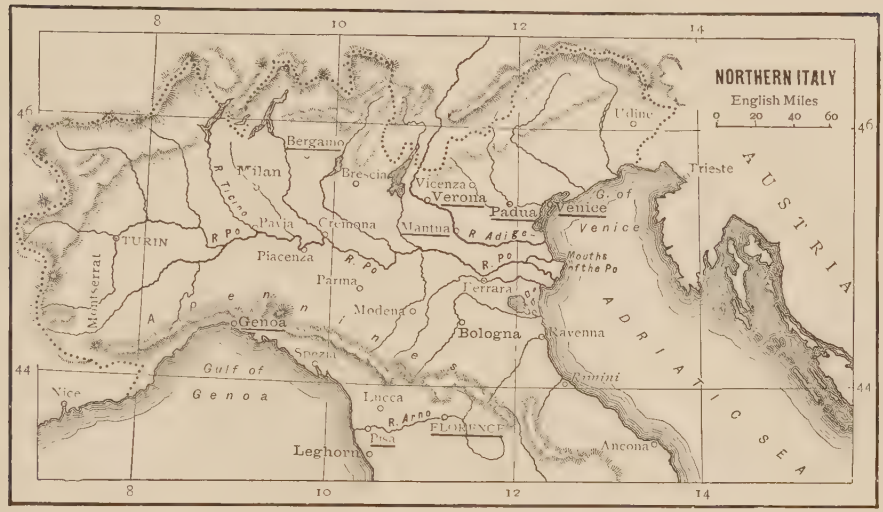
[1] *Hit the white,* referring to the name Bianca (*white*).

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.



NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOTE ON TIME OF ACTION.

It may be doubted whether acts i. and ii. are not intended to take place on the same day. At the end of act i. Tranio, Gremio, and Hortensio go out to spend *the afternoon* in carouses to their mistresses' health (i. 2. 276, 277). In act ii. Baptista says to Petruchio and Tranio (ii. 1. 112, 113):

> We will go walk a little in the orchard,
> And then *to dinner*.

As the dinner hour was about eleven o'clock, or at any rate not later than noon, this apparently could not have been on the same day as that on which act i. is supposed to take place. On the other hand, Petruchio says (i. 2. 103):

> I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her (Katharina);

but it does not follow that he succeeded in seeing Katharina that evening, though he may have tried to do so. In ii. 1. 115, 116, Petruchio says:

> my business asketh haste,
> And every day I cannot come to woo;

which may mean that he had already wasted one day. The interval between acts ii. and iii. is to allow of Petruchio's going to Venice (ii. 1. 317):

> To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day,

or rather pretending to go; for it is doubtful if he goes further than his own country-house: this interval would not be probably more than two days. Act iii. sc. 1, is on the eve of his wedding-day; act iii. sc. 2, is the wedding-day (Sunday), which ends with act iv. sc. 1, when Katharina, the bride, goes supperless to bed. Mr. Daniel points out that there is a very puzzling slip, on the part of the author, in this scene. Petruchio says (iv. 1. 201):

> *Last night she slept not*, nor to-night she shall not.

How did Petruchio know she did not sleep last night, when she was at her father's house, and he was not yet on his road to Padua? However, this may be a facetious reference to the natural anxiety of a bride that-is-to-be on the eve of her wedding-day. The difficulties as to accurately fixing the time of action, in this play, are very many. It would seem that all the events from act iv. sc. 3, to the end of the play take place on one day, which, according to Baptista's assurance (i. 1. 397, 398), would be the Sunday after Katharina's wedding. The chief object in noticing some of these inconsistencies as to time, is to give a further proof of the carelessness with which this play was put together by Shakespeare.

INDUCTION. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1: *I'll* PHEEZE *you*.—This word (variously spelt *fease, feaze, feize, pheese, pheeze*) is of very doubtful origin; and its meaning is somewhat obscure. Johnson says, "To *pheese*, or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads." He quotes Sir Thomas Smith's book *de Sermone Anglico*, but does not give the date of its publication. Bailey gives "*Feazing* (Sea Term) the ravelling out of a Cable, or any great Rope at the Ends." Johnson suggests that "I'll *pheeze* you" may be equivalent to "I'll comb your head." The word also means apparently "to whip with rods"—"Perhaps connected with Fr. *fesser*, to whip" (Imp. Dict.). It is also used in the sense of "to

chastise," "to humble," according to Gifford, commonly in the West of England. Halliwell quotes MS. Devon Glossary, "To *phease*, i.e. to pay a person off for an injury." In Stanyhurst's Translation of Virgil (see Nares, *sub Pheeze*) it appears to be used for "to drive away:"

We are touzed, and from Italy *feased*.

In spite of the positive assertions as to its meaning, it is evidently one of those words which came to be used in more than one sense; and its exact history has been lost.

2. Line 6: *let the world* SLIDE.—A proverbial expression. Compare Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 3:

Be of good cheer, man, and *let the world pass*.
—Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 104.

The exact expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money, v. 2:

—Will you go drink,
And *let the world slide?*
—Works, vol. i. p. 205.

3. Lines 9, 10: *Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*—Ff. have here (substantially) *Go by*, S. *Jeronimy*, as if *Jeronimy* were a saint. Mason suggested that the *S* was the beginning of *says*, and that the proper reading is *Go by, says Jeronimy.* (This is very unlikely, as the *S*, in that case, would not have been a capital S.) It is supposed to be a quotation from the Spanish Tragedy or Second Part of Jeronimo, by Thomas Kyd, a play which was very popular in its time. Frequent allusions, many in seeming ridicule, are made to both parts of that tragedy by the dramatists of Shakespeare's time. The passage supposed to be ridiculed, or alluded to here, is the following (Spanish Tragedy, act iv.):

Hieronimo. Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.
Lorenzo. Back, seest thou not the king is busy?
Hieronimo. O, is he so?
King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hieronimo. Not I. Hieronimo, beware; *go by, go by.*
—Dodsley, vol. v. pp. 108, 109.

There is no doubt the expression *Go by Hieronimo*, or *Jeronimo*, became almost a proverbial expression: it is to be found in Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, i. 4 (Works, vol. i. p. 34); in the Shomakers Holiday, or The Gentle Craft (Dekker's Works, vol. i. p. 18); in Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain, iii. 5 (Works, vol. i. p. 632); and in Taylor's Works, 1630, vol. i. p. 35 (according to Halliwell). The Camb. Edd. suggest that the S in text of Ff. "may have been derived from a note of exclamation in the MS. written, as it is usually printed, like a note of interrogation." I am not at all sure that the commentators here have not fallen into an error; and that the real meaning may not be *Go—by S. Jeronimy—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*—the compromise between the proverbial phrase from Hieronimo and the oath by St. Jerome or St. Hieronimus, which Sly intends to take, being intentional. It may be noted that the hermits of St. Jerome were called *Jeronymites*, so that the substitution of *Jeronimo* for *Jerome* or *Jeromy* is not such a great mistake. Be this as it may be, it is ridiculous to attempt, with some commentators, to twist *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee* into a contemptuous allusion to a line in the Spanish Tragedy (act ii.):

What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?
—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 54.

The same expression, as in our text, is used by Edgar, in Lear, iii. 4. 48:

Hum! *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*

Nor does there seem to be any necessity for explaining it; the contradiction in terms being founded on the simple fact that a bed is cold till one's body has warmed it.

4. Lines 11, 12: *I must go fetch the* THIRD-BOROUGH.—Ff. and Q. read *Head-borough;* but Sly's answer, unless he is meant to mistake the exact word used by the Hostess, renders the conjecture of Theobald, adopted in our text, most probable. For *tharborough* (third-borough) see Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 185. Ritson says (see his note in Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 361) that "In a book intitled, The Constable's Guide, &c. 1771, it is said that 'there are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables, as in Warwickshire a *third-borough*.'" Shakespeare makes Sly a native of Warwickshire (see in the next scene of the Induction, lines 18–23).

5. Line 17: TRASH *Merriman.*—Ff. and Q. read *Brach.* Amongst the numerous conjectures may be mentioned: (1) *Leech* (Hanmer); (2) *Bathe* (Johnson); (3) *Breathe* (Mitford). The reading we have adopted, *Trash*, is Dyce's conjecture, and seems to be the most probable emendation. This verb has apparently more than one meaning; but that it had the sense of "to check, to restrain," seems clear from a passage in Hammond's Works (vol. i. p. 23) quoted in Richardson's Dictionary: "That this contrariety always interposes some objections to hinder or *trash* you from doing the things that you would, *i.e.* sometimes the Spirit *trashes* you from doing the thing that the Spirit would have done." Shakespeare uses this verb, undoubtedly, in Tempest, i. 2. 80, 81:

who to advance, and who
To *trash* for overtopping.

The sense is variously interpreted by commentators; but "to restrain" would seem to suit the context better than "to lop," which is usually given. *Trashed* is used by Chaucer in the Romaunt of the Rose (line 3231):

She hath thee *trashed* without wene.
—Minor Poems, vol. i. p. 97.

Tyrwhitt explains it in his glossary as "betrayed." For more information on the subject of this word, see Nares, *sub voce.* As to the objection, made by Collier, that a hound who was *embossed, i.e.* "foaming at the mouth," would need no restraining, it may be regarded as an objection worthy of the "Old Corrector:" a dog of spirit is no less inclined to hunt because he is tired. *Brach* can make no sense, however the passage be stopped; because the next line goes on to tell what is to be done with *Clowder; And couple Clowder*, implying that some direction had been given in the previous line as to *Merriman.* The copyist, or compositor, probably caught the word *Brach* from the last word of the next line above mentioned.

6. Line 41: *Would not the beggar then forget himself?*—In this line the emphasis must be on *himself*, not on *forget;* the meaning being "Would he not forget his own identity?"

7. Line 64: *And when he says he is—, say that he dreams.*—Many explanations have been given of this line. In Ff. and Q. the line is printed thus:

And when he says he is, say that he dreams.

Some commentators have proposed to insert various words after *he is*, such as *poor, Sly;* while others would read: *when he says* WHAT *he is.* The Lord does not know who or what Sly is; and it is most natural he should pause after *he is*, leaving the name to be supplied by the drunken man hereafter. Grant White explains the sentence thus: "*When he says he is* (lunatic), *say that he dreams;*" an explanation of which, I confess, I cannot see the force. Malone points out another passage, where Shakespeare has a similar unfinished sentence, in the Tempest, ii. 2. 90, 91, printed thus in F. 1:

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,
But hee is drownd.

Here a break is evidently intended after *voyce*, though the manner of printing adopted is different from that used in the passage in our text.

8. Lines 77, 78:

An 't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

It was the custom for strolling companies of actors to call at any great lord's house and *offer* their *services.* That they were not overpaid, is shown by an extract from "The fifth Earl of Northumberland's Household Book, begun in the year 1512" (quoted by Steevens). "Item, to be payd to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystinmas by stranegers in my house after xxd. every play by estimacion somme xxxiijs. iiijd." Perhaps matters had improved in Shakespeare's time.

9. Line 88: *I think 't was* SOTO *that your honour means.*—*Soto* was the name of a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's Women Pleased; *Soto* is a farmer's son; but as to his wooing "the gentlewoman," the reference must be to i. 3 of that play (Works, vol. ii. p. 181), where, in his master's clothes, he climbs the rope-ladder to Belvidere's window; but he never gets as far as wooing her. The description of the character, given by the Lord, answers better to Candius in Lilly's Mother Bombie. In F. 1, Q. the name Sincklo is prefixed to this line; he seems to have been an actor. The name occurs again in F. 1, in III. Henry VI. iii. 1, *Enter* SINKLO *and Humfrey;* again, in II. Henry IV. Q. has in iv. 4, at beginning of scene, *Enter* SINCKLO *and three or foure officers.* The name *Sinkclow* occurs in the Induction to the Malcontent (Marston's Works, vol. ii. p. 200).

10. Line 126: *An* ONION *will do well for such a shift.*—There is a tone of solemn burlesque about this which may have been intended. Shakespeare has two or three references to the *onion* in connection with tears, *e.g.* in All's Well, v. 3. 321:

Mine eyes smell *onions;* I shall weep anon.

It may be, as Johnson suggests, he was indicating a common expedient to which the players in Interludes had recourse, when they wanted to shed real tears.

INDUCTION. SCENE 2.

11. *Sly is discovered, &c.*—In Ff., Q. the stage-direction is *Enter* aloft *the Drunkard, &c.* meaning, of course, in the balcony or upper stage, which served so many purposes in the theatres of Shakespeare's time. Here apparently *Sly and his companions* remained throughout the play, which was enacted on the lower stage.

12. Line 19: *old Sly's son of* BURTON-HEATH.—There is some difficulty in identifying exactly the villages here intended. There is a *Barton-on-the-Heath* in Warwickshire (according to Malone), and a "*Burton* Dorset" (according to Ritson), and also one called "*Burton* Hastings." Probably *Burton-heath* is identical with the first of these three.

13. Line 23: *the fat ale-wife of* WINCOT.—T. Warton says in a note (see Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 375), "*Wilnecotte* is a village in Warwickshire, . . . near Stratford. The house, kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill." Rolfe says that *Wincot* was more probably *Wilnecote* or *Wilmecote*, "a hamlet about three miles to the north of Stratford in the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Here lived Robert Arden, whose youngest daughter was Shakespeare's mother." There is a *Wilnecote*, almost in the extreme north of Warwickshire, between Tamworth and Atherstone.

14. Line 25: SHEER *ale.*—The explanation given in the foot-note is probably the right one. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Double Marriage, v. 1, where Castruccio, having been offered by the doctor wine and water, asks:

Shall I have no *sheer* wine then?
—Works, vol. ii. p. 120.

Another explanation, suggested in Malone's note, is that it may mean "harvest-ale," or ale drunk at *shearing;* a term applied in Warwickshire, as in the north, to the *reaping*, and not to "sheep-shearing," which is always called in the north "clipping."

15. Line 39: *we'll* HAVE THEE TO *a couch.*—Compare Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 1. 174:

To *have my love to bed* and to arise.

The similarity of expression is worth noticing.

16. Line 75: *nor* CHRISTOPHER *Sly.*—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *Christophero;* but the reading of the text, which is that of F. 1 and Q. is to our thinking preferable; the accent must, evidently, be placed on the second syllable, whichever reading we adopt.

17. Line 81: *These* FIFTEEN *years.*—In scene 1, lines 122, 123 the Lord says:

Who for this *seven* years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

It is not worth while attempting to reconcile the discrepancy; the servants might have wilfully exaggerated the length of the period suggested by their master.

18. Lines 89, 90:

And say you would present her at the LEET,
Because she brought stone jugs and no SEAL'D QUARTS.

The *Court-leet* or *View of frank pledge* "held anciently

once a year within a particular hundred, manor, or lordship, before the steward of the *leet.*" Malone, in the note above quoted, refers to Kitchen, on Courts, 4th edn. 1663 (p. 21): "Also if tiplers sell by cups and dishes, or measures *sealed*, or *not sealed*, is inquirable."

19. Line 95: *John Naps* o' TH' GREEN.—Ff. and Q. read *of Greece: o' th' Green* is Hanmer's conjecture, which is most probably right.

20. Line 140: *a commonty.*—This ridiculous blunder of Sly's of *commonty* = "commodity" for *comedy* is taken from the Induction of the old play, lines 58, 59:

> *San.* Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
> Or a *comoditie*, or what you will.

The speaker being *Sander*, or *Saunders*, who afterwards plays the "Clown's" part, corresponding to Grumio's in Shakespeare's piece.

21. Line 147.—The Induction of the old play contains 147 lines: the Induction in this play contains 285 lines. Shakespeare is credited, even by the Three-handed theorists, with the "retouching" of this Induction. I thought it would be interesting to go through line by line, and word by word, the old Induction with the new one; and I find that, in the 285 lines of Shakespeare's Induction, there are only fourteen sentences which are practically the same as those of the old Induction; and some of these sentences consist of only two or three words. Of *absolutely identical* lines in the two Inductions I cannot find *one* instance; while of characteristic expressions common to the two Inductions there is only one, viz. *I'll pheeze you* (line 1).

ACT I. SCENE 1.

22. Line 2: *Padua, nursery of arts.*—The University of Padua was, in Shakespeare's time, one of the most popular, and resorted to by students and learned men from all parts of Europe. It was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, in 1228. Knight says that "once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) the number of students was eighteen thousand." Galileo, Petrarch, and Columbus were amongst the celebrated men who received their education at Padua.

23. Line 14: LUCENTIO *his son.*—Ff. Q. read *Vincentio*, which probably was copied from the line above (13), in which Ff. Q. read *Vincentio's come*, instead of *Vincentio, come.* The reading in our text I had marked in the margin before seeing Hanmer's emendation, which is the same; and Heath made the same alteration. (See A Revisal of Shakespeare's Text, 1765, p. 156.)

24. Lines 18, 19:

> *Virtue, and that part of philosophy*
> *Will I* APPLY, *that treats of happiness.*

Apply and *ply* were both used without the preposition *to:* compare The Interlude of Nice Wanton (very near the end):

> O ye children, let your time be well-spent,
> *Apply your learning*, and your elders obey.
> —Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 183.

25. Line 25: *Mi perdonate.*—Ff. read *Me pardonato;* Q. *Me pardinato,* which blunders afford another instance of the ignorance of Italian displayed in the old copies; the correction was made by Steevens.

26. Line 32: *Or so devote to Aristotle's* ETHICS.—Ff. Q. read *checkes.* Blackstone first suggested *ethics*, which seems the obvious reading. In the old play, in line 2, *Aristotle's walkes* does not help us, because *walkes* is evidently there the most appropriate word in the mouth of the speaker, who is welcoming his friend to Athens, the birthplace of the Peripatetic sect. Aristotle's distinguishing quality is his treatment of *ethics*, not the *checks* or *reproofs* that he administers to vice, or to Ovid's favourite subject, Love. Below (lines 34–37) we have *logic, rhetoric, music, poesy*, and *metaphysics* all mentioned; therefore, *ethics* is certainly the word we might expect. Compare Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, iv. 2: "but in these (cases) they are best, and *Aristotle's ethicks*" (Works, vol. iii. p. 443). But in justice to those who may prefer the reading of Ff. Q., we may point out that Shakespeare uses *checks* frequently in the sense of "rebukes," "reproofs."

27. Line 34: BALK *logic.*—So Ff. Q. *Talk logic* is Rowe's very weak and unnecessary emendation, adopted by some editors. The occurrence of *talk* at the end of the next line should have forbidden such a conjecture. *Balk* is used by Spenser in one passage at least, where it apparently means "to dispute," or "to argue:"

> But to occasion him to further talke,
> To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
> Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
> And thus replyde. —Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. 2, st. 12.

Britomart is the *her* referred to, and she evidently proceeds to question the virtues of Artegall in order that the Red-Cross Knight, who has been praising him, may be drawn into an argument. The expression, in our text, may be paraphrased by the more modern one, *chop logic.*

28. Line 48: *Gentlemen,* PRAY *impórtune me no farther.*—Ff. and Q. read:

> Gentlemen, importune me no farther.

We have ventured to insert *pray* as the line is very inharmonious without some syllable there. Theobald inserted *both.*

29. Line 52: *Katharina.*—This is the form of the name generally given by editors. F. 1 has *Katerina* in the stage-direction for her first entrance, and *Katherina* in the text. In ii. 1. 62, F. 1 has *Katerine*, while the form *Katherine* is used several times in the same scene, as well as the abbreviation *Kate.* The Italian name is *Caterina;* so that, of the two, the first form adopted by F. 1 comes nearest the correct spelling.

30. Line 58: *To make a* STALE *of me amongst these* MATES.—The explanation of *stale* given in our foot-note, however coarse it may seem, is undoubtedly the right one. "Laughing-stock," "dupe," and other more elegant synonyms, do not explain the meaning of the word. Katharina was not a woman to be overdelicate in her language. There is also, most probably, an allusion to the *stale-mate* at chess.

31. Line 64: *To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool.*—This expression is very interesting, as it testifies to the antiquity of the common phrase, used nowadays with regard to a wife of strong character, "She 'll comb his hair for him." Halliwell, in his Folio edition of Shakespeare, quotes from Skelton's Merie Tales "Hys wife woulde divers tymes in the week *kimbe his head with a iij. footed stoole.*"

32. Line 79: *Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.*—Probably a quotation, more or less accurate, from some well-known song. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 205, 206:

> Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
> To *put the finger in the eye* and weep.

In Heywood's First Part of King Edward the Fourth we find:

> Seem you but sorry for what you haue done,
> And straight shele *put the finger in the eye.*
> —Works, vol. i. p. 5.

33. Line 108: OUR *love is not so great.*—So F. 3, F. 4: F. 1, F. 2 read *Their,* of which it is difficult to make any sense. Malone suggested *Your;* but certainly the context seems to require *Our.* The attempts to explain *Their,* as referring to the love or good-will of Bianca and her father towards Petruchio and Gremio, or to the love between Katharina and her father, are not particularly happy.

34. Lines 108–110: *but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out.*—No commentator seems to have thought this passage required explanation; but I confess it seems to me rather a difficult one. Gremio means to say, I suppose, that his and Hortensio's love is not so great but they may together *blow their nails* (as people do when cold) and *fast it out, i.e.* expel their love by fasting. He recognizes the fact that they are both practically rejected, and may consider themselves both "out in the cold." In Love's Labour 's Lost, v. 2. 923 (in the song) we have:

> And Dick the shepherd *blows his nail.*

35. Line 110: *our cake 's dough on both sides.*—Compare Ben Jonson's The Case is Altered (v. 4):

> Steward, *your cake is dough,* as well as mine.
> —Works, vol. vi. p. 419.

The meaning is, we have both failed. In Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs is given a Scotch proverb which is evidently the same: *Your meal 's a' deagh.*

36. Lines 113, 114: *I will* WISH *him* TO *her father, i.e.* "I will *recommend* him." Compare i. 2. 60 of this play:

> And *wish* thee *to* a shrewd ill-favour'd wife.

And again, i. 2. 64:

> And I 'll not *wish* thee *to* her.

37. Line 137: *at the high cross—i.e.* "in the market place." In the principal streets of some of our old towns there were two Crosses, the *High Cross* and the *Low Cross.* (See note in Rolfe's edition of this play, p. 135.)

38. Line 144: *Happy man be his dole!*—This was a common proverb. Compare Damon and Pithias:

> So I mean in the court to lose no time:
> Wherein, *happy man be his dole,* I trust that I
> Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly.
> —Dodsley, vol. iv. p. 21.

See Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 4. 68; and Winter's Tale, i. 2. 163. *Dole* here means "lot," or "share," meted out by Fortune.

39. Line 145: *He that runs fastest gets the ring.*—Not, as Douce explains it, "an allusion to the sport of running *at the ring,*" but to the custom of giving *a ring* as one of the prizes formerly given in wrestling or running matches.

40. Line 167: *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*—This Latin sentence is from Lilly's Latin Grammar. Lilly was trying to quote a passage from Terence, which runs as follows:

> Quid agas? nisi ut *te redimas captum quam queas*
> *Minimo.* —Eunuchus, i. 1. 29, 30.

41. Line 170: *you look'd so* LONGLY *on the maid.*—*Longly* does not mean "longingly," "fondly," as Schmidt (following Steevens) explains it, but "for a long time." See Cotgrave, who explains "*Longuement.* LONGLY, . . . long time, . . . a great while."

42. Line 212: *take my* COLOUR'D *hat and cloak.*—Clarke explains the use of *colour'd* here by saying that, "In Shakespeare's time the servants wore soberer tinted clothes than their masters, who flaunted about in garments of bright and varied hues that might well, by contrast, be emphatically call'd *colour'd.*" But was not *blue* the *colour* usually worn by servants in Shakespeare's time? The allusions to this are so frequent in the writers of that period, that it is unnecessary to do more than refer to them generally. (See Nares, *sub voce.*) *Colour'd* may here mean "of various colours," in contradistinction to the uniform colour of the servants' livery.

43. Line 216: *In brief, sir, sith it* THUS *your pleasure is.*—I have ventured to supply the word *thus,* which might easily have been omitted by the copyist. The Camb. Edd. give an anonymous emendation: *sith it is your pleasure* THUS; but mine was made independently. There are many defective lines in this play, which can easily be set right by a very slight alteration. This speech of Tranio's is one of those passages which the supporters of the triple authorship of this play say is decidedly not Shakespeare's. I cannot see myself that it is any more irreconcilable with his usual style than much of his other early work.

44. Lines 244–249.—This rhymed speech of Tranio's is certainly unlike any of Shakespeare's known writing; but in Comedy of Errors, iii. 1, may be found some rhymed lines very nearly, if not quite, as halting in rhythm. The whole speech is printed in Ff. and Q. as prose.

45. Line 249: *your master Lucentio.*—F. 1, *you.* The correction was made in F. 2.

46. Lines 250–253.—We have followed Ff. in printing these lines as verse; but it is very doubtful if they were intended for such; one cannot imagine Shakespeare deliberately passing off such limping doggerel as verse, even in his most careless moments. Perhaps the text is corrupt here, or, at any rate, very much confused. The fact that this speech is printed as verse in Ff. and the former one of Tranio's (lines 244–249) as prose, seems to point to

the fact that the MS. before the copyist was in a very faulty condition, and had never been revised by the author.

47. [The presenters above speak.—This stage direction is from Ff. Q.: it means those in the upper stage; viz. Sly and his companions.

48. Lines 258, 259: *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 't were done!*—Sly seems here to anticipate the unspoken criticism of some of the frequenters of the stalls when one of Shakespeare's plays is being represented. There is no appreciable difference in the amount of intellectual capacity appealed to in either case.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

49. Enter PETRUCHIO.—Shakespeare may have taken the name from *Petrucio*, one of the servants of "Scenœse" in Gascoigne's Supposes. But he may have found the not uncommon Italian name elsewhere. It should be spelled *Petruccio* if it is meant to be pronounced as *Petruchio*, according to English pronunciation, the *ch* having the same sound as in "church." In Italian, of course, the *ch* would be pronounced hard, like *k*. The termination *uccio* has certainly no complimentary sense according to Torriano, who, in his Introduction unto the Italian Tongue (1687), appended to the 1688 edition of Florio, says that, "Nouns ending in *uccio* or *uzzo*, declare the thing to be of the least, and absolutely despicable and contemptible;" and "Most of the nick names are made to run upon this termination, as by way of detraction, as Minicuccio from Dominico, a man's name so call'd." But we find the termination used in Basile's well-known Pentamerone (a collection of fairy stories) without any apparently depreciatory meaning.

50. Line 5: KNOCK,—*knock, I say.*—This is Lettsom's emendation. Ff. and Q. read, *knock, I say.*

51. Lines 28, 29: *'tis no matter, sir, what he* 'LEGES *in Latin.*—Grumio, who is supposed to be an Italian, mistakes his own language for Latin. Accordingly the ingenious Tyrwhitt suggests that we should read, "*no matter what* BE LEGES *in Latin*, . . . 'T is no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause," &c. Surely it was more probable that Grumio, who was the Clown or low-comedy character of the play, should be supposed to mistake Italian for Latin, considering that he speaks English, and is thoroughly English in character, than that such a piece of Latinity, apropos of nothing at all, should be placed in his mouth. We might just as well expect Biondello to give the list of the diseases of Petruchio's horse in Italian (iii. 2), as to find Grumio remembering, when a joke was in question, to what nationality he belonged.

52. Line 33: *two and thirty,—a pip out.*—The spots on the cards are sometimes called *pips;* the allusion is to the old game of "*Bone-ace, or one and thirty.*" Compare Massinger's Fatal Dowry, ii. 2: "You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old. *which is a pip out*, you know—" (Works, p. 362). *Bone-ace* is thus described in Cotton's Compleat Gamester (1674): "The least [*i.e.* the one who cuts lowest] deals. He deals out two to the first hand, and turns up the third, and so goes on to the next, to the third, fourth, fifth, &c. He that hath the biggest Card carries the Bone, that is one half of the Stake, the other (half) remaining for the Game; now if there be three Kings, three Queens, three Tens, &c., turn'd up, the eldest hand wins it. Here note that the Ace of Diamonds is Bone-ace, and wins all other Cards whatever: thus much for the Bone; afterwards the nearest to one and thirty wins the Game, and he that turns up or draws to one and thirty wins it immediately" (pp. 129, 130).

53. Line 69: *Be she as foul as was* FLORENTIUS' LOVE.—Alluding to the story in Gower's Confessio Amantis, book i., of the knight *Florent* or *Florentius*, who plighted his troth to marry a deformed and hideous hag, in return for her telling him the answer to a riddle, which if he could not solve he was to die. On this story Chaucer founded his Wife of Bath's Tale; The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, an old ballad, is also derived from the same source. Gower was probably indebted to the Gesta Romanorum for the source of his story. See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Introductory Discourse, vol. i. p. 131.

54. Lines 81, 82: *though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses.*—Malone says in his note: "I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in The Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608: 'O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diseases* stop thee!'" Perhaps these *fifty diseases* were in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the speech of Biondello's (iii. 2. 50–58). I think the passage, as it stands in our text, is easily explained: no animal, not even a female hypochondriac, is subject to so many diseases as a horse; and any one who has *as many diseases as two and fifty horses* would have quite enough to suffer.

55. Line 112: *he'll rail in his* ROPE-TRICKS.—Hanmer absurdly altered *rope-tricks* to *rhetorick*. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 153, 154, in the speech of the Nurse: "what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his *ropery?*" So *rope-ripe*, in Chapman's May Day (act iii.): "Lord, how you roule in your *rope-ripe* termes" (Works, vol. ii. p. 368)—a word which Howell, in his Lexicon Tetraglotton (1660) explains as "ripe for hanging." *Rope-tricks* seems to be equivalent here to abusive language, though its proper meaning probably is "actions deserving the rope (hanging)."

56. Line 116: *she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.*—A cat's sight certainly is not bad, especially in the dark; but their habit of keeping their eyes half-closed, in the day time, probably led to their being called "blear-eyed," as in Wynkyn de Worde's Castell of Labour (1506): "That was as *blereyed* as a cat." There is evidently a play on *cat* and *Kate* in Grumio's speech.

57. Lines 121, 122:

> *And her withholds from me, and other more,*
> *Suitors to her and rivals in my love.*

F. 1, Q. print:

> *And her with-holds from me. Other more*
> *Suitors, &c.*

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

> *And her with-holds he from me. Other more*
> *Suitors*, &c.

The arrangement of the lines in our text is Theobald's, derived by him from Dr. Thirlby. [See note Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 403. Camb. Edd. attribute the arrangement to Capell (Thirlby conj.).]

58. Line 126: *Therefore* THIS ORDER *hath Baptista* TA'EN.—Compare Othello, v. 2. 72:

> Honest Iago hath *ta'en order* for 't.

The meaning is, "has taken measures." The phrase occurs frequently in Shakespeare.

59. Line 134: WELL SEEN *in music.*—This use of *seen*= "versed," "practised," is older than Shakespeare's time. Steevens quotes from The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art, 4to black letter, n.d. (printed in 1568 or 1569):

> Sum would have you *seen* in stories,
> Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.
> Sum will move you to read Scripture.
> Marry, I would have you *seene* in cardes and dise.

It is also used by Spenser (*e.g.* Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. 2, st. 35), and by Chapman (19th Iliad).

60. Line 141: *Master, master,* LOOK ABOUT YOU.—This was a proverbial expression; it forms the title of a most excellent old comedy (Dodsley, vol. vii.), the author of which is unknown; it is one with which it is much more likely Shakespeare had something to do than with Fair Em, and other plays that have been attributed to him.

61. Line 146: *Hark you; I'll have them very fairly bound.*—Ff. and Q. read *Hark you,* SIR: we have omitted the *Sir*, which spoils the metre.

62. Line 151: *Take your* PAPERS *too.*—Ff. and Q. read *paper.* Pope changed the word to the plural number on account of the *them.* The question is, what were the papers that Lucentio would have? I do not see how paper could refer to the note (line 145); as there was no need to perfume that, for Bianca would never see it. *Papers* is used twice in Two Gent. of Verona (i. 2. 100 and 133) for pieces of a torn letter; so here it might be used for the pieces of paper on which Bianca was to write her exercises, or translations, if she had any to make. I cannot find any instance of *papers* being used to mean pamphlets, or detached sheets of printed matter: the word is constantly used for written documents of all kinds.

63. Line 179: *'t is now no time to* VENT *our love.*—There would seem to be some suspicion of affectation, or "cockneyism," attaching to this expression. Compare Twelfth Night (iv. 1. 10–18):

> *Seb.* I prithee, *vent* thy folly somewhere else:
> Thou know'st not me.
> *Clo. Vent* my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. *Vent* my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall *vent* to my lady: shall I *vent* to her that thou art coming.

64. Line 209: *That gives not half so great a blow* TO TH' EAR.—Ff. and Q. read *to hear:* the emendation is Hanmer's. Compare King John, ii. 1. 463–465:

> He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
> *Our ears are cudgell'd;* not a word of his
> But *buffets* better than a fist of France.

65. Line 211: *Tush, tush!* FEAR *boys with* BUGS.—The use of *fear* as a transitive verb, and of *bugs* for *bugbears*, is well illustrated by the following line from III. Henry VI. v. 2. 2:

> For Warwick was a *bug* that *fear'd* us all.

66. Line 260: *whom you* HEARKEN FOR—*i.e.* "whom you wait for, or seek." Compare I. Henry IV. v. 4. 52:

> That ever said I *hearken'd for* your death.

67. Line 276: *we may* CONTRIVE *this afternoon.*—*Contrive*, in the sense of "to pass away," "to wear out," seems to be formed from *contrivi*, the preterit of *contero;* but it is, as the Imp. Dict. remarks, "a very irregular formation." Staunton quotes from Terence, Hecyra, v. 3. 17:

> ambulando totum hunc *contrivi* diem.

Cicero uses *contero* in this sense.

68. Line 282: *Petruchio, I shall be your* BEN VENUTO.—This is a very awkward line, and can only be made to scan by pronouncing *venuto* as a dissyllable with the accent on the final *to*, thus *v'nutó.* It would make a much better couplet if *Petruchio* could end this line; but with *ben venuto* properly pronounced this would be impossible. I confess I do not see whether Hortensio means to say to Petruchio "I shall be your welcome (*i.e.* secure your welcome)," or "I shall be a welcome guest (or friend) to you."

Having now arrived at the end of act i., let us see how far Shakespeare has availed himself of the old play. The portion of The Taming of *a* Shrew, which represents the first act of our play, consists of lines 1–129, and lines 273–284, the latter relating to the plan of disguising Hortensio as the music-master. In the old play it is Valeria (=Tranio), the servant of Aurelius (=Lucentio), who is so disguised; and there is no pretended schoolmaster, so that the excellent comic situation between the two suitors of Bianca [act iii. sc. 1 (of our play)] is entirely wanting. But Shakespeare's dramatic skill is shown by the striking development of the meagre materials of the old play: first, he changes the dull Aurelius and Valeria into the lively Lucentio and Tranio; next he gets rid of one of the daughters as being unnecessary, and makes a character of the second, Bianca, instead of a mere dummy. Katharina, when first introduced, instead of being allowed to come on and go off without a word, is made to show her nature by what she says. Gremio and Hortensio, the rival suitors of Bianca, are cleverly contrasted characters, substituted for the one dull Polidor in the old piece, who has no rival. Petruchio, instead of being introduced as coming to Padua for the purpose of wooing Katharina, is induced to do so by Hortensio, which is much more dramatic; and all that is merely spoken of in the old play, such as Baptista's resolve not to let Bianca marry till Katharina is disposed of, is shown in dialogue or in action. It is in the elaborate characterization, and in the increased dramatic force given to every scene and situa-

tion, that Shakespeare's hand is shown, more even than in the language, which in parts certainly bears little trace of his poetic touch. But critics make a great mistake when assigning to Shakespeare any doubtful work on the strength of the metre or the language alone: these might be imitated; but in comparison with all his predecessors, and nearly all his contemporaries, Shakespeare was so far superior in the arts of construction and characterization—the two most *essential* qualities of a dramatist—that where these qualities are wanting, however beautiful the language, however like Shakespeare's the metre may be, we may be pretty certain his hand was little, if at all, employed.

ACT II. Scene 1.

69. Line 3: *but for these other* GOODS.—Nearly all editors, even such purists as the Camb. Edd., adopt Theobald's alteration *gawds;* but I cannot see the necessity for the change. Katharina is not asking Bianca for her jewels or her ornaments, or her money, so that there is no particular force in *other gawds:* it seems that what Bianca means to say is, "Give me my liberty, and as for these other *goods* (*i.e.* possessions), my jewels, dress, &c., I will give you those readily."

70. Line 26: *thou* HILDING *of a devilish spirit.*—This word is used in various senses, according as it is applied to a man or woman. Applied to men it generally seems to mean a coward, *e.g.* in All's Well, iii. 6. 4, "If your lordship find him not a *hilding;*" but in Rom. and Jul. iii. 5. 169, "Out on her, *hilding!*" it is used in the same sense as here. Though Nares suggests it is a corruption of *hireling=hindling*, a diminutive of *hind*, it is most probably derived from A. Sax. *hyld-an*, "to crouch" or "to cower": the sense being first a coward, then "any base, degenerate creature."

71. Line 31: *Will you not suffer me?*—Ff. and Q. read WHAT *will you not*, &c. The omission of the *What* is Pope's emendation.

72. Lines 33, 34:

> *I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,*
> *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*

According to Grose (quoted in Brand's Popular Antiquities) it was a popular superstition that "if in a family the youngest daughter should chance to be married before her elder sisters, they must all dance at her wedding without shoes; this will counteract their ill-luck and procure them husbands" (Ed. 1877, p. 398). That old maids, or any woman who died a virgin, would have to *lead apes in hell* was a common saying, to which we find frequent allusions in the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Florio explains the word *Mámmola* "an old wench, or a stale maid, one that will *lead apes in hell.*" Halliwell quotes from Churchyarde's Chippes, 1578:

> Lest virgins shoulde som surfet take,
> When they *lead apes in hell.*

The origin of this proverbial expression is very doubtful; in Much Ado (ii. 1. 42, 43) we have "I will even take sixpence in earnest of the *bear-ward*, and *lead his apes into hell.*" Malone states in his note that "*To lead apes* was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a *bear-ward*, who often carries about one of those animals along with his *bear*," without giving any authority for his statement.[1] Rolfe says: "Old bachelors were supposed to be doomed to be *bear-herds* in the same place." Some years ago I tried to discover the source whence the belief was derived, but in vain: it may be that one of the old woodcuts of hell, such as that in the Nuremberg Chronicle, first suggested this sarcasm against women who prefer the state of celibacy to that of coverture; or it may be that a fact mentioned by Douce, "that homicides and adulterers were in ancient times compelled by way of punishment to lead an *ape* by the neck," may have inspired some disappointed suitor with this uncomplimentary prophecy as to the future of old maids.

73. Line 56: *Cunning in music and the* MATHEMATICS.—Surely this is a curious combination, in spite of the intricacies of thorough-bass and counterpoint. It would appear that the education of women in Shakespeare's time was not unworthy of Girton. Queen Elizabeth, doubtless, set the fashion of aiming at scientific more than ornamental accomplishments. But the words *mathematic* and *mathematics* seem to have had a less restricted sense than they have now. In Peel's *Ad Mœcenatem Prologus*, a dedication to the Earl of Northumberland, prefixed to his Honour of the Honourable Order of the Garter, occurs the following passage:

> That admirable *mathematic* skill,
> Familiar with the stars and zodiac,
> To whom the heaven lies open as her book.
> —Works, p. 583.

In Histrio-Mastix (i. 1. 24) we find: "Nay, faith, this after-noone weele spend in hearinge the *Mathematickes* read," where *mathematics* decidedly has a wider meaning than it has with us. And again, in the speech of Chrisoganus (i. 1. 24, 25), we find:

> For 'tis an Axiome with all men of Art,
> *Mathematicum abstrahentem non comittere mendacium.*
> And (for the beauty of it,) what can be
> Urg'd (more extractive) then the face of heaven?
> The misteries that Art hath found therein.
> It is distinguisht into Regions;
> Those Regions fil'd with sundry sorts of starres:
> They (likewise) christned with peculiar names.
> To see a dayly use wrought out of them,
> With demonstrations so infallible,
> The pleasure cannot bee but ravishing.

Here astronomy seems to have been included in *mathematics.* In Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife (ii. 4) is a passage which makes it appear that *mathematics* included astrology:

> Is she a learned woman in the *mathematics?*
> Can she tell fortunes? —Works, vol. i. p. 351.

74. Line 70: *I knew him well.*—Ff. and Q. read I *know* him well, from which it would seem that Baptista did

[1] Since writing the above I came across the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggars Bush, iv. 4:

> *Hig.* Where 's *the ape?*
> *Pugg.* Pox take him,
> A gouty *bear-ward* stole him t' other day.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 225.

not know of Antonio's death. The emendation is Dyce's, and it seems completely justified by i. 2. 102, where Petruchio says:

And he (*i.e.* Baptista) *knew* my deceased father well.

And further on in this scene, line 117:

You (Baptista) *knew* my father well.

It is unlikely, that if Baptista knew Antonio so well, he could have been ignorant of his death.

75. Line 73: *Baccare.*—This was a proverbial expression; it occurs not unfrequently in the writers of the sixteenth century, and seems to have been associated with some story of "Mortimer and his sow." See John Heywood's Epigrams quoted by Farmer (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 414); also the following passage from Ralph Roister Doister (i. 2):

Ah, sir! *Backare*, quod Mortimer to his sow.
—Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 65.

76. Lines 79–81: *freely give unto you this young scholar* [presenting Lucentio], *that hath been long studying at Rheims.*—F. 1, F. 2, Q. read *Freely give unto* (omitting *you*): F. 3, F. 4, *Free leave give unto.* In making *myself* (line 77) the nominative we follow the reading of Camb. Edd. (Glover conj.). Compare above line 55:

I do present you with a man of mine.

The University of Rheims was founded about the middle of the sixteenth century (probably in 1549). It soon obtained a very considerable reputation. (See Notes and Queries, 6th Series, x. No. 236, p. 7).

77. Line 103: *Lucentio is your name.*—Malone justly observes: "How should Baptista know this?" It may be a line has been lost, or Tranio may be supposed to communicate his name to Baptista, while Biondello presents the lute and books which he has brought on.

78. Lines 105, 106:

A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well.

As it appears from act v. sc. 1 that Baptista did not know Vincentio even by sight, it is better to punctuate the passage as in our text, than to preserve the stopping of Ff. Q., which read:

A mighty man of Pisa by report,
I know him well.

79. Line 139: *Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!*—For the punctuation of this passage I am responsible, the ordinary reading being, *Well mayst thou woo*, &c. The meaning I take to be, "Well, may you have the courage to woo, and good luck attend you!" The *Well* indicating that Baptista has his doubts whether Petruchio will not give Kate up as a bad job before he has got very far in his suit.

80. Line 153: "FRETS, *call you these?" quoth she; "I'll* FUME *with them.*"—Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 387–389: "Call me what instrument you will, though you can *fret* me, yet you cannot play upon me."

81. Line 159: *And* "TWANGLING JACK," *with twenty such vile terms.—Twangling*, in North Country dialect, means "small," "weak;" it also means "making a noise on an instrument without playing any regular tune." Shakespeare uses the word only in one other passage, in The Tempest, iii. 2. 146, 147:

Sometimes a thousand TWANGLING *instruments*
Will hum about mine ears.

Addison has "*Twankling* of a brass kettle" (See Richardson's Dict. *sub voce*). *Jack* is used as a term of contempt frequently, *e.g.* I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 99: "the prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup." The expression *jangling Jack* meant, says Douce, "a prating fellow" (Illustrations, p. 204).

82. Lines 171–179.—These lines were very freely adapted and set to music by Sir Henry Bishop, the title of the song being, "Should he upbraid." The words not in Shakespeare are printed in italics.

Should he upbraid, I'll *own that he prevail,*
And sing as sweetly as *the* Nightingale.
Say that *he* frown, I'll say "*his* looks *I view*
As morning roses newly *tipt* with dew,"
Say *he* be mute, I'll *answer with a smile,*
And dance and play, and wrinkled Care beguile.
—(See Shakespeare's Songs, New Shak. Soc. Series viii. Miscellanies, No. 3, p. 53.)

83. Line 174: *As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.*—Compare Milton's L'Allegro, line 22:

And fresh blown roses *wash'd in dew.*

Compare also the Taming of a Shrew, in the scene between the Duke of Cestus, Ferando and Kate (corresponding to iv. 5 of our play):

As glorious as the *morning washt with dew.* —Line 1023.

84. Lines 188–191.—The pun on *Kate* and *cate* is manifest. Shakespeare only uses *cates*=dainties in the plural number, *e.g.* I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 161–163:

I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on *cates.*

I suspect there is some allusion in *Kate of Kate-hall* which has escaped the researches of the commentators.

85. Line 199: *A joint-stool.*—Compare Lilly's Mother Bombie, iv. 2:

Silena. I crie you mercy, I tooke you for a *joynt stoole.*

(Works, vol. ii. p. 121.) In Lear (iii. 6. 54) this identical phrase occurs.

86. Line 202: *No such* A *jade as you, if me you mean.*—F. 1, Q. read:

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

No such jade, SIR, *as you, if me you mean.*

Singer would alter *jade* to *load.* The reading in our text was adopted independently of Walker's conjecture given by Dyce. There is no doubt, from the many passages quoted by Dyce, that *jade* was frequently applied to men as well as to women. Cotgrave translates *Galier* "A JADE, a dull horse." He also gives *jade* as the meaning of *Godal, Rosse*, all these being masculine nouns. The meaning of Katharina's elegant rejoinder is, "Women are made to bear no such a *jade* (worthless horse) as you, if you mean to include me among women."

87. Line 222: *So may you lose your arms.*—The same pun on *arms* and *coat of arms* occurs in Lilly's Mother

Bombie, i. 3: "wee (*i.e.* we fathers) must wearie our legges to purchase our children *armes*," meaning we must work to make them gentlemen (Works, vol. ii. p. 86). A similar punning allusion is made in Hamlet (v. i. 36, 37):

> *Sec. Clo.* Was he a gentleman?
> *First Clo.* A' was the first that ever bore arms.

88. Line 225: *A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!*—Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 78, 79: "I see, lady, the gentleman is not *in your books.*" Petruchio plays upon the double sense of the phrase, "Take me into thy favour," as we still talk of any one as being *in our books*, or *in our good books*, and "put me in your herald's register."

89. Line 282.—Even those who hold this play as nothing better than an "outrageous farce" must confess that Shakespeare, or the mysterious "third party"—that veritable Mrs. Harris of commentators—has succeeded in creating, out of the wretchedly dull and scanty materials afforded by the old play in this scene, as bright and lively an exhibition of repartee as can well be imagined. Note, especially, the air of ironical banter, elevated by the infusion of a poetical tone, which marks Petruchio's complimentary speeches to Katharina. Shakespeare being a dramatist, not a mere writer of dull duologues, gives time for Petruchio's strength of character and imperturbable good humour to win over Katharina's half-soured and self-willed nature. The old writer simply puts together a few ill-digested sentences and makes Katharina's change of feeling towards Petruchio merely arise from a vulgar desire to be married at any cost, as she has "livde so long a maid." Shakespeare's Katharina will not show she is already half-conquered; but it is quite clear that Petruchio has won the first battle.

90. Line 303: *then, good night our part!*—Collier, very unnecessarily, would read *pact* instead of *part*. The meaning of Tranio is "*good night our part* of the bargain! if Petruchio is no nearer marrying her than he seems now, our chance of winning Bianca is gone."

91. Line 313: *'tis a world to see.*—This is an expression often found in writers of the sixteenth century. The meaning is, "It is a wonderful sight;" *e.g.* in the Interlude of the Disobedient Child (about 1560):

> *Sirs, by my troth* IT IS A WORLD TO SEE.
> —Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 291.

92. Lines 325, 326:

> *We will have rings, and things, and fine array;*
> *And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.*

Collier gives the following verse of a ballad "from the recitation of an old lady, who heard it from her mother (then forty), at least sixty years ago."

> To church away!
> We will have rings
> And fine array,
> With other things,
> Against the day,
> For I 'm to be married o' Sunday.

This carries us back a hundred years or so, which is something; though not quite satisfactory. In Ralph Roister Doister (v. 6) the Fourth Song has the refrain:

> I mun *be married a Sunday;*
> I mun *be married a Sunday;*
> Whosoever shall come that way,
> I mun *be married a Sunday.*
> —Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 159.

Probably weddings took place in Shakespeare's time, at least among the country people, most frequently on Sundays. There was a ridiculous song (very popular some twenty years ago), the refrain of which was: "I'll be married next Wed-nes-dee," which had about as much sense in it as the song in Ralph Roister Doister.

93. Line 351: *My hangings all of* TYRIAN TAPESTRY.—Tapestry appears to have been made of various materials, and not confined to the limited sense which it has now. Hakluyt speaks of a "*tapistrie* of feathers of divers colours" (Voyages, vol. iii. p. 316). *Tyrian tapestry* means *tapestry* dyed purple. Compare the following passage in Fawkes' Translation of Theocritus (Idyll 15):

> Lo! *purple tapestry* arrang'd on high
> Charms the spectators with the *Tyrian dye.*

94. Line 353: *my* ARRAS COUNTERPOINTS—*i.e.* what we call *counterpanes.* Steevens tries ingeniously to explain the term *counterpoint* as identical with *counterpoint* in music, because as in the latter "notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other," so in *counterpanes*, "every *pane* or partition in them was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions." Cotgrave gives "*Contrepoinct:* The back stitch or quilting stitch; also, a quilt, *counterpoint.*"

95. Line 377: *in Marseilles' road.*—F. 1, Q. read *Marcellus:* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *Marsellis;* perhaps we ought to retain the latter form, as Hunter suggests, when the fact that the word is used here as a trisyllable would be self-evident.

96. Line 387: *Gremio is* OUT-VIED.—*To vie, to re-vie, to out-vie*, were all terms of the game *Primero*, which was a kind of brag or poker. Compare Sir Gyles Goosecappe, iii. 1: "then did he *vie* it againe with an other hah" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 43). Howel, in his Dictionary, 1660 (according to Malone), explains *out-vie* thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire:" a manœuvre often practised at poker.

97. Line 407: *Yet I have* FAC'D IT WITH A CARD OF TEN.—Another expression taken from *Primero.* A bold player would stand on a ten and perhaps *out-brag* his opponent, who might have a *coat-card*, or court-card, as we term it. Compare Day's Law Trickes, act v.: "haue ye any more of these trickes? I may be *out-fac'd* of my selfe with a *Carde of ten;* but yfaith, Vncle, the best Knaue ith bunch, . . . cannot doo't" [Works, p. 82 (of play)].

98. Line 413: *if I fail not of my* CUNNING.—Perhaps we ought to read, as suggested by Steevens, *of my* DOING, for the sake of the rhyme.

ACT III. Scene 1.

99. Line 4: *But, wrangling pedant, this, her sister, is.*—The reading of all the old copies is:

> But wrangling pedant, this is.

—a line barbarously defective. The emendation in our text is one for which I am responsible; it seems to avoid the cacophonous ending *this is*, and to supply the words which might very easily have been overlooked. Hortensio repeats Lucentio's words *her sister*.

100. Line 18: *I am no* BREECHING *scholar—i.e.* "no schoolboy to be whipped." *To breech*, in the sense of "to flog," occurs in many of the old plays, *e.g.* in Summer's Last Will and Testament, by Thomas Nash: "A couple of pretty boys, if they would wash their faces, and were well *breech'd*" (Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 21); and in Marlowe's Edward the Second:

> I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
> Whose looks were as a *breeching* to a boy.
> —Works, p. 218.

101. Line 28: HAC *ibat Simois*.—Ff. and Q. *Hic;* but the reading in all the texts of Ovid is *Hac*. The joke of mistranslating Latin into English of an entirely different meaning is found in other old plays of the time; *e.g.* in Middleton's Witch, ii. 2:

> *Necte tribus nodis*,—Nick of the tribe of noddies;
> *Ternos colores*,—That makes turned colours; &c.
> —Works, vol. iii. p. 281.

102. Line 50: *Pedascule*.—This word is coined by Hortensio; no other instance of its occurrence can be found: it is meant as a contemptuous form of *didascale*, which would be a Latinized form of the Greek διδάσκαλος.

103. Line 73: "'GAMUT' *I am, the ground of all accord*."—It may be as well here to explain clearly the meaning of Gamut. I am indebted to Mr. Julian Marshall for the following note: "Gamut is only the old word for the scale in music derived from the Greek Γ (Gamma), which was adopted by Guido d'Arezzo (or Aretino) about 1024, as the lowest note of his system, and came afterwards to be applied to the whole range of a voice or instrument. According to his plan the second note [or lowest but one (Γ *ut*)] was called A *re*, the next B *mi*, the fourth C *Fa ut*, the fifth D *sol re*, and the sixth E *la mi*. The syllables expressing the notes were taken from an old Latin hymn to St. John:

> *Ut* queant laxis *re*sonare fibris
> *Mi*ra gestorum *fa*muli tuorum,
> *Sol*ve polluti *la*bii reatum,
> *S*ancte *I*oannes.

The last syllable *Si* was added much later than the others, and *Ut* was changed to *Do*, as being more vocal."

104. Line 81: *To* CHANGE *true rules for* ODD *inventions*.—F. 1, Q. read:

> *To* CHARGE *true rules for* OLD *inventions*.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *To change*. Theobald altered *old* to *odd;* as Malone points out, the same misprint of *old* for *odd* occurs in Richard III. iv. 1. 96, in the line:

> Eighty *odd* years of sorrow have I seen,

where not (as Malone says) "all Qq. except Q. 1," but Q. 5, Q. 6, Q. 7, Q. 8, read *old*. Malone suggests that we might read here:

> To change *new* rules for *old* inventions;

"*i.e.* to accept of *new* rules in exchange for *old* inventions." *Odd* inventions seems to describe better the new Gamut of Hortensio than the old established form.

ACT III. Scene 2.

105. Line 16: *Make* FEASTS, *invite* FRIENDS, *and proclaim the* BANNS.—F. 1, Q. read:

> Make *friends*, invite and proclaim the *banes*,

a line manifestly corrupt, which the Camb. Edd. preserve. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read:

> *Make friends, invite*, YES *and proclaim the banes*,

a correction which seems purely conjectural. The reading in our text is Dyce's emendation, made independently of an anonymous conjecture given by Camb. Edd. The slip is one very likely to be made by a copyist, or even by an author; *friends* being anticipated instead of *feasts*, which was the word most probably intended.

106. Line 28: *For such an injury would vex a saint*.—F. 1, Q. have "a *very* saint;" *very* being, obviously, an unnecessary word.

107. Lines 31, 32: *Master, master! news*, OLD NEWS, *and such news as you never heard of!*—Ff. Q. omit the *old news*, first added by Rowe. The reading in the text is Capell's: Rowe omitted the first *news*. The addition of *old* is justified by line 42 below, where Tranio says, "But say, what is thine *old news?*" Staunton says that by *old news* the speaker obviously intended a reference to the *old* jerkin, *old* breeches, *old* rusty sword, &c., which form part of Petruchio's grotesque equipment.

108. Line 42: *what* IS *thine old news?*—Ff. Q. read:

> *what* TO *thine old news?*

The emendation is Collier's MS.

109. Lines 45, 46: *a pair of boots that have been* CANDLE-CASES.—The boots had been put aside as worn out and had been used for *candle-cases, i.e.* probably, boxes or *cases* to keep long candles in. The word *candle-cases* occurs in How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad, iii. 3:

> *Amin.* . . . how many cases are there?
> *Pip.* Marry, a great many.
> *Amin.* Well-answer'd, a great many: there are six.
> Six, a great many; 't is well-answer'd;
> And which be they?
> *Pip.* A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a *candle-case*.
> —Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 59.

110. Lines 48, 49: *with two broken points*.—Johnson would transpose these words to line 46 above, referring them to the boots, one buckled, another lac'd with two *broken points*. But the *points* may have been part of the accoutrements of the sword.

111. Lines 51–55.—With regard to this passage, Mr. Furnivall, in his comments on Mr. Fleay's paper, says: "was that cattle-disease book's catalogue of the horse's ailments his (*i.e.* Shakespeare's), fond as he is of a list of names or qualities? Was this one up to his level? I doubted at first, but Mr. Tennyson has been good enough to give me his judgment that the horse-passage may well be genuine Shakspere,—it 'has such a rollicking Rabelaisian comic swing about it, that I cannot but suspect it to be genuine Shakspere,'—and I gladly yield" (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1874, pt. i. p. 105).

112. Line 58: *near-legg'd before.*—Ff. Q. read (substantially) *neer-leg'd.* Malone has *ne'er legg'd,* and explains it, "*i.e.* founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never* a fore-leg to stand on. The subsequent words—'which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling,'—seem to countenance this interpretation." Lord Chedworth observes on this phrase: "I believe the old reading, *near-legg'd,* is right: the *near leg* of a horse is the left; and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had (as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson) two left legs, *i.e.* he was awkward in the use of them, he used his right leg like the left. Mr. Malone's reading and interpretation appear to me very harsh" (Lord Chedworth's Remarks, &c., p. 95).

113. Lines 70-72: *an old hat, and* "THE HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES" *prick'd in't for a feather.*—This probably means that Grumio had stuck in his hat, as a feather, some collection of poems such as were called *fancies.* Compare II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 340-343: "and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his *fancies* or his good-nights." But it appears from a passage, quoted by Malone from Peacham's Worth of a Penny, that a *fancy* meant some ornament worn in the *hat* (see Malone's note, Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 444). In that case, there might be an intentional double-meaning in the word *fancies* in our text.

114. Lines 84-88.—Mr. Fleay adduces the presence of these and other "rhymes of one or two measures in each line introduced in the midst of the dialogue," as one of the proofs that the greater part of this play is not Shakespeare's (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1874, pt. i. p. 88). Surely the quotation of these and other such proverbial rhymes can be no proof, one way or another, of the authorship. The lines in the text are probably from some old ballad which has not, however, come down to us.

115. Line 92: *Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.*—This is Pope's emendation. Ff. Q. read:

> *Not so well apparell'd*
> *As I wish you were.*

But that arrangement makes a very awkward verse of line 91.

116. Line 93: *Were it not better I should rush in thus?*—Ff. Q. read:

> *Were it better, I should rush in thus?*

in which case the meaning would seem to be: "If my apparel were better, I should still rush in thus." Various emendations have been made in order to complete the metre, but I confess I cannot see the force of such a remark from Petruchio; it is not so much for *rushing in* that he has to apologize, as for being so late. Further on (lines 107-113) he apologizes, in some sort of manner, for his late arrival; repeating his inquiry, "But where is Kate?" I had arranged the line as in the text, before I saw that Mr. Lettsom, in his note on the passage (Walker's Crit. Exam. vol. iii. p. 68), suggests the same arrangement. It occurred to me, on reading the passage, that Petruchio was going to say, "Were it not better I should rush in thus, than come too late altogether for the ceremony?" But, in this case, we should expect, "*Is* it not better?" &c.; though the subjunctive might be used. One is reminded of Milton's well-known lines in Lycidas (lines 67, 68):

> *Were it not better* done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, &c.

117. Line 119: *To me she's married, not unto my clothes.*—In the old play, Taming of a Shrew, Ferando gives the following reason for his being "basely attired" (lines 442-445):

> For when my wife and I are married once,
> Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out,
> Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
> And therefore am I thus attired awhile.

118. Lines 130-131:

> *But to her love concerneth us to add*
> *Her father's liking.*

Ff. Q. read: *But* sir, *Love concerneth,* &c.; the *sir* being very likely a misprint for *to her.* Theobald reads *to* OUR *love;* but Tyrwhitt justly remarks, in supporting his emendation *to her,* that "We must suppose that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent;* and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter." For a similar elliptical construction of a verb without a nominative compare:

> *remains*
> That, in the official marks invested, you
> Anon do meet the Senate.
> —Coriolanus, ii. 3. 147-149.

119. Lines 174, 175:

> *quaff'd off the* MUSCADEL,
> *And threw the* SOPS *all in the sexton's face.*

It appears that it was the custom, in Shakespeare's time, to carry a bride-cup before the bride: "out of this all the persons present, together with the new-married couple, were expected to drink in the church" (Drake, vol. i. p. 225). Steevens quotes from Robert Armin's comedy, The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke, 1609, the following passage at the beginning of the play:

> *Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*
> *Maid.* Strew, strew.
> *Man.* The *muscadine* stays for the bride at church.

"Again, in The Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household: Article—'For the Marriage of a Princess.'—'Then pottes of Ipocrice to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *soppe,* and to bee borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke,'" &c. The bride-cup was also called the *knitting-cup,* or the *contracting-cup.*

120. Line 180: *And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack.*—Compare Marston's Insatiate Countess, act v.:

> The *kisse* thou gav'st me *in the church,* here take.
> —Works, vol. iii. p. 187.

Malone gives the following extract from the Sarum Missal: "Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, *osculans eam,* et

neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa"[1] (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 451).

121. Lines 200, 201:

Pet. *It may not be.*
Gre. *Let me entreat you.*
Pet. *It cannot be.*
Kath. *Let me entreat you.*

Steevens suggests that the word *stay* should be added at the end of each of these lines; but it is most probable that Shakespeare did not intend the lines to be perfect, as the difference of inflexion of the words, *Let me entreat you*, by Gremio and Katharina would prevent the lines from sounding unrhythmical, while the repetition of the word *stay* would be too tautologous, as it occurs five times in the seven lines 199–205.

122. Lines 206, 207: *the oats have eaten the horses.*—Rolfe very aptly compares, as a similar blundering inversion, Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 113, 114: "you may tell every *finger* I have with my *ribs*." There is surely no need to try and explain Grumio's meaning: the expression is not more ridiculous than that commonly used nowadays, "The horses are eating their heads off."

123. Line 213: *You may be jogging whiles your boots are* GREEN.—Clarke, according to Rolfe, explains this "while they are freshly greased." But it may mean, as Rolfe suggests, nothing more than "while your boots are fresh, new;" though, in that case, it must be said sarcastically, as Petruchio, we know, had on a pair of very old boots. Old black leather, when not re-blackened or varnished, has often a *greenish* tint; so it may be there is a play on the word *green* intended here.

124. Line 240: *Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate.*—This is one of Shakespeare's humorous touches, to which there is no parallel in the Old Play. It is very amusing, this assumption of Petruchio that Katharina was in danger; and his affected anxiety on her behalf must have aggravated her self-willed temper, while she could not openly resent it.

125. Line 250: *You know there wants no* JUNKETS *at the feast.*—Halliwell quotes from Witts Recreations, 1654:

Tarts and custards, cream and cakes,
Are the *junkets* still at wakes.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

126. Line 3: *was ever man so* RAY'D?—This word is used by Spenser. See Fairy Queen, book iii. c. 8, st. 32:

The whiles the pitteous lady up did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly *raid* with filthy soyle.

127. Line 6: *were not I a little pot and soon hot.*—According to the proverb, "a little pot and soon hot." Compare Day's Ile of Gulls, ii. 4: "nay, tho I be but a little pot, I shall be as soone hote as another" [Works, p. 49 (of play)].

[1] "Let both rise, the bridegroom and bride, and let the bridegroom receive the kiss of peace from the priest, and let him carry it to the bride, *kissing her*, and no one else, neither he himself, nor she herself."

128. Line 21: *cast on no water.*—Blackstone gives the words of the following old popular catch:

Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
Fire, fire;—Fire, fire;
Cast on some more water.

129. Lines 28, 29: *I am no beast.*—In order to understand this answer of Curtis, one must look at the use of the word *fellow* by Grumio in the previous speech: "winter tames man, woman and *beast;* for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, *fellow* Curtis." Grumio, by implication, calls himself a *beast, fellow* being used in the sense of equal. So Malvolio says, when Olivia speaks of him as *fellow:* "*fellow*, not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but *fellow*" (Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 85, 86).

130. Line 43: "*Jack, boy! ho! boy!*"—The beginning of an old catch given (according to Rolfe) in Ravenscroft's Pammelia, 1609:

Jacke, boy, ho boy, Newes:
The cat is in the well;
Let us sing now for her knell
Ding dong, ding dong, bell!

"Of course the word *news* suggests it to Grumio." Part of the tune is given in a note by Sir J. Hawkins (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 459).

131. Lines 52, 53: *Be the* JACKS *fair* WITHIN, *the* JILLS *fair* WITHOUT.—A play upon *Jack* and *Jill*—the *jacks* were the drinking vessels, which, being made of leather, could not be kept bright *without*, but must be carefully cleaned *within;* while the *jills*, being of metal, were kept polished *without*.

132. Line 53: *the* CARPETS *laid.*—The sense given here to *carpets*, in the foot-note, that of *table-covers*, is the one generally accepted. Halliwell quotes from an inventory of 1590 among the Stratford-on-Avon MSS. "a *carpet* for a table." But *carpets*, answering more to our Turkey and Persian rugs, were used for state purposes; they were made sometimes of tapestry work; they were also used for window-seats, and were sometimes placed under the chairs of ladies, or of distinguished guests. In How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad (1602), iii. 3, in making preparations to receive her guests, Mistress Arthur asks:

is the hall well rubb'd?
The cushions in the windows neatly laid?
The cupboard of plate set out? the casements stuck
With rosemary and flowers? the *carpets* brush'd?

and a little below she says:

Where's that knave Pipkin? bid him *spread the cloth*,
Fetch the clean diaper napkins from my chest.
—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 54.

From these passages it would appear that *carpets* were certainly not identical with our *table-cloths;* but that, although the same terms were used as covers for tables, they resembled those small gay-coloured rugs still to be seen in Italian houses, which are laid on the waxed or tiled floor in front of sofas and arm-chairs; no doubt some of these rugs were laid in the old English houses above the rushes.

133. Line 96: *of an indifferent knit.*—It seems doubtful

whether *indifferent* here means "not different = the same;" or whether it means "particoloured." Perhaps Grumio only means to say that the garters should be a pair, and not odd ones.

134. Lines 96, 97: *let them curtsy with their left legs.*—*To curtsy* was a form of obeisance not confined to the female sex in Shakespeare's time; it was generally termed in men "making a leg." A very amusing illustration of this custom may be found in Ben Jonson's Epicœne, or the Silent Woman, ii. 1, where Morose makes Mute answer him not by a nod or bow, but by "making a leg:" "But *with your leg*, your answer" (Works, vol. iii. p. 364); and again in scene 3 of the same act: "Answer me not but *with your leg*, unless it be otherwise" (Works, vol. iii. p. 384).

135. Line 123: *What, no man at* THE DOOR.—Ff. Q. omit *the.* Malone says *door* is here, and in other places, used as a dissyllable. But surely the insertion of *the*, an emendation made by Capell, is the more probable remedy for this deficiency in the metre.

136. Line 132: MALT-HORSE *drudge.*—Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 32: "Mome, *malt-horse*, capon," &c. and in Day's Ile of Gulls (ii. 4), where it does not seem to be used in any contemptuous sense, "and then doe I bridle my head like a *malt-horse*" [Works, p. 52 (of play)].

137. Line 137: *There was no* LINK *to colour Peter's hat.*—Steevens quotes from Greene's Mihil Mumchance: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke.*"

138. Line 154: *And bid my* COUSIN FERDINAND *come hither.*—This is the only mention of *cousin Ferdinand:* did Shakespeare intend to introduce him? I fear we have lost what might have been an excellent comic scene between Petruchio, Katharina, and *cousin Ferdinand.*

139. Line 157: *Come, Kate, and* WASH.—It was the practice in Shakespeare's time to *wash* the hands at least before and after every meal; a very necessary precaution, as most people, in those days, ate with their fingers.

140. Line 170: *I'll be with you straight.*—There is a well-known story of a parson in Cumberland, who, being moved to wrath by the practice of certain of his parishioners who went nutting, &c. on the fell, close behind the church, on Sunday morning during the service, at last summoned all the inhabitants of the parish together on a certain day at the church, and preached a vigorous sermon denouncing this practice, ending with the emphatic declaration, "If ye gang again (a nutting, &c.) *I'll gang wi' ye;*" meaning, as Petruchio means here, "I'll be down on you."

141. Line 178: *Than feed it with such* OVER-ROASTED FLESH.—See Comedy of Errors, note 37, ii. 2. 63, and compare above, in this play, iv. 1. 173–175.

142. Line 191, &c.—This soliloquy is a very good instance of the way in which Shakespeare manipulates the original play, while he makes little more than a very slight use of the original. Let us note how much he improves on the language employed in the old play, in which the soliloquy reads thus:

> This humor must I holde me to a while,
> To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife,
> With curbes of hunger: ease: and want of sleepe,
> Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
> Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes.
> And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
> Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
> As were the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
> That King Egeus fed with flesh of men,
> Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
> *As hungry hawkes do flie vnto their lure.*
>
> —Lines 671–681.

143. Line 194: *she must not be* FULL-GORG'D.—Steevens quotes from The Tragedie of Crœsus, 1604:

> And like a hooded hawk, *gorg'd* with vain pleasures,
> At random flies, and wots not where he is.

144. Line 211: *This is a way to kill a wife with kindness*—Perhaps an allusion to Heywood's touching play (1607) A Woman kilde with Kindnesse.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

145. Line 1: *Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca.*—Ff. Q. read *Mistress Bianca:* we have followed Pope in omitting *Mistress.* Tranio, speaking as a servant, would certainly give Bianca the title of *Mistress;* but, speaking as Lucentio, he might well omit such a courtesy.

146. Line 3: *she bears me fair in hand—i.e.* "gives me fair encouragement." Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 81:

> How you were *borne in hand*, how cross'd, &c.

where the phrase evidently means "encouraged," "drawn on."

147. Line 11: *Quick* PROCEEDERS, *marry!*—This passage is printed as verse by most editors, on the authority, it is true, of F. 1, Q., F. 2; but F. 3, F. 4 give it as prose, and surely they are right. Can any one make any lines not excruciatingly unrhythmical of the passage, ending the lines, as is usually done, with *pray, Bianca*, and *Lucentio?* In F. 1 I find that *you* is printed without the capital Y; which, I think, as it stands at the beginning of the supposed line, is decisive that the passage was not intended for verse.

148. Line 15: *Despiteful love!*—Ff. and Q. have *O* at the beginning of this line, which, following Capell, we omit. Walker would place *O*, as an exclamation, in a line by itself: perhaps he is right.

149. Line 31: *flatter'd* HER *withal.*—So F. 3, F. 4. F. 1, Q., F. 2 read *them*, which makes no sense.

150. Line 35: *had quite forsworn* HER.—Rowe added *her*, which is not found in Ff. Q. For a similar double ending compare line 48 below:

> —*but have you both forsworn* ME?

151. Line 54: *Faith, he is gone unto the* TAMING-SCHOOL.—This line is taken *verbatim*, and the two following nearly so, from the old play (lines 706–708):

> *Aurel.* Faith he's gon vnto the *taming schoole.*
> *Val.* The *taming schoole:* why is there such a place?
> *Aurel.* I: and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole.

152. Line 57: *That teacheth tricks* ELEVEN AND TWENTY LONG.—This expression is very obscure, and the only two attempts made to explain it are not very satisfactory. Douce, in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, pp. 209, 210, says that "*Eleven and twenty* is the same as *eleven score*, which signified a great length or number as applied to the exertions of a few or even of a single person. Thus in the old ballad of The low country soldier:

> Myself and seven more
> We fought *eleven score*."

But surely this quotation does not prove much. Clarke says it is "an allusion to the game of one and thirty" (Rolfe's Ed. p. 159). I suppose this means the game of Bone-ace. (See above, note 52.)

153. Line 61: *An ancient* ANGEL.—Various are the emendations proposed here, from the substitution of the word *engle* to that of *ambler*, the invention of Collier's MS. But Cotgrave has under *Angelot à la grosse escaille.* "An *old angell;* and, by Metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest, and worthy stampe." *Angel*, from *angelus*, might mean simply "a messenger;" or it might be used as one who came to intervene as a *deus ex machinâ;* in fact, as we should say nowadays, "a perfect godsend."

154. Line 63: *Master, a* MERCATANTÉ, *or a pedant.*—Ff. Q. read *marcantant.* In Brome's Novella, i. 2, we find:

> The reason is, he meanes to send anon
> A *Mercadante* from the Merceria.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 117.

but there the word is used of a female pedler.

155. Lines 81, 82:

> *'T is death for any one in Mantua*
> *To come to Padua.*

Compare Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 19, 20:

> if any Syracusian born
> Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies.

It seems as if in adapting or rewriting this play from the old Taming of A Shrew, Shakespeare had the Comedy of Errors sometimes in his mind. In Gascoigne's Supposes, the penalty, which *the Scenæse* is supposed to encounter by coming to Ferrara, was no more than confiscation of his goods.

156. Line 95: *Pisa renowned for grave citizens.*—A repetition of i. 1. 10 of this play.

157. Line 117: *To* PASS ASSURANCE *of a dower in marriage.*—Malone says that "*To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed." The word is used in the same sense in scene 4 of this act (lines 91, 92), "they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance.*"

158. Line 120.—It is probable that this part of the plot, in which the Pedant is introduced, is taken from Gascoigne's Supposes, in which *Dulippo* and *Erostrato*, who correspond to *Lucentio* and *Tranio*, agree to pass off *the Scenæse* (or Merchant of Siena) as the father of *Dulippo.* But Shakespeare does not seem to have borrowed "some of the phraseology," as Farmer states; at least I cannot find any sentences taken from the scene in the Supposes. As an instance of Shakespeare's superior dramatic insight, it may be noted that in Gascoigne's play the explanation and preliminary arrangement of the plot occupy more than four pages (*quarto*) of prose dialogue, the result being most wearisome to the reader; and what must it have been to the spectator of the play? Shakespeare's indebtedness to Gascoigne is very little; and some commentators have needlessly augmented it.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

159. Line 11: *And that which* SPITES *me—i.e.* "that which angers me." Compare a song in the Interlude of the Disobedient Child (about 1560), the refrain of which is:

> Wherefore let my father *spite* and spurn,
> My fantasy will never turn!
> —Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 289.

160. Lines 17–30.—It is almost incredible, but Grey says (vol. i. p. 201) that "this seems to be borrowed from Cervantes' account of Sancho Panza's treatment by his physician, when sham Governor of the island of Barataria." The Second Part of Don Quixote, which contains the adventures of Sancho Panza as Governor of the Island, was not published *in Spanish* till 1615; and no English translation appeared before 1620, *four years after Shakespeare's death!!* There certainly is a kindred spirit of humour in both passages; but they were probably entirely independent of one another in their origin. As to Grumio's description of a *neat's foot* and *tripe* as "choleric meats," F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read in line 19 *phlegmatic* instead of *choleric;* but according to Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy, part i. sect. 2, p. 40, ed. 1676), "Generally, all such meats as are hard of digestion breed melancholy. Areteus, lib. 7, cap. 5, reckons up heads and *feet*, bowels, brains, entrals," &c., and (p. 39) *beef* is said to be condemned by Galen, "and all succeeding authors, to breed gross *melancholy* blood."

161. Line 25: *Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.*—The Var. Ed. quotes from The Glass of Humours (no date, p. 60): "as for a cholerick man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," &c.

162. Line 30: *Why then, the mustard,—but without the beef.*—For the insertion of *but* I am responsible: I see that Mr. Ellis makes the same emendation without the — (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1874, part i. p. 117). It seems to me that the humour of the line is increased if Grumio pauses after *mustard*, as if he was going to concede Katharina's demand, and then adds, with sly solemnity, "*but* without the beef."

163. Line 43: *And all my pains is sorted to no proof—i.e.* "has proved to be no use." Johnson quotes Bacon, "We tried an experiment, but it *sorted* not." Rolfe quotes II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 97, 98: "There's never none of these demure boys *come to any proof*," *i.e.* prove to be worth anything.

164. Lines 44, 47.—Shakespeare has improved very much on the old play here, as far as Katharina's character is concerned. She is not quite conquered yet; but hunger

has so far tamed her that she prays him to leave the meat; and thus, when he answers:

> The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
> And so shall mine, before you touch the meat,

she so far conquers her obstinacy and self-will as to say, with a decent assumption of submission and courtesy, "I thank you, sir." In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus (lines 745–749):

> *Feran.* Se here Kate I haue prouided meate for thee,
> Here take it: what ist not worthie thankes,
> Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shallbe
> Thankefull for the next you haue.
> *Kate.* Why I thanke you for it.

165. Line 56: *fardingales, and* THINGS.—The word *things* is not used here merely for the sake of the rhyme, as Johnson suggested: see above, ii. 1. 325. Steevens quotes Chettle's Tragedy of Hoffman (written in 1602, published 1631):

> 'T is true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
> And golden rings, &c.

The word is often used nowadays in the same sense, "She has so many *things*." It does not necessarily imply any idea of meanness or unimportance; for instance, we have in Coriolanus, iv. 5. 122, "Thou noble *thing!*"

166. Line 63: Hab. *Here is the cap,* &c.—Ff. Q. have *Fel.* for the name of the speaker; probably this was an abbreviation of the name of the actor who played the part.

167. Line 65: *A velvet dish.*—Compare Return from Parnassus, "with a rounde *velvet dish* on his head," &c.

168. Line 71: *When you are gentle, you shall have one too.*—This is one of Shakespeare's touches: the rebuke gives an opportunity for Petruchio to show that dignity which is utterly wanting in the character of Ferando.

169. Lines 73–80.—This speech of Katharina's has no parallel in the old play; it is another instance of the way in which Shakespeare elevated the character, and makes one wonder how an actor of presumed intelligence, like Mr. Booth, could suffer this scene to be played throughout in a spirit of the vulgarest farce.

170. Line 91: *Like to a* CENSER *in a barber's shop.*—These censers were very like the braziers one still sees in Southern Italy; more or less ornamental brass dishes with a conical perforated cover. Steevens says: "They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on."

171. Line 107: *Thou liest, thou thimble.*—Ff. Q. read "*thou thread,* thou thimble;" but Petruchio calls him below (line 111) "a skein of *thread;*" and the words *thou thread* are better omitted as spoiling the rhythm of the line.

172. Line 110: *thou winter cricket thou!*—The insect referred to is the house-cricket (*Acheta* or *Gryllus domestica*), more often heard in winter than summer; they delight in the heat of the fire; are generally rather less than an inch in length; it is to their chattering noisy habit that Petruchio especially refers.

173. Line 112: *thou quantity—i.e.* "a very small *quantity.*" Compare II. Henry IV. v. 1. 70, 72, "If I were sawed into *quantities,* I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow."

174. Lines 189, 190:

> *Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,*
> *And well we may come there by dinner-time.*

"The usual hour of dinner, among the upper classes, was eleven o'clock in the forenoon" (Drake, vol. ii. p. 125), while supper was generally between 6 and 7 o'clock p.m.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

175. Line 2: *Ay,* AY, *what else?* &c.—Ff. Q. read I, *what else,* &c. The repetition of *ay,* which makes the line rhythmical and complete, is Hanmer's emendation.

176. Line 7: *With such austerity as 'longs to a father.*—Ff. Q. read *longeth* to a father. Walker suggests "'*longs t'* a father;" but I see no reason for eliding the *to;* the line reads very well with a dactyl there.

177. Lines 9–11:

> *'T were good* THAT *he were school'd.*
> Tra. *Fear you not him.*
> *Sirrah Biondello,*
> *Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.*

For the arrangement of these three lines I am responsible: in Ff. Q. they stand thus:

> *'T were good he were school'd.*
> Tra. *Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,*
> *Now do your duty,* &c.

The insertion of *that* in line 9 makes the metre complete; while the placing of *Sirrah Biondello* as an imperfect line by itself, avoids such an unrhythmical line as that in Ff. Q. and with the exception of the insertion of *that,* not a word of the original text is altered.

178. Line 34: *Me shall you find* MOST *ready and* MOST *willing.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: F. 1, Q. omit the *most* in both cases.

179. Line 46: *The match is* FULLY made.—So Hanmer, who inserted *fully.* Steevens points out that the same expression occurs in iv. 1. 135:

> Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not *fully* made.

180. Line 48: *Where, then, do you hold best.*—So Collier's MS., adopted by Dyce. Ff. Q. read *know.* Collier's seems the best of the various conjectural emendations: though *trow* (Hanmer) is very plausible.

181. Line 62: *It likes me well.* Go, *Cambio, hie you home.*—In F. 1 this passage is printed thus:

> *It likes me well:*
> *Cambio hie you home, and bid Bianca,* &c.

Pope inserted *Go,* which completes line 62. Camb. Edd. propose to read *Biondello,* instead of *Cambio,* giving line 67 to *Biondello* (as in F. 1, Q.). See next note.

182. Line 67: Luc. *I pray the gods she may with all my heart!*—Rowe first gave this line to *Lucentio,* to whom, it seems to me, it certainly ought to belong. Baptista, addressing Lucentio as Cambio, tells him to go to Bianca and bid her get ready as Lucentio's father has arrived,

and she is likely to be Lucentio's wife. As he is going, Lucentio says, in answer to Baptista's last sentence:

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Which is very funny, if said by the disguised *Lucentio;* but has much less point if said by Biondello. Tranio, who enjoys the situation, follows *Lucentio* as he retires, and, with a wink and a laugh (see line 75), emphasizes the joke. *Biondello* makes a signal to *Lucentio* (which he answers) not to go off, as it is necessary he should be informed further of the details of the plot. That Biondello really does not go off the stage is evident from lines 78, 79, where he says, "'*has* (*i.e.* Tranio has) *left me here behind,* to expound," &c. The Camb. Edd. have missed the point of this scene. (See their note xx.)

183. Line 91: *I cannot tell,* EXCEPT—*they are busied,* &c. —F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *except,* which is evidently right. F. 1, Q. *expect.* Our arrangement of the text is the same as Tyrwhitt's.

184. Lines 99–101: *I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit.* —This probably alludes to some old story of which all trace has been lost: perhaps it was some bit of Folk Lore akin to the story of Petrosinella (Parsley) in Basile's Pentamerone.

185. Lines 104, 105: *against you come with your appendix.*—Biondello above (line 93) uses the Latin phrase *cum privilegio, &c.,* which was put on books when the exclusive right of printing them had been granted: here he uses another word from book-printing (as Clarke points out); Lucentio's bride being his *appendix,* in which case, as in some books, the appendix might prove the better half of the publication.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

186. Line 9: *Go* ONE, *and fetch our horses back again.*—So Capell. F. 1, Q. read *on;* but Rolfe suggests that it means "Go *on* to Long-lane end," where, according to iv. 3. 187, the men were to bring the horses.

187. Line 16: *I know it is.*—Ff. Q. read, redundantly, "I know it is *the moon.*"

188. Line 26: *But, soft!* WHAT *company is coming here?* —Ritson inserted *what.* Compare in the old play (line 1005):

But soft whose this thats comming here.

189. Line 30: *Such war of white and red within her cheeks!*—Compare Lucrece (line 71):

Their silent war of lilies and of roses.

"Their" referring to "beauty's red and virtue's white" (line 65).

190. Lines 39–41.—Imitated from Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, book iv. edn. 1587, p. 56:

—right happie folke are they
By whome thou camst into this world; right happie is (I say)
Thy mother and thy sister too (if anie be:) good hap
That woman had that was thy nurse, and gave thy mouth hir pap.
But far above all other far, more blist than these is shee
Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bed-fellow for to bee.

The original will be found in Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. iv. lines 322–326.

191. Line 47: *That everything I look on seemeth green.* —Blackstone observes (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 500) that "When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green.*"

192. Line 53: *Fair sir,—and you my merry* MISTRESS.—Steevens says, "*mistress* is here used as a trisyllable;" but is not it a case where a pause supplies the place of a foot in the line?

193. Line 55: *My name's Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa.*—Ff. Q. My name *is called* Vincentio, &c. The reading in the text is Lettsom's conjecture.

194. Line 64: *Nor be not* GRIEVED: SHE'S *of good esteem.*—In F. 1 *grieved* has not the final *ed* elided: therefore we have printed *she's* and not *she is* for the sake of the rhythm.

195. Line 77: *Well,* WELL, *Petruchio, this has put me in heart.*—The second *well* I have ventured to insert, as without some extra syllable the line, as given in Ff. Q., is imperfect.

196. Lines 78, 79:

Have to my widow! and if shé be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be UNTOWARD.

So Ff. Q. But might we not read *toward* in the sense of "bold?" Compare III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 63–66:

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a *toward* prince.

ACT V. Scene 1.

197. Line 6: *and then come back to my* MASTER'S.—Ff. Q. *mistris.* The correction is Capell's. F. 1, Q. have the same mistake in line 55: "didst thou never see thy *master's* (F. 1, Q. *mistris*) father?"

198. Lines 31, 32: *his father is come from* PISA.—Ff. Q. read *Padua,* which does not make sense; for there can be no possible sense in his saying, when *in* Padua, that he came *from* Padua.

199. Line 70: *a* COPATAIN HAT.—This kind of hat appears to have been a high conical hat, variously called "copotain," "capatain," and "coptankt," according to Planché's Encyclopædia of Costume (vol. i. p. 258). Gascoigne in his Councell to Withipoll, included in his Hearbes, speaks of

A *Copotain*[1] hatte made on a Flemmish blocke.
—Works, vol. i. p. 375.

200. Line 118: *Right son* UNTO *the right Vincentio.*—Ff. Q. read:

Right son TO *the right Vincentio;*

printing lines 116–118 as prose; and it is quite possible

[1] We take our quotation *literatim* from the Roxburghe reprint, edited by Hazlitt. In the Table of Collations, with which he prefaces his edition, he gives *coptancke* as the original form of the word in all the old copies; but it is to be noted that both Steevens and Nares, when quoting this passage, give the word as *coptankt,* while Planché quotes it *copthank:* so that, as to the orthography of the word, there would seem to be much doubt.

they were right. If we print it as verse the slight emendation of *unto* for *to* by Capell is necessary.

201. Line 120: *While counterfeit* SUPPOSES *blear'd thine eyne.*—This is said to be a reference to Gascoigne's *Supposes*, a play to which, as has been already explained, Shakespeare seems to have been partly indebted for some incidents in the plot. But it is quite possible there may be no such reference; for "It appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's Metamorphosis, that *supposes* was a game of some kind: 'After *supposes*, and such ordinary sports, were past, they fell to prattle,' &c." (see Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 507). *To blear the eye* means *to deceive.* Compare Chaucer's Manciple's Tale:

> For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye.*
> —Works, vol. iii. p. 286.

202. Line 121: *Here's* PACKING *with a witness.*—Compare Lear, iii. 1. 25, 26:

> what hath been seen,
> Either in snuffs and *packings* of the dukes.

203. Line 130: *And happily I have arriv'd* AT LAST.—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: F. 1, Q. "*arrived at* THE *last.*"

204. Line 145: *My cake is dough.*—See note 35 of this play. The following quotation from Howel's Letters illustrates well the meaning of the phrase. Speaking of the birth of Louis the Fourteenth he says: "The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfull'st thing of this kinde that any story can parallel; for this is the three-and-twentieth yeer since she was married, and hath continued childlesse all this while; so that now Monsieur's *cake is dough.*" Epistolæ Hoelianæ, Letter 37, p. 58, edn. 1645. *Monsieur*, of course, was Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who would have succeeded his brother, Louis XIII., had not the Dauphin been born.

205. Lines 147–155.—This incident, so very characteristic, of Petruchio making Katharina kiss him in the street, which prepares us very pleasantly for her perfect submission and new-born gentleness in the next scene, does not exist in the old play, but is one of Shakespeare's own dramatic touches.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

206. Line 18: *You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense.*—Ff. Q. read, redundantly: "You're *very* sensible." Compare note 106 above.

207. Line 45: *Have at you for a* BITTER *jest or two!*—Ff. Q. read *better*, which Steevens thinks might have meant merely "good." Most editors have adopted Capell's emendation *bitter*, which seems justified by iii. 2. 13 above:

> Hiding his *bitter* jests in blunt behaviour.

208. Line 54: *A good* SWIFT *simile.*—See note 60, Love's Labour's Lost.

209. Line 66: *Let* US *each one send* WORD *unto his wife.*—Ff. Q. read:

> *Let's each one send unto his wife.*

Various emendations have been proposed; for that adopted in our text I am responsible.

210. Lines 75, 76:

> Hor. *Who shall begin?*
> Luc. *That will I.—Biondello,*
> *Go, bid your mistress come to me.*
> Bion. *I go*

Arranged in Ff. Q. thus:

> Hor. *Who shall begin?*
> Luc. *That will I.*
> *Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.*
> Bion. *I go.*

In order to make the metre less irregular and defective, I have ventured to make a slight transposition of some of the words and rearrange the lines as in our text.

211. Line 97: *She will not* COME.—Ff. Q. read: "She will not." The *come* was first added by Steevens.

212. Line 106: *Here is a wonder, if you talk of* WONDERS.—Lettsom's conjecture: Ff. Q. read: "if you talk of *a wonder.*"

213. Lines 136–179: To form a clear idea of Shakespeare's great superiority both as a dramatist and poet, let us compare this beautiful speech with the one in the old play, which runs as follows (lines 1290–1318):

> *Kate.* Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills,
> Now list to me and marke what I shall say,
> Theternall power that with his only breath,
> Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
> Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
> For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
> Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
> Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
> The first world was, a forme, without a forme,
> A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
> A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
> Where all the elements were orderles,
> Before the great commander of the world,
> The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
> Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,
> And made all things to stand in perfit course.
> Then to his image he did make a man.
> Olde Adam and from his side a sleepe,
> A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
> The woe of man so termd by Adam then,
> Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
> And for her Sin was Adam doomd to die,
> As Sara to her husband, so should we,
> Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them,
> If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
> Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
> If that by that we, might procure there ease,
> And for a president Ile first begin,
> And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.
> *She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.*

214. Lines 147–149:

> *one that cares for thee,*
> *And for thy maintenance: commits his body*
> *To painful labour both by sea and land.*

In F. 1 this passage is printed thus:

> *one that cares for thee*
> *And for thy maintenance. Commits his body,* &c.

But the Camb. Edd. and Globe Edd., without alleging any authority, alter the sense of the whole passage by omitting the stop after *maintenance.* Surely Shakespeare's meaning is clearly and forcibly expressed by the punctuation of F. 1, "he cares (*i.e.* takes care) for thee and for thy maintenance;" not as the Camb. Edd. have it,

"he cares for thee, and for thy maintenance commits his body to painful labour," &c. Grant White and Rolfe follow Camb. Edd. but do not offer any reason for making a change which renders the speech much less forcible.

215. Line 186: *'T was I won the wager, though you* HIT THE WHITE.—There is a punning allusion to the name of *Bianca* (*white*): *to hit the white* was equivalent to getting a bull's-eye.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note
23. i. 1. 14. *Lucentio his son.* So Hanmer and Heath.
28. i. 1. 48. *Gentlemen,* PRAY *impórtune me no farther.*
43. i. 1. 216. *In brief, sir, sith it thus your pleasure is.* Sith it is your pleasure thus. Camb. Edd.
61. i. 2. 146. *Hark you; I'll have them very fairly bound.*
79. ii. 1. 139. *Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!*
86. ii. 1. 202. *No such* A *jade as you, if me you mean.* So Walker's conj. (given by Dyce).
99. iii. 1. 4. *But, wrangling pedant, this,* HER SISTER, *is.*
116. iii. 2. 93. *Were it not better I should rush in thus?* So Lettsom suggests.
162. iv. 3. 30. *Why then, the mustard,*—BUT *without the beef.* So Ellis (without the —).
176. iv. 4. 7. *With such austerity as 'longs to a father.* Walker has *'longs t' a* father.

Note
177. iv. 4. 9–11.
'T were good that he were school'd.
Tra. *Fear you not him*
Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
192. iv. 5. 53. *Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress.* (— supplied.)
194. iv. 5. 64. *Nor be not grieved:* SHE'S *of good esteem.*
195. iv. 5. 77. *Well,* WELL, *Petruchio, this has put me in heart.*
209. v. 2. 66. *Let us each one send* WORD *unto his wife.*
210. v. 2. 75, 76.
Hor. *Who shall begin?*
Luc. *That will I.—Biondello,*
Go, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. *I go.*

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note
3. Ind. 1. 9, 10. *Go*—BY S. JERONIMY—*go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*
68. i. 2. 282. *Petruchio, I shall be your* BEN V'NUTÓ.
196. iv. 5. 78, 79. *Have to my widow! and if shé be froward,*
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be TOWARD.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*Aglet-baby	i.	2	79
Amid[1]	iv.	1	206
Appendix	iv.	4	105
*Apple-tart	iv.	3	89
Askance[2]	ii.	1	249
Bedazzled	iv.	5	46
Beetle-headed	iv.	1	160
Be-mete	iv.	3	113
Bemoiled	iv.	1	78
Bestraught	Ind.	2	27
Bolster[3]	iv.	1	204
Bondmaid	ii.	1	2
Boot-hose	iii.	2	68
Bossed	ii.	1	355
Bottom[4] (sub.)	iv.	3	138
Breeching[5]	iii.	1	18
Buttery[6]	Ind.	1	102
Caged[7]	Ind.	2	38
Candle-cases	iii.	2	46
Card-maker	Ind.	2	20
Cart (verb)	i.	1	55
Cavil (sub.)	ii.	1	392
Ceremonial (adj.)	iii.	2	6
Chapeless	iii.	2	48
Chiders	i.	2	228
Clang (sub.)	i.	2	207
Combless	ii.	1	227
Commonty	Ind.	2	140
Conserves[8] (sub.)	Ind.	2	3
Contributors	i.	2	215
Contrive[9]	i.	2	276
Copatain (hat)	v.	1	69
Counterpoints	ii.	1	353
Coverlet[10]	iv.	1	205
Crack-hemp	v.	1	46
Cuffs[11] (sub.)	iv.	3	56
*Custard-coffin	iv.	3	82
*Demi-cannon	iv.	3	88
Devote (adj.)	i.	1	32
Diaper	Ind.	1	57

1 Venus and Adonis, 20.
2 Venus and Adonis, 342; Sonn. 110. 6; as verb in Lucrece, 637.
3 As verb, in Othello, iii. 3. 399.
4 Meaning "a ball of thread."
5 *Preeches*, by which Sir Hugh Evans probably means "*breeched*," is used in Merry Wives, iv. 1. 81.
6 *Buttery-bar* is used in Twelfth Night, i. 3. 74.
7 Lover's Complaint, 249.
8 Occurs twice again in same scene, lines 7, 8. In Othello, iii. 4. 75, *conserves* is the reading of Q. 1; but *conserved*, the reading of Ff., is generally adopted.
9 In the sense of "to wear out."
10 Lucrece, 394.
11 i.e. *cuffs* of a sleeve. *Cuff*= blow with the hand, occurs twice in this play, iii. 2. 165, iv. 1. 67; and in Hamlet, ii. 2. 373.

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Disquiet (adj.)	iv.	1	171
Dog-weary	iv.	2	60
Dough	i.	1	110
	v.	1	145
Dresser	iv.	1	166
Ethics[12]	i.	1	32
Eye-sore[13]	iii.	2	103
Fashions[14]	iii.	2	53
Fives[14]	iii.	2	55
Flap-eared	iv.	1	160
Frets[15] (sub.)	ii.	1	150
	ii.	1	153
Frolic[16] (verb)	iv.	3	184
*Full-gorged	iv.	1	194
Galliases	ii.	1	380
Gamut[17]	iii.	1	67
Girth[18]	iii.	2	61
Half-checked	iii.	2	58
*Hasty-witted	v.	2	40
*Hazel-twig	ii.	1	255
Headstall	iii.	2	59
Hipped	iii.	2	49
Horse-tail	iv.	1	97

[12] Ff. Q. read *checkes;* but *ethics* (Blackstone's conjecture) is usually adopted.

[13] Lucrece, 205.

[14] A disease of horses.

[15] Lucrece, 1140.

[16] Used as an adj. in Mids. Night's Dream, v. 1. 394.

[17] Occurs three times again, just below, in this scene.

[18] Occurs in Venus and Adonis, 266.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Hungerly[19] (adj.)	iii.	2	177
*Ill-seeming	v.	2	143
Incredible	ii.	1	308
Intolerable (adv.)	i.	2	89
Jugs	Ind.	2	90
Junkets	iii.	2	259
Keep (sub.)	i.	2	118
Knit (sub.)	iv.	1	96
Lampass	iii.	2	53
Logger-headed	iv.	1	128
Logic	i.	1	34
Longly	i.	1	170
Loose-bodied	iv.	3	134, 135
Lure[20] (sub.)	iv.	1	195
Mad-brain (adj.)	iii.	2	10
Man[21] (verb)	iv.	1	196
Mathematics	i.	1	37
	ii.	1	56, 82
Meacock	ii.	1	315
*Mean-apparelled	iii.	2	75
Mercatante	iv.	2	63
Metaphysics	i.	1	37
Mose	iii.	2	52
Mother-wit	ii.	1	265
Mothy	iii.	2	50
Muscadel	iii.	2	174
*Narrow-prying	iii.	2	148

[19] Used as an adverb twice, Timon, i. 1. 262, and Othello, iii. 4. 105.

[20] Venus and Adonis, 1027.

[21] In the sense of "to tame" (a hawk).

	Act	Sc.	Line
*Near-legged	iii.	2	58
Needlework	ii.	1	356
Obeisance	Ind.	1	108
Out-talk	i.	2	248
Out-vied	ii.	1	387
Over-leather	Ind.	2	13
Over-merry	Ind.	1	137
Parsley	iv.	4	101
Peat	i.	1	78
Pip	i.	2	34
Pithy	iii.	1	68
Pittance	iv.	4	61
Plash (sub.)	i.	1	23
Proceeders	iv.	2	11
*Proud-minded	ii.	1	132
*Quick-witted	v.	2	38
Rayed	iii.	2	54
	iv.	1	3
*Rope-tricks	i.	2	113
Rose-water	Ind.	1	56
*Rush-candle	iv.	5	14
Sail-maker	v.	1	80
Scrivener	iv.	4	59
Shoulder-shotten	iii.	2	57
Skipper	ii.	1	341
Sleekly	iv.	1	94
Slish[22]	iv.	3	90
Slit (verb)	v.	1	134
Slow-winged	ii.	1	208
Smack (a kiss)	iii.	2	180
Soud	iv.	1	145
Specially	i.	1	20
	i.	1	121

[22] In the phrase "slish and slash."

	Act	Sc.	Line
Staggers[14]	iii.	2	56
Stoics	i.	1	31
Studs[23]	iii.	2	64
Super-dainty	ii.	1	189
Swayed[24]	iii.	2	57
*Taming-school	iv.	2	54, 55
Third-borough[25]	Ind.	1	12
Three-legged	i.	1	64
Trance[26]	i.	1	182
Transmutation	Ind.	2	21
Tripe	iv.	3	20
Trunk (adj.)	iv.	3	142
Undress	Ind.	2	119
Unexperienced	iv.	1	86
Unpinked	iv.	1	136
Valance	ii.	1	356
Velure	iii.	2	63
Walnut-shell	iv.	3	66
Wealthily	i.	2	75, 76
*Wedding-garment	iv.	1	52
Widowhood	ii.	1	125
Windgalls[14]	iii.	2	54
Workmanly	Ind.	2	62
Yellows[14]	iii.	2	55

[23] Pilgrim, 366.

[24] The verb *sway* is used frequently by Shakespeare in its ordinary sense. Ff. Q. read here *waid;* but *swayed* = strained, Hanmer's conjecture, is generally adopted.

[25] Ff. Q. here read *headborough. Tharborough*, another form of *third-borough*, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 185.

[26] Lucrece, 974, 1595.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Prince of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, the Carpenter.
SNUG, the Joiner.
BOTTOM, the Weaver.
FLUTE, the Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, the Tinker.
STARVELING, the Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA, Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK or ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a Fairy.
PEASEBLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, }
MOTH, } Fairies.
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other Fairies attending on Oberon and Titania.

PYRAMUS, }
THISBE, }
WALL, } Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.
MOONSHINE, }
LION, }

SCENE—Athens and a Wood not far from it.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Day 1. Act I.
Day 2. Acts II. III. and part of Scene 1, Act IV.
Day 3. Part of Scene 1, Act IV.: Scene 2, Act IV. and Act V.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Traditional.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

THIS play was first printed in 1600 in Quarto, with the following title:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times pub | *lickely acted, by the Right honoura* | ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | *seruants.* | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to | be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, | in *Fleetestreete.* 1600.

In the same year another Quarto appeared, the title being:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times pub | *likely acted, by the Right Honoura* | ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | *seruants.* | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | *Printed* by Iames Roberts, 1600.

The first Quarto was entered by Fisher on the Stationers' Register in October, 1600. Roberts' edition is not entered at Stationers' Hall; and, as it was followed by the editors of the first Folio, and contains more stage directions than Fisher's edition, it may probably have been a pirated reprint of Fisher's, made for the use of the players; for it is difficult to believe that Fisher's edition should have become so rare, before the first Folio was printed, that the editors were not able to avail themselves of it, had they wished to do so. The play is mentioned by Meres, in Palladis Tamia, so that it must have been acted before 1598. This is all the direct evidence we have as to its date; but that it was among Shakespeare's early plays the internal evidence leaves little room for doubt. It has been supposed, by many commentators, that a Midsummer Night's Dream was written expressly for some particular marriage festivities. Tieck and Ulrici thought that the nuptials, so honoured, were those of Lord Southampton; but Elze, Kurz, and Dowden think that it was written for the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Walsingham, the widow of Sidney, which took place in the early spring of 1590. It may be doubted, however, whether Oberon's song, at the conclusion of the play, has any connection with any other marriage ceremony than that of Theseus and Hippolyta. At any rate there is not the slightest external evidence to support this theory.

The remarkable description by Titania in ii. 1. 88–117 has been supposed to refer to some especially phenomenal weather which had recently occurred when this play was first produced. Stowe, in his Annals, records in the year 1594–5 a time of great dearth, when all the necessaries of life rose to an enormous price, consequent on the heavy rains which took place during May, June, and July, 1594, and in September of the same year. It is, probably, to this dearth that Titania's speech refers.[1] In fact the year 1595 may be approximately fixed as the date when this play was first produced; but it may have been earlier. The detailed descriptions of the country, flowers, &c., and the clowns' interlude, both point to its having been one of those plays, of which the plan, at least, was composed when Shakespeare's life at Stratford-on-Avon was fresh in his memory.

The well-known lines, v. 1. 52, 53:

> The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
> Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary,

have been fixed upon by nearly all commentators as having special reference to some recent event. In the opinion of some this event

[1] See *Forewords* to Stafford's *Examination*, &c. New Shak. Soc. Publications (Series vi., No. 3, P. xiv.), where the extracts from Stowe, relating to this dearth, are given.

was the death of Spenser; but as this occurred on January 16th, 1599, the allusion must have been inserted after the play was first produced, if they refer to the death of the author of the Fairy Queen. The poem which Spenser called The Tears of the Muses appeared in 1591; and it is to that these allusions are thought by some to refer. The most probable explanation is that they refer to the death of Greene, who died in the autumn of 1592. Greene parades the fact, on the title-page of his works, that he was *Magister Artium utriusque Universitatis;* so that the words "Learning late deceas'd in beggary" would certainly describe his death, which took place, in the utmost misery and want, in a London attic. The words, v. 1. 54:

This is some satire, keen and critical

would seem to imply that the death, of whomsoever it might be, was not regarded by Shakespeare with any feelings of reverent sorrow, such as would be occasioned by the death of one whom he respected and loved. It is certain he could not have entertained such feelings for Robert Greene. Other circumstances that may guide us in determining the date of the play are—first, the fact that a new edition was published, in 1595, of North's Translation of Plutarch, containing the life of Theseus, to which Shakespeare may have been indebted for some details concerning Theseus mentioned in this play. Secondly, that Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, which first appeared in a complete form in 1567, and was afterwards reprinted five times between that date and 1593—in the latter year two reprints appeared—containing, as it did, the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, may have suggested to Shakespeare the subject of the Interlude.[1]

This play seems to have been one of the most early original plays of Shakespeare. There is no story or older dramatic work, as yet discovered, upon which it could be founded. It does not appear that Shakespeare owed anything, not even a hint, much less the groundwork of the story, to the Knight's Tale in Chaucer; no doubt he took some of the incidents of the Interlude from "The Legend of Tisbe of Babylon" in the older author's Legends of Fair Women (Chaucer's Minor Poems, vol. ii. pp. 285–291).

The popularity of this play in Shakespeare's time gave rise to the publication of several works suggested by the fairy portion of this play: (1) A play (probably) mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, as written by Henry Chettle, under the date 7th September and 9th September, 1602, called Robin Goodfellowe; (2) A ballad called "The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. To the tune of *Dulcina.* London, printed for H[enry] G[osson] *circa* 1630." This is the same ballad printed by Percy (Reliques, pp. 498–501), and attributed to Ben Jonson without any apparent authority. (3) A tract published in 1628 under the title of "Robin Good-Fellow; His Mad Prankes, and Merry Jests," &c. (Printed in two parts, 1628.) On the other hand, it has been thought that Shakespeare might have been indebted for the name of Oberon, and for the idea of the Fairy Court, to Robert Greene's drama "The Scottish Historie of James the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oboram King of Fayeries" printed in 1598; but, except the name of the King of the Fairies, there does not seem anything in common between the two plays. It appears, however, that "Oberon and Titania had been introduced in a dramatick entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in 1591, when she was at Elvetham in Hampshire; as appears from A Description of the Queene's Entertainment in Progress at Lord Hartford's, &c. printed in 4to. in 1591" (Var. Ed. vol. ii. p. 337). It is possible that from this source Shakespeare took some of the names in his piece.

STAGE HISTORY.

This play must have been more popular in Shakespeare's time, and during the first half of the seventeenth century, than it was during the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. John Gee, in 1624, alludes to it: "As for flashes of light, we might see very cheape in the Comedie of *Piramus* and

[1] For some account of various stories and poems on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe, published in the 16th and 17th centuries, see note 44.

Thisbe, where one comes in with a Lanthorne and Acts *Mooneshine*" (New Shreds of the old Snare, &c., 1624, pp. 17, 20).

In 1630 John Taylor, the Water Poet, mentions it as if it were a popular play: "I say as it is applawsefully written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer nights dreame. If we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend, and shew our simple skill" [Epistle prefixed to "Sir Gregory Nonsense; his news from no place." Works (collected by himself), 1630. Folio. First piece in the Second Part]. Many people think that this play is the one referred to in the following order made by Commissary-general John Spencer in 1631: "Likewise wee doe order that Mr. Wilson because hee was a speciall plotter and Contriver of this busines and did in such a brutishe Manner act the same with an Asses head, therefore he shall vppon Tuisday next from 6 of the Clocke in the Morning till sixe of the Clocke at night sitt in the Porters Lodge at my Lord Bishopps house with his feete in the stockes and Attyred with his Asse head and a bottle of haye sett before him and this superscripcion on his breast;

> Good people I have played the beast
> And brought ill things to passe
> I was a man, but thus have made
> Myselfe a Silly Asse."
> —Lambeth MS. 1030, art. 5, p. 3.

But there is some doubt whether this does refer to the character of Bottom; for, elsewhere, Spencer speaks of the play as a comedy "contrived" by "one Mr. Wilson" [See Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse, p. 354 (note)].

The popularity of this play, after Shakespeare's death, is further confirmed by the fact that it was one of the plays, portions of which were converted into "Drolls," and represented during the Protectorate in spite of the ordinance of the Long Parliament against stage plays. Kirkman (1673) says in his work on "Drols and Farces:" "When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the Actors forbidden to present us with any of their Tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest, and Comedies, because the Vices of the Age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert our selves with were these humours and pieces of Plays, which passing under the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called *Bottom the Weaver*, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such Title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the like."[1] The exact title of the "Droll," which is printed in Part II. of the above-mentioned work, was "The merry conceited Humours of Bottom the Weaver." This "Droll" appears to have been printed alone as a comedy in 1661.

It is one of the plays which Pepys witnessed; but not with any great admiration, as is evident from the following account he gives of it (under date 29th September, 1662): "To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever see again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life" (vol. ii. p. 51).

The next mention of the piece we find is in Downes' Roscius Anglicanus, as: "The Fairy Queen, made into an Opera, from a Comedy of Mr. Shakespear's." The music being by Purcell, the dances by Priest. This piece was produced in 1692; and, according to Downes: "The Court and Town were wonderfully satisfy'd with it; but the expences in setting it out being so great, the Company got very little by it" (p. 57). Genest gives a condensed account of the plot and *scenario* of this piece (see vol. ii. pp. 25, 26), from which we extract the following particulars: "Act 5th—The Duke, Egeus &c. enter—the four lovers wake and go out to be married—Bottom wakes and speaks his soliloquy—the Clowns enter and go through the last scene of the original 4th Act—The Duke and the serious characters re-enter—and afterwards the Fairies—Oberon tells the Duke he will feast his eye and ear—Juno appears in a machine—the Peacocks spread their tails and fill the middle of the Theatre—the scene changes to a Chinese Garden—a Chinese man and woman sing—6 Monkies dance &c. &c.—Oberon and Titania speak a sort of Epilogue." Genest adds some-

[1] All the above quotations are taken from Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse.

what inconsistently: "On the whole this play does not differ materially from the original; several slight changes are made in the dialogue—the character of Hippolita is omitted—Theseus' speech about 'the poet's eye' &c. is sadly mutilated—a great deal of machinery, singing, and dancing are introduced."

On 29th October, 1716, an operetta, by Leveridge, taken from this play, was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and on 3rd February, 1755, a new English opera, called The Fairies, was produced at Drury Lane, the dialogue of which was taken from A Midsummer Night's Dream, with about twenty-seven songs added.

The next representation of this piece seems to have taken place, at Drury Lane Theatre, on 23rd November, 1763. Of this version of Shakespeare's play Genest says: "it was acted but one night—it is a bad alteration of the original—nearly the whole of the Mock Play is omitted, and Shakespeare's piece is turned into a sort of Opera with 33 songs." Garrick was responsible for this precious tribute to Shakespeare's genius; though Colman got the credit of it for some little time. On 26th November it was cut down to an afterpiece, "Theseus and all the serious characters" being omitted. In this shape it was acted several times during the season 1763, 1764; and revived at the Haymarket Theatre on 10th July, 1777, when Parsons played Bottom.

The next record we find of any representation of this play is on 17th January, 1816: "Not acted 50 years, Midsummer Night's Dream, in 3 Acts." The cast included Liston as Bottom, Emery as Quince, Miss Stephens as Hermia, Miss Foote as Helena, and Miss Sara Booth as the Puck. The version was by Reynolds. Genest (see vol. viii. pp. 545, 546) sums up his account of it thus: "Yet this alteration does Reynolds no credit—it is so far better than that of 1763, as he has about 16 songs instead of 33—he has also restored the mock Tragedy and some other passages of the original" (p. 548).

This play was included in Phelps' series of revivals at Sadler's Wells Theatre. It was produced with Mendelssohn's music, and the most artistic scenery, dresses, &c., by Charles Kean, on 15th October, 1856. Harley played Bottom, and Mr. Frank Matthews was Quince; but the revival was chiefly remarkable for the fact that Puck was played by Miss Ellen Terry.

For his revival of the play at the Gaiety Theatre, in February, 1875, Mr. John Hollinghead persuaded Phelps to reappear in his old part of Bottom. The cast included Miss Herbert as Helena, Miss Loseby as Oberon, and Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson as Lysander. Sadler's Wells Theatre saw the comedy again in 1880, when Mr. Edward Saker produced it. On December 19th, 1887, Mr. Benson gave the play at the Globe Theatre. In 1895 the American manager, Augustin Daly, revived it at Daly's Theatre, Miss Ada Rehan taking the part of Helena. On this occasion, the manager presented an arrangement of his own. A very charming performance was that given at the Crystal Palace in 1886, under the direction of Mr. Oscar Barrett, whose mounting and staging of the piece were in excellent taste. Perhaps the most elaborate of all settings, however, was that of the superb revival at Her Majesty's, January 10th, 1900, by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree. Miss Julia Neilson was the Oberon, Mrs. Tree the Titania, Miss Dorothea Baird the Helena, Miss Louie Freear the Puck. Mr. Tree played Bottom, and Mr. Lewis Waller Lysander.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This is the only play of Shakespeare's, besides the Tempest, in which supernatural or non-human characters are introduced as taking an important part in the dramatic action.[1] For we cannot include the disembodied spirits or ghosts introduced in Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VIII., Julius Cæsar, or the pagan deities in Cymbeline and Pericles, or the apparitions in Macbeth, as characters essential to the action of those plays. A comparison of A Midsummer Night's Dream with the Tempest will serve to show us, better than any amount of essays, the enormous advance which Shakespeare made in intellectual and dramatic power during the period that he was writing for the

[1] Of course the ghost of Hamlet's father, supernatural because he is a ghost, but essentially human in the interest which surrounds him, must be excepted.

stage. How much more subtle, from a mere psychological point of view, how much more effective, from a dramatic point of view, are Ariel and Caliban, compared with Oberon and Titania and even Puck; to say nothing of the fairy supernumeraries who figure in this play! It is somewhat remarkable that though Shakespeare has represented the Fairies, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, as beings of diminutive size, he has endowed them with all the weaknesses, and vices, we may almost say, of human nature. How infinitely inferior in conception is Puck to Ariel! The earlier creation is simply the embodiment, poetical to a certain degree, of the Robin Goodfellow who figured as a mischievous elf in so many old women's tales. The latter creation is an ethereal if not spiritual being, whose intense yearning for liberty, the characteristic of all pure creatures, is so pathetic. Some writers have pointed out the contrast between the vulgar clowns who furnish the comic element of this play, and the fairy beings who make such sport of the human lovers, and, it may be added, of one another. But, granting that the tiny elves, who minister to Bottom's wants, are more refined than his fellow-actors in the Interlude, yet, as regards the highest moral qualities, there is surely little to choose between the fairies and the mortals in this play. Oberon and Titania are perpetually quarrelling; and are actuated by as contemptible motives—indeed we may say by more contemptible ones—than Lysander and Hermia, or Demetrius and Helena. Puck is quite as successful in debasing the nature of Titania as he is in corrupting the fidelity of Lysander or Demetrius. Wrangling between the Fairy King and Queen is not a whit more dignified or refined than the quarrels of the human lovers. It is in the essentially human characters which he gives to the superhuman beings in this play, that the evidence of Shakespeare's earlier work is manifested, quite as much as in any defects in the construction or language of the play. The constant use of rhyme must be regarded as incidental to the nature of the subject, and not as indicative of the author's being still in a state of transition as regards the management or form of his verse.

As far as the human characters of this play are concerned, with the exception of "sweet-faced" Nick Bottom and his amusing companions, very little can be said in their praise. Theseus and Hippolyta, Lysander and Hermia, Demetrius and Helena are all alike essentially uninteresting. Neither in the study, nor on the stage, do they attract much of our sympathy. Their loves do not move us; not even so much as those of Biron and Rosaline, Proteus and Julia, Valentine and Silvia. If we read the play at home, we hurry over the tedious quarrels of the lovers, anxious to assist at the rehearsal of the tragi-comedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe." The mighty dispute, that rages between Oberon and Titania about the changeling boy, does not move us in the least degree. We are much more anxious to know how Nick Bottom will acquit himself in the tragical scene between Pyramus and Thisbe. It is in the comic portion of this play that Shakespeare manifests his dramatic genius; here it is that his power of characterization, his close observation of human nature, his subtle humour make themselves felt. Of pathos, in this play, there is little or none; in fact there is no room for it; but there would have been, had he written it later on in life, more enthusiasm, more powerful grasp of character in his mortal heroes and heroines, than there is at present. Of poetical language there is much, as there cannot fail to be in anything that Shakespeare wrote; but of his higher qualities we may say, in spite of the extravagant praise which has been bestowed by some critics upon this fairy-comedy, there is little to be found.

Recognizing, to its full extent, the grace and vivacity of Puck, we must still hold that Nick Bottom is the gem of this work. The youthful power of observation, shown in the Interlude of the Worthies in Love's Labour's Lost, is here matured. No more masterly portrait of good-humoured self-conceit has ever been drawn than that of Nick Bottom, "that most lovely gentleman-like man," ready to play the lover or the hero, Pyramus or Ercles, the Lion or the Wall; indeed, every character, animate or inanimate, which figures in this wonderful piece of "very tragical mirth." The unquestioning homage that is paid to him by his fellow

clowns, the almost reverential admiration in which they hold him, the implicit confidence in his talents which they display, are all wonderfully true to nature: they prove what a careful study Shakespeare had made of those heroes of a small village community who wield the power of an autocrat, with scarcely a murmur from the most dyspeptic rebel; partly in virtue of their physical and intellectual advantages, insignificant as both of these may seem relatively; mostly in virtue of an invincible good-humoured self-confidence, or rather self-conceit; good-humoured, because, being so perfectly pleased with itself, it can afford to be pleasant with others.

While insisting on the comparative ineffectiveness of this play from a dramatic point of view, we are not prevented from appreciating the many beautiful descriptive passages, the countless graceful touches, which render this work one of the favourite studies of those who love Shakespeare as a poet rather than as a dramatist; passages which linger sweetly in our memory, as we stroll through some woodland scene, greeting with loving eyes the wild flowers familiar to us from childhood, endeared to us by countless associations, and once peopled by our budding imaginations with some such fairy beings as those which waited on Titania and her "gentle joy." Although the lovers' quarrels, and the various complications which arise from the mistakes of Puck, or from the designs of Oberon, do not excite our sympathy when presented in action; yet they furnish us with very delightful reading. Nor can we fail to admire the skill with which the incongruous elements of Fairyland and Clownland—if we may use the expression—are blended together; and the subtle manner in which the difficulty of portraying the lives of immortal and superhuman beings is contrasted with the difficulty, experienced by the rude Athenian countrymen in their attempts at what we now call realism in the scenic portion of the Interlude which they present. The drawback, pointed out by Hazlitt and by many other critics, which besets A Midsummer Night's Dream as a stage play, namely, that the Fairies, whom our imagination pictures as diminutive beings, have to be represented by men and women, will always tend to render this play ineffective from an acting point of view.

Although this play cannot be called a pastoral drama, yet it is impossible to help comparing it with The Sad Shepherdess of Beaumont and Fletcher, which shares with A Midsummer Night's Dream the honour of having suggested to Milton the most delightful of all his poems, Comus. Shakespeare has the advantage of his rivals in that dramatic insight, which taught him to blend with the Fairy story the humorous underplot in which Bottom and his companions are involved. But there is, perhaps, nothing in Shakespeare's play so beautiful in conception as the characters of the Satyr, of Amoret, and of Clorin in Beaumont and Fletcher's play; on the other hand there is no blot in Shakespeare's comedy like Cloe, the wanton shepherdess.

As to the name of the piece, it has been often pointed out that there is no reason why it should be called A Midsummer Night's Dream; for it is expressly stated that the action takes place in the beginning of the month of May: but, possibly, Shakespeare intended by the name, A Midsummer Night's Dream, to indicate that this comedy represented that curious mixture of incongruous elements which figure so often in dreams; and that it was the result of those recollections of a country life which come to a busy man, on a fine summer's day, in the midst of the turmoil of a town life. When Charles Lamb called out for a candle, in order that he might indite an ode to the sun, he was uttering something more than a paradox, something very near a great truth. There is little doubt that many of the most beautiful descriptions of country life have been written amid the dingy surroundings of a great city: we may well imagine that Shakespeare wrote this play in his modest room at Blackfriars; and that, amidst the inodorous and unlovely surroundings, he recalled with a yearning affection the woods and flowers, and the many fanciful ideas that Nature and the country ever suggest to a poet's mind; objects and ideas in which he had taken, so often, a pure delight, when wandering in the beautiful neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon.

Tita. Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.—(Act v 1. 406, 407.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in the palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! [she lingers[1] my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.]
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night 10
Of our solemnities.
The. Go, Philostrate,[2]
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert[3] and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,— 14
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph,[4] and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke![5] 20
The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:—

[1] *Lingers,* used transitively here; = prolongs.
[2] *Philostrate,* anglicized form of *Philostratus:* pronounced as a trisyllable.
[3] *Pert,* lively.
[4] *Triumph,* public festivity.
[5] *Duke* here means "leader," "commander."

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
[Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love; 31
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,[1] conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd[2] youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;]
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
[Immediately[3] provided in that case.
The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power 50
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.[4]
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is;
But in this kind,[5] wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.]
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty, 60
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts·
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

[1] *Gawds*, trinkets. [2] *Unharden'd*, susceptible.
[3] *Immediately*, expressly.
[4] The meaning is "to let the figure exist, or to destroy it." [5] *In this kind*, in this respect, *i.e.* as a suitor.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of[6] your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun; 70
[For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,[7]
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy[8] is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80
Unto his lordship,[9] whose[10] unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
The.] Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he[11] would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life. 90
[*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia:—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed[12] title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate[13] unto Demetrius.]
Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd;[14] my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd— 101

[6] *Know of*, question. [7] *Mew'd*, shut up.
[8] *Earthlier happy*, *i.e.* more happy from an earthly point of view.
[9] *Lordship*, ownership, or perhaps conjugal authority.
[10] *Whose* = to whose. [11] *he*, *i.e.* your father.
[12] *Crazed*, impaired, weak; literally, crushed, broken down. [13] *Estate*, *i.e.* convey as an estate.
[14] *As well possess'd*, as rich.

If not with vantage[1]—as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted[2] and inconstant man. 110

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,[3]
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate— 120
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: [what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.]

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike[4] for want of rain, which I could well 130
Beteem[5] them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
[*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.[6]

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. 140

Lys.] Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany[7] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied[8] night,
That, in a spleen,[9] unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then, true lovers have been ever cross'd, 150
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's[10] followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revénue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects[11] me as her only son. 160
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth[12] thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head, 170
By the simplicity[13] of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;

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[1] *If not with vantage,* if not superior.
[2] *Spotted,* wicked.
[3] *Self-affairs,* private business.
[4] *Belike,* probably.
[5] *Beteem,* give, allow.
[6] *To low, i.e.* to one of low degree.
[7] *Momentany,* momentary.
[8] *Collied,* black, smutted with coal.
[9] *Spleen,* sudden fit.
[10] *Fancy's, i.e.* love's.
[11] *Respects,* regards.
[12] *Forth,* from.
[13] *Simplicity,* innocence.

[And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage[1] queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,]
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love.—Look, here comes Helena. 179

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair:[2] O happy fair!
[Your eyes are lode-stars;[3] and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour[4] so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia! ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. 189
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,[5]
The rest I'ld give to be to you translated.[6]]
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
[*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!]
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
[*Her.* His folly, Helen, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!] 201
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face:
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
[Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!]
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,—
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! 221
Keep word,[7] Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Hermia.*
Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*
Hel. How happy some o'er other-some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,[8]
Love can transpose[9] to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game[10] themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where: 241
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,[11]
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;

[1] *Carthage*, used here as an adjective.
[2] *Fair*, beauty.
[3] *Lode-stars*, *i.e.* pole-stars.
[4] *Favour*, features.
[5] *Bated*, excepted.
[6] *Translated*, transformed.
[7] *Keep word*, keep faith.
[8] *Quantity*, proportion (the value at which they are held).
[9] *Transpose*, transform.
[10] *In game*, in sport.
[11] *Eyne*, old plural of *eye*.

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:[1]
But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250
To have his sight thither and back again.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Quince's house.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.[2]

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.[3] 10

Quin. Marry, our play is, *The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.*

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.[4]

Quin. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed. 21

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles[5] rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. [*Reciting in exaggerated and bombastic manner.* 32

The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus'[6] car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates. 40

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming. 50

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—"Thisne, Thisne;"—"Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus:—and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor. 60

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. 71

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar,

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[1] *A dear expense,* a reward dearly bought; or, perhaps, a reward which costs him much to give.

[2] *Scrip,* written list.

[3] *Grow to a point,* come to a conclusion.

[4] *Spread yourselves,* stand separately.

[5] *Ercles,* Hercules.

[6] *Phibbus,* Phœbus.

that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son. 80

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus. 91

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. [What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will. 94

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.]

Quin. [Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But,] masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties,[1] such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not. 109

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely[2] and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.[3]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

SONG.

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones sphere;[4]
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[5] upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be: 10
In their gold coats spots you see;
[Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob[6] of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.]

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,[7] 20
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace[8] the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:

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[1] *Properties, i.e.* stage properties.
[2] *Obscenely,* a blunder for *obscurely.*
[3] *Hold, or cut bow-strings, i.e.* whatever happens.
[4] *Sphere,* orbit.
[5] *Orbs, i.e.* the "fairy-rings" on the grass.
[6] *Lob,* clown.
[7] *Fell and wrath,* fierce and angry.
[8] *To trace,* wander through.

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,[1]
But they do square,[2] that all their elves, for fear, 30
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.
Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd[3] and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That fright the maidens of the villagery; 35
[Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern[4]
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;]
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;[5]
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck, 40

Fairy. Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.—(Act ii. 1. 39.)

You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?
Puck. I am, thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
[When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:]
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,[6]
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap[7] pour the ale. 50
[The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale, 51
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;]
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,[8]
[And waxen[9] in their mirth, and neeze,[10] and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—]
But, room, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.
Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

[1] *Sheen*, brightness. [2] *Square*, quarrel.
[3] *Shrewd*, mischievous.
[4] *Quern*, a hand-mill for grinding corn.
[5] *Barm*, yeast. [6] *Crab*, crab-apple. [7] *Dewlap*, neck.

[8] *Loffe*, laugh. [9] *Waxen*, get louder.
[10] *Neeze*, old form of *sneeze*.

Enter, from one side, OBERON, *with his train; from the other,* TITANIA, *with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60
Tita. What, jealous Oberon!—Fairies, skip hence:
[I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love[1]
To amorous Phillida.] Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at[2] my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
[Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?] 80
Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets[3] to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; [which falling in the land 90
Have every pelting[4] river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:[5]
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion[6] flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable: 100
The human mortals want[7] their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—]
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rhéumatic diseases[8] do abound:
[And thorough this distemperature[9] we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set:] the spring, the summer, 111
The childing[10] autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase,[11] now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate,[12] from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.
Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy, 120
To be my henchman.
Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossipp'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
[Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;[13]
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait 130
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.]

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[1] *Versing love, i.e.* making love in verses.
[2] *Glance at,* hint at, imply censure of.
[3] *Ringlets,* fairy rings. [4] *Pelting,* paltry.
[5] *Their continents,* the banks that *contain* them.
[6] *Murrion,* old form of *murrain;* used here as an adjective, suffering from murrain. [7] *Want,* are without.
[8] *Rheumatic diseases,* coughs and colds.
[9] *Distemperature, i.e.* the difference between Oberon and Titania. [10] *Childing,* prolific.
[11] *Increase,* produce. [12] *Debate,* dispute.
[13] *Embarked traders on the flood, i.e.* merchants embarked on the sea.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
Act II, Scene I, lines 121, 122

Titania. Set your heart at rest
The fairy land buys not the child of me

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round, 140
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy kingdom. Fairies,[1] away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit Titania with her train.*
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from[2] this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb'rest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, 150
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath[3]
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow, 159
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid, 170
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*
Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,—
[Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,—]
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,—
As I can take it with another herb,—
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood;
[And here am I, and wood[4] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.]
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;[5]
But yet you draw not iron, though my heart
Is true as steel: leave you[6] your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
[*Dem.* Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And e'en for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

[1] *Fairies*, pronounced *faeries*, as a trisyllable.
[2] *Thou shalt not from*, *i.e.* thou shalt not go from.
[3] *Breath*, voice.
[4] *Wood*, mad, furious.
[5] *Adamant*, *i.e.* loadstone.
[6] *Leave you*, *i.e.* do you give

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.—(Act ii. 1. 188.)

What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.]

Dem. You do impeach[1] your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
[To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel[2] of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.]
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect[3] are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
[*Dem.* I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,[4]
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies!]
Dem. I will not stay thy question;[5] let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.
[*Exit Demetrius.*
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand[6] I love so well. [*Exit.*
Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?
Puck. Ay, here it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,

[1] *Impeach,* bring into question.
[2] *Ill counsel,* evil suggestions.
[3] *In my respect,* in my regard. [4] *Brakes,* thickets.
[5] *Question,* discourse. He means he will not stop to listen to her any longer.
[6] *Upon the hand, i.e.* by the hand.

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, 250
Quite over-canopi'd with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:[1]
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
[And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed[2] wide enough to wrap a fairy in:]
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
[Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers[3] in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice[4] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint[5] spirits. Sing me now asleep;]
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

First Fairy. You spotted snakes with double[6] tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; 10
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

First Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here; 20
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Second Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, 30
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.
[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth,[7] I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40

[*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie farther off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence![8]
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

[1] *Eglantine*, sweet-brier.
[2] *Weed*, garment.
[3] *Cankers*, canker-worms.
[4] *Rere-mice*, bats.
[5] *Quaint*, neat, pretty.
[6] *Double*, *i.e.* forked.
[7] *Troth*, truth.
[8] *O, take the sense, &c. i.e.* understand my innocent meaning.

So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners[1] and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,]
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end! 61
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Puck. And here the maiden, sleeping sound.—(Act ii. 2. 74.)

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve[2]
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! Who is here? 70
Weeds[3] of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank[4] and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Nearer this láck-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.[5]
When thou wak'st, let love forbid 80
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling[6] leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies; 90
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
[How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

[1] *Manners, i.e.* ill manners. [2] *Approve,* prove.
[3] *Weeds,* garments. [4] *Dank,* damp. [5] *Owe,* own.
[6] *Darkling,* in the dark.

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery[1]
eyne?[2]]
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. [*Starting up*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helen! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? [Lord, what though?[3]]
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
[The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not[4] to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,[5]
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.]
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout[6] my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong,—good sooth,[7] you do,—
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*
Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*
Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.[8]—
Lysander! — what, remov'd? — Lysander! lord!—
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves![9] I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house;[10] and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

[1] *Sphery*, star-like. [2] *Eyne*, old plural of *eye*.
[3] *What though?* *i.e.* what matters it?
[4] *Ripe not*, *i.e.* do not ripen.
[5] *And touching now*, &c. *i.e.* attaining now, &c.
[6] *Flout*, mock. [7] *Good sooth*, *i.e.* in good truth.
[8] *Prey*=the act of preying.
[9] *Of all loves*, for love's sake.
[10] *Tiring-house*, dressing-room.

Bot. Peter Quince,— 7

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin,[1] a parlous[2] fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear. 24

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.[3]

Bot. I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver.—(Act iii. 1. 22.)

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you. 29

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,[4]—"Ladies,"—or "Fair ladies,—I would wish you,"—or "I would request you,"—or "I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things,—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight. 51

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

[1] *By'r lakin = By our ladykin,* meaning the Virgin Mary.

[2] *Parlous,* old form of *perilous;* here = great.

[3] *In eight and six, i.e.* in alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

[4] *Defect,* a blunder for effect.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine. 56

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom? 68

Bot. Some man or other must present[1] Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake:[2] and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? 80
What, a play toward![3] I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. —— odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [*Aside; then exit.* 90

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again. 94

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal[4] and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, *waving his hand, and then retires; and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.—Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help!

[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

[*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you 'bout a round,
Through bog, through brook, through bush, through brake, through brier: 110
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.* 120

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I

[1] *Present, i.e.* represent. [2] *Brake,* thicket.
[3] *Toward, i.e.* ready to be acted.

[4] *Juvenal,* youth.

will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*

The ousel cock[1] so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle[2] with his note so true, 130
The wren with little quill,[3]—

Tita. [*Awakening*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note; 141

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.—(Act iii. 1. 121.)

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; 142
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[4] upon occasion. 150

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn. 154

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
[I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;]
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, 160
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
[And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—]
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

[1] *Ousel cock*, blackbird. [2] *Throstle*, thrush.
[3] *Quill*, pipe. [4] *Gleek*, jest.

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARDSEED.

Peas. Ready.
Cob. And I.
Moth. And I.
Mus. And I.
All. Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
[Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,[1]
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; 170
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:]
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
Peas. Hail, mortal!
Cob. Hail!
Moth. Hail! 180
Mus. Hail!
Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily:—I beseech your worship's name.
Cob. Cobweb.
Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?
Peas. Peaseblossom. 189
Bot. [I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,[2] your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father.] Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?
Mus. Mustardseed.
Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed. 201

[1] *Dewberries*, the fruit of *Rubus cæsius*, resembling a small blackberry. [2] *Squash*, an immature peascod.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower. 202
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced[3] chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.[4]—
Here comes my messenger.

Enter PUCK.

How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule[5] now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,[6] rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,[7]
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole[8] I fixed on his head:
[Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic[9] comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
Or russet-pated choughs,[10] many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,]
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.

Enforced, violated.
[4] *In extremity*, *i.e.* extremely.
[5] *Night-rule*, night-sport.
[6] *Patches*, low, common fellows.
[7] *Barren sort*, dull company.
[8] *Nole*, head: sometimes spelt *nowl*.
[9] *Mimic*, actor. [10] *Choughs*, jackdaws.

[Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves,—some, hats;—from yielders all things catch.] 30
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment,—so it came to pass,—
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[1] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force[2] she must be ey'd. 40

Enter HERMIA *and* DEMETRIUS.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath[3] so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day 50
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
[So should a murderer look,—so dead,[4] so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!]
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch![5] 70
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:[6]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more:—
And from thy hated presence part I so: 80
See me no more, whether[7] he be dead or no.
[*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
[So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender[8] here I make some stay.]
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite

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[1] *Latch'd*, caught. [2] *Of force*, of necessity.
[3] *Breath*, language. [4] *Dead*, pallid.
[5] *Brave touch, i.e.* brave stroke, noble exploit.
[6] *On a mispris'd mood*, in a mistaken anger.
[7] *Whether*, pronounced here as a monosyllable.
[8] *His tender*, his, *i.e.* sleep's offer.

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
[Of thy misprision[1] must perforce ensue 90
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.[2]
Obe.] About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick[3] she is, and pale of cheer,[4]
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I 'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,— 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
[*Exit.*

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience.—(Act iii. 2. 65, 66.)

Obe. Flower of this purple dye, 102
Hit with Cupid's archery,
[*Squeezes the juice of flower on Demetrius' eyelids.*
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band, 110
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
[*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befal preposterously.] 121

[1] *Misprision*, mistake.
[2] *Confounding oath on oath, i.e.* breaking one oath after another.
[3] *Fancy-sick*, love-sick.
[4] *Cheer*, countenance.

Enter HELENA *and* LYSANDER.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
[How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?]
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
[Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.]
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?[1]
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
[That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!]
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
[Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls[2] to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise[3] my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.]
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim[4] exploit, a manly enterprise,
To cónjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
[With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.]
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia, this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojóurn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it[5] dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. [Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.]
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,—
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

[1] *Eyne,* the old form of the plural of *eye.*
[2] *Join in souls, i.e.* join heart and soul.
[3] *Superpraise, i.e.* praise to excess.
[4] *Trim*=pretty; (used ironically).
[5] *Aby it,* pay for it.

[Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know, 189
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?]
Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we too have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
[We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,[1]
Have with our neelds[2] created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition; 210
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.]
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
[It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.] 219
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
[*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius—
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230
But by your setting on, by your consent? 231
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Hel. O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
—(Act iii. 2. 201, 202.)

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.]
Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
[Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.]
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 't is partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

[1] *Artificial gods, i.e.* creators in art. [2] *Neelds,* needles.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
[My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.] 250
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this? [*Seizing hold of Lysander to stop him.*
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
[*Dem.* No, no; he'll—sir,
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame[1] man, go!
Lys. [*Struggling to get loose from Hermia*]
Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose, 260
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love,—
Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys.] Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
[*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.] 270
Her. [What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefóre? O me! what means my love?]
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
[And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;]
Be certain, nothing truer; 't is no jest 280
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. [*Leaving hold of Lysander, and turning to Helena*] O me!—you juggler![2] you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
[*Hel.* Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height; 291
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;[3] 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right[4] maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.]
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,

[1] *Tame*, spiritless.

[2] *Juggler*, here pronounced as a trisyllable.
[3] *Curst*, shrewish, bad-tempered. [4] *Right*, true.

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth[1] unto this wood. 310
He followed you; for love I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no farther: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius. 320

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helen.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

[*Hel.* O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. "Little" again! nothing but "low" and "little!"

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus[2] of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby[3] it.]

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole.[4]

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil[5] is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company. 341
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away.

[*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
[And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes; 351
And so far am I glad it so did sort[6]
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.]

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
[The starry welkin[7] cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,]
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
[Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;[8] 361
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,]
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty[9] wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his[10] might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision 370
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
[And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,[11]
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,

[1] *Stealth*, secret going. [2] *Minimus*, minim. [3] *Aby*, pay for. [4] *Cheek by jole, i.e.* side by side. [5] *Coil*, disturbance.

[6] *Sort*, result, turn out. [7] *Welkin*, sky. [8] *Wrong*, insult. [9] *Batty*, bat-like [10] *His*, its (the flower's). [11] *Wend*, go.

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;[1] 380
At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 390
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?—(Act iii. 2. 404, 405.)

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.]
[*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one. 400

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight. 403

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer[2] ground.
[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

[1] *Aurora's harbinger, i.e.* the morning-star.

[2] *Plainer,* more level.

And wilt not come? [Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd 410
That draws a sword on thee.]

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I: 415
I followed fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not? 421

Her Never so weary, never so in woe.—(Act iii. 2. 442.)

Dem. [Abide me,[1] if thou dar'st; for well I wot[2] 422
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.]
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. 430
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,

[1] *Abide me,* wait for me. [2] *Wot,* know.

Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

[*Puck.* Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.]

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. [Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.]
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply 450
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown: 460
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The wood.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, *and* HERMIA *lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, *and other Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,[1]
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. —Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. [Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.]—Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed? 18

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf,[2] Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery[3] Peaseblossom to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love? 30

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.
[*Rough music.*

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle[4] of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

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[1] *Coy,* caress.

[2] *Neaf,* fist or hand, sometimes spelt *neif.*

[3] *Cavalery,* for cavalero.

[4] *Bottle,* truss.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts. 40

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition[1] of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways[2] away.—
[*Exeunt fairies.*
[So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!] 50
[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
[Seeking sweet favours[3] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded[4]
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls, 59
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.]
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
[And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain; 70
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream. 74
But first I will release the fairy queen.]
Be as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen! 81
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
[Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five[5] the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.]
[*Puck takes the ass's head off Bottom, and flies away.*

Obe. Sound, music! [*Soft music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me, 90
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly[6]
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
[There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.]

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,[7] 100
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground.
[*Exeunt.*
[*Horns winded within.*

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[1] *Exposition*, a blunder for disposition.
[2] *All ways*, in all directions.
[3] *Favours*, nosegays of flowers.
[4] *Rounded*, encircled.
[5] *These five*, *i.e.* these five sleepers.
[6] *Solemnly*, ceremoniously. [7] *Sad*, grave.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation[1] is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward[2] of the day, 110
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear 119
Such gallant chiding;[3] for, besides the groves,
The skies, the mountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,[4] so sanded,[5] and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: 131
Judge when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day 140
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord. 142
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[*Exit an Attendant. Horns and shout within. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia wake and start up.*
Good morrow, friends.—Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.
[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*
The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? 150
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens where we might
Be without peril of[6] the Athenian law;—
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.— 160
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
[You of your wife and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.]
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy[7] following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,— 169
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as melts the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. [To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:

[1] *Observation, i.e.* of the ceremonies of the first of May.
[2] *Vaward,* forepart.
[3] *Chiding,* continual noise; used here of the hounds in full cry.
[4] *Flew'd,* having large hanging chaps.
[5] *Sanded,* sandy-coloured.
[6] *Without peril of,* beyond the reach of danger from.
[7] *In fancy,* in love, moved by love.

But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, 180
And will for evermore be true to it.]

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity. 190
Come, my Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train.*

[*Dem.* These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.]

Dem. But are you sure
That we are well awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him? 200

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let 's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God 's my life, stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patch'd fool,[1] if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of our play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.* 225

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Quince's house.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd: it goes not forward,[2] doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. 10

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say "paragon:" a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, [and there is two or three lords and ladies more married:] if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

[*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I 'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.] 24

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[1] *A patch'd fool,* a fool in a particoloured coat.
[2] *Goes not forward,* does not take place.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?[1]

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom. 33

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what.—(Act iv. 2. 27.)

apparel together, [good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps;] meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! [*Exeunt.* 46

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may[2] believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:[3]
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,

[1] *Hearts, i.e.* good fellows. [2] *May*=can. [3] *Compact*, composed.

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: 11
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
[Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear,[1]
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!
Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;[2]
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.[3]
The.] Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!
Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
[To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?]
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? [Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?]
Call Philostrate.
Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment[4] have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? [How shall we beguile 40
The lazy time, if not with some delight?]
Phil. There is a brief[5] how many sports are ripe:[6]
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Presenting a paper, which, at a sign from Theseus, Lysander takes and reads from.*
Lys. [*Reads*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
The. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.—
Lys. [*Reads*] "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
The. That is an old device; and it was play'd 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—
Lys. [*Reads*] "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary."
The. That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting[7] with a nuptial ceremony.—
Lys. [*Reads*] "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
The. Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous[8] strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long, 61
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
[But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:]
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
[Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.] 70
The. What are they that do play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd[9] their unbreath'd[10] memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Phil. No, my noble lord;

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[1] *Fear*, object of fear. [2] *Constancy*, consistency.
[3] *Admirable*, to be wondered at.
[4] *Abridgment*, pastime. [5] *Brief*, list.
[6] *Ripe*, ready for performance.
[7] *Sorting*, agreeing.
[8] *Wondrous*, pronounced as a trisyllable.
[9] *Toiled*, exerted. [10] *Unbreath'd*, unpractised.

It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
[Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain, 80
To do you service.]

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in:—and take your places, ladies. [*Exit Philostrate.*

[*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.]

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: 90
[And what poor duty would, but cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks[1] have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods[2] in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; 100
And in the modesty of fearful[3] duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.[4]]

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.[5]

The. Let him approach.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter QUINCE *as Prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding[6] to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand, and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.[7]

[*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true. 122

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue like a child on a recorder;[8] a sound, but not in government.[9]

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered.] Who is next?

[*Enter* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 130
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight[10] by name, 140
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,[11]
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

[1] *Clerks*, scholars. [2] *Periods*, full stops.
[3] *Fearful*, full of fear.
[4] *To my capacity*, in my opinion.
[5] *Address'd*, ready.

[6] *Minding*, intending.
[7] *Stand upon points, i.e.* mind his stops.
[8] *Recorder*, a kind of flageolet.
[9] *Not in government*, not with any control over it.
[10] *Hight*, is called. [11] *Fall*, let fall.

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain 151
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.]

Enter SNOUT, *as* WALL.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
[And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,]
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly. 161
[This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:]
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,[1]
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter BOTTOM, *as* PYRAMUS.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd[2] night! O night with hue so black! 171
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
[And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!]
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see. 180
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter FLUTE, *as* THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans, 190
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

[*Pyr.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander,[3] am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen,[4] till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus[5] to Procrus[6] was so true. 200

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.]

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's[7] tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide[8] life, 'tide death, I come without delay. [*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

[*The.* Now is the wall down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.] 211

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion. 221

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[1] *Sinister,* left. [2] *Grim-look'd,* grim-looking.

[3] *Limander,* Leander.
[4] *Helen,* a mistake for Hero.
[5] *Shafalus,* Cephalus. [6] *Procrus,* Procris.
[7] *Ninny's tomb, i.e.* Ninus' tomb.
[8] *'Tide,* happen.

Enter SNUG, *as the* LION, *and* STARVELING, *as* MOONSHINE, *with bundle of faggots, lantern, and dog.*

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience. 231

[*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon. 242

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.]

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon? 252

[*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.[1]

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.]

Lys. Proceed, Moon. 260

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter FLUTE, *as* THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh—— [*Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion. 270

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

The. Well mous'd, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter BOTTOM, *as* PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight. 280
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come, 290
Cut thread and thrum;[2]
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound; 300
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,[3]
Where heart doth hop:—[*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;

[1] *In snuff*, in anger.

[2] *Thrum*, the small tuft at the end of a warp.

[3] *Pap*, pronounced *pawp;* and *hop*, doubtless, was also pronounced *hawp*.

My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light; 309
Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

[*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.]

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play. 321

Re-enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

[*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet:—] 330

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
[These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone: 340
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.]
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore[1]
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword; 350
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
[*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends;—
Thus Thisby ends:—
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

A Dance.—(Act v. 1 369)

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will

[1] *Shore, i.e.* shorn.

it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company? 361

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 't is almost fairy time.[1] 371
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, 380
All with weary task fordone.[2]
[Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:]
And we fairies, that do run 390
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA *with their Train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite 400
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
[*Song and dance.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
[To the best bride-bed will we, 410
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,[3] such as are
Despised in nativity, 420
Shall upon their children be.]
With this field-dew consecrate,[4]
Every fairy take his gait;[5]
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended, 430
Think but this, and all is mended,—
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream.
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
[And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,[6] 440
We will make amends ere long;]
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

[1] *Fairy time*, midnight. [2] *Fordone*, overcome.
[3] *Prodigious*=monstrous. [4] *Consecrate*, consecrated.
[5] *Take his gait*, take his way.
[6] *The serpent's tongue, i.e.* being hissed.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1: *Now, fair* HIPPOLYTA.—Shakespeare followed Chaucer, who himself followed the Theseida of Boccaccio, in making *Hippolyta* (properly Hippolyté), and not her sister Antiope, the wife of Theseus.

2. Line 4: *she lingers my desires.*—For the transitive use of this verb compare Richard II. ii. 2. 71, 72:

> Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
> Which false hope *lingers* in extremity.

Compare also Grim the Collier of Croydon, iii. 1:

> I can no longer *linger* my disgrace.
> —Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 440.

The *young man* would not succeed, presumably, to the property till the life interest of the *step-dame* or *dowager* ceased.

3. Line 6: *Long* WITHERING OUT *a young man's revenue.*—This expressive phrase Warburton sought to alter by substituting *wintering on.* For an instance of this phrase, compare Chapman's Homer's Iliad (book iv. line 528):

> there the goodly plant lies *with'ring out* his grace.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 100.

4. Line 10: NEW-BENT *in heaven.*—Qq. and Ff. read NOW-*bent.*

5. Line 11: *Philostrate.*—This was the name assumed by Arcite in Chaucer's Knightes Tale (line 1430):

> And *Philostrate* he sayde that he hight.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 219.

6. Line 13: *Awake the* PERT *and nimble spirit of mirth.*—*Pert* formerly used in a good sense = "smart." It was probably connected with the French *appert.* Cotgrave gives *Godinet,* "Prettie, dapper, feat, *peart;*" and *Accointer* he explains: "To make jolly, *peart,* quaint, comely."

7. Line 15: *The pale* COMPANION *is not for our pomp.*—Dr. Grey (vol. i. p. 41) gives an anonymous conjecture: "I am apt to believe the author gave it, '*That* pale companion;' which has more force." If Theseus intends to personify *melancholy,* this conjecture seems most probable; but the meaning may be: "The pale melancholy fellow is not for our festivities." *Companion* appears often to have been used contemptuously, as we use *fellow.*

8. Line 19: *With pomp, with* TRIUMPH.—*Triumph* is explained by Schmidt as "a public festivity or exhibition of any kind, particularly a tournament." In this sense it occurs frequently. Compare III. Henry VI. v. 7. 43:

> With stately *triumphs,* mirthful comic shows.

The title-page of Heywood's Londini Speculum runs thus:

> Londini Speculum: or,
> *Londons Mirror,* Exprest in sundry *Triumphs,*
> *Pageants,* and *Showes,* at the Initiation of
> the right Honorable *Richard Fenn,* into
> the Mairolty of the Famous and
> farre renowned City LONDON.
> —Works, vol. iv. p. 301.

9. Line 27: *This man hath* WITCH'D *the* BOSOM *of my child.*—Qq. F. 1 read "*This man hath* BEWITCHD." F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 "*This hath* BEWITCH'D." The reading in the text is Theobald's emendation. *Bosom* is used here as = heart, the seat of the affections. Compare A Lover's Complaint (line 254):

> The broken *bosoms* that to me belong.

10. Line 32: *And stol'n the impression of her* FANTASY.—Various explanations of this somewhat obscure line are given. The construction is certainly difficult; but it seems clearly to mean "And stealthily impressed her imagination;" but Schmidt explains *fantasy* here as meaning *love-thoughts.* Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 30, 31:

> How many actions most ridiculous
> Hast thou been drawn to by thy *fantasy?*

where, on examining the context, *fantasy* seems equivalent to "love." Indeed *fantasy* = fancy, which is often used for "liking."

11. Lines 44, 45:

> *Or to her death, according to our law*
> *Immediately provided in that case.*

By a law of Solon's, parents had absolute power of life and death over their children, but Shakespeare here anticipates the great lawgiver's code. The second line is surely enough to justify the belief that Shakespeare was, for some time, in an attorney's office.

12. Line 54: *wanting your father's* VOICE.—*i.e.* your father's approval. Compare All's Well, ii. 3. 58–61:

> this youthful parcel
> Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
> O'er whom both sovereign power and father's *voice*
> I have to use.

13. Line 71: *For aye to be in shady cloister* MEW'D.—For the meaning of *mew* see Romeo and Juliet (note 136). *To mew* meant originally "to moult" (= French *muer*); and a *mew* was a place where hawks were kept while moulting. This sense of the word survives in *mews,* a stable, said to be so called from the Royal *mews,* which were originally the buildings where the Royal falcons were kept (see Pennant's London, p. 151).

14. Lines 76–78:

> *But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,*
> *Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,*
> *Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.*

Compare Sonnet liv. (lines 5–12):

> The canker-blooms (*i.e.* dog-roses) have full as deep a dye
> As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
> Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
> When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
> But, for their virtue only is their show,
> They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
> Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
> Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

Walker gives a passage from Erasmus' Colloquies (Colloq. Proci et Puellæ): "Ego rosam existimo feliciorem, quæ marescit in hominis manu, delectans interim et oculos et nares, quam quæ senescit in frutice."—Edn. 1693, p. 186. ("I think the rose happier, which withers in the hand of man, meanwhile delighting both eyes and nostrils, than that which grows old in the fruit.") The similarity of idea is certainly remarkable; it is possible Shakespeare may have been acquainted with the Colloquies of Erasmus, either in the original, or in some translation.

15. Line 80: *Ere I will yield my* VIRGIN PATENT *up.*—The Clarendon Press Ed. explain this phrase thus: "my privilege of virginity and the liberty that belongs to it." Compare Othello, iv. 1. 208, 209: "If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her *patent* to offend."

16. Line 81: *Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke.*—So Qq. and F. 1; but F. 2 reads "*to* whose unwished yoke." For a similar omission of the preposition compare Winter's Tale, iii. 1. 93, 94:

> even as bad as those
> That vulgars give bold'st titles;

i.e. "give boldest titles" *to.*

17. Line 92: *Thy* CRAZED *title to my certain right.*—*To craze* meant originally "to break." Compare The Chanones Yemannes Tale:

> I am right siker, that the pot was *crased.*
> —Book iii. line 16402.

Chapman uses the word in the sense of "broken," "damaged":

> And Phœbus to invade it, with his shield
> Recov'ring Hector's bruis'd and *crased* pow'rs.
> —Iliad, book xv. (argument).

18. Line 98: *I do* ESTATE *unto Demetrius.*—This word, *estate*, is only used as a verb in Tempest, iv. 1. 85 (followed by *on*), and in the following passage, in As You Like It: "all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I *estate upon* you" (v. 2. 12, 13).

19. Line 110: *Upon this* SPOTTED *and inconstant man.*—Compare Richard II. (iii. 2. 133, 134):

> terrible hell make war
> Upon their *spotted* souls for this offence!

Compare also The Distracted Emperour (v. 3):

> One that your *spotted* synns make odyous.
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 251.

20. Line 113: *self-affairs.*—For similar compounds of *self*, compare *self-breath*, Troilus and Cressida (ii. 3. 182); *self-danger*, Cymbeline (iii. 4. 149).

21. Line 125: *our nuptial.*—The singular number is used intentionally by Shakespeare; only F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have *nuptialls.* Compare Tempest, v. 1. 308:

> Where I have hope to see the *nuptial;*

where F. 1 reads *nuptiall* and the later Folios *nuptials.*

22. Line 131: BETEEM *them from the tempest of my eyes.*—Shakespeare only uses this word once elsewhere, namely, in Hamlet, i. 2. 140–142:

> so loving to my mother,
> That he might not *beteem* the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly.

There it certainly means "permit," "allow." Various authors use it in various senses. Thus Golding, in his Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, uses it as = deign:

> yet could he not *beteeme*
> The shape of any other bird than eagle for to seeme.

Spenser uses it = "grant." See Fairy Queen, book ii. canto 8, st. 19:

> So would I, said th' Enchaunter, glad and faine
> *Beteeme* to you this sword, you to defend.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 7.

23. Line 132: AY ME! *for aught that I could ever read.*—Qq. read *Eigh me;* F. 1 omits the words altogether; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *Hermia*, which reading Hunter defends on the ground of its having "a point and pathos even beyond what the passage, as usually printed, possesses" (New Illustrations, vol. i. p. 288). Rolfe says: "Here as elsewhere many editors print AH *me!* a phrase which Shakespeare nowhere uses" (Rolfe's Edn. p. 128). In Rom. and Jul. v. 1. 10, F. 1 and Q. 2 have, certainly, *Ah me!* and so, apparently, have all the other copies.

24. Line 136: *O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to* LOW.—Qq. and Ff. read "*to* LOVE;" the emendation is Theobald's.

25. Line 145: *in the* COLLIED *night.*—Grose in his Provincial Glossary gives "*Colley*, the black or soot from a kettle," as used in Gloucestershire. Compare Ben Jonson's Poetaster (iv. 3): "thou hast not *collied* thy face enough" (Works, vol. ii. p. 482).

26. Line 146: *That, in a* SPLEEN, *unfolds both heaven and earth.*—*Spleen* means a sudden outburst of some passion, generally of rage or malice: but *the spleen* was supposed to be also the seat of laughter (see note 174, Love's Labour's Lost). Compare King John, ii. 1. 448, 449:

> With swifter *spleen* than powder can enforce,
> The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope.

And, again, in same play, v. 7. 49, 50.

27. Lines 147, 148:

> *And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"*
> *The jaws of darkness do devour it up.*

Decidedly a reminiscence of the lines in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 119, 120:

> Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
> Ere one can say, "It lightens."

28. Line 151: *It stands as an* EDÍCT *in destiny.*—For the accent on *edict* compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 11:

> Our late *edict* shall strongly stand in force.

29. Line 167: *To do observance to a morn of May.*—For this particular expression, *To do observance*, compare the following extract from Chaucer's Knightes Tale (lines 1499–1502):

> And Arcite, that is in the court real
> With Theseus the squier principal,
> Is risen, and loketh on the mery day.
> And for to *don his observance to May*, &c.

A full account of the various customs, partly pagan, partly early-Christian, and partly traditional, formerly observed on the first of May, will be found in Brand's Popular Antiquities (pp. 117, 118). The genial and charitable Stubbes thus alludes to them: "Against *May* . . . all the yung men and maides, olde men and wiues, run gadding ouer night to the woods, groues, hils, & mountains, where they spend all the night in plesant pastimes; & in the morning they return, bringing with them birch & branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall" (Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses: New Shak. Soc. Publications, Series VI. Nos. 4 and 6, p. 149). Some of the old customs yet survive, happily, in parts of the country; and the so-called "sweeps," who go about dressed up in our large towns on May-day, are the descendants, however unworthy, of the old May Morris-dancers.

30. Line 170: *By his best arrow with the* GOLDEN HEAD. —Cupid was supposed to have two kinds of arrows: the one, tipped with gold, caused love; the other, tipped with lead, repelled love. See Ovid, Metam. (book i. lines 469–471):

> fugat hoc, facit illud amorem:
> Quod facit, auratum est, et cuspide fulget acuta;
> Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.

So in Twelfth Night, i. 1. 35–37:

> How will she love, when the rich *golden shaft*
> Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
> That live in her.

Mr. Watkiss Lloyd (Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. xi. No. 271, p. 182) has a note on this passage, which is too long for quotation here; the gist of which is that he proposes to transpose lines 171, 172, holding that line 172 should follow line 170, because *that* refers to the *arrow with the golden head.*

31. Line 173: *the Carthage queen.*—Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, The Maid's Tragedy, ii. 2:

> Now, a tear;
> And then thou art a piece expressing fully
> *The Carthage queen.*
> —Works, vol. i. p. 9.

32. Line 182: *Demetrius loves your fair.*—Compare Sonnet xvi. (line 11):

> Neither in inward worth nor outward *fair.*

33. Line 183: *Your eyes are* LODE-STARS.—All the poets, from Chaucer to Spenser, seem to use the word *lode-star* as a great compliment when applied to his mistress by a lover. Sir John Maundevile thus describes the *lode-star:* "In that Lond, ne in many othere bezonde that, no man may see the Sterre transmontane, that is clept the Sterre of the See, that is unmevable, and that is toward the northe, that we clepen the *Lode Sterre*" (Maundevile's Travels, Halliwell's Edn. p. 180).

34. Line 191: *The rest I'ld give to be to you* TRANSLATED. —Compare Coriolanus, ii. 3. 195–197:

> so his gracious nature
> Would think upon you for your voices, and
> *Translate* his malice towards you into love.

35. Line 215: *Upon* FAINT *primrose-beds.*—Does the epithet apply to the colour or to the odour of the primrose? I believe to the colour. *Pale* is Milton's epithet for the *primrose:* see his Song on May Morning:

> The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip and the *pale* primrose.

Shakespeare uses *pale* and *faint* together more than once. Compare King John, v. 7. 21:

> I am the cygnet to this *pale faint* swan.

The *pale* colour of the *primrose* suggests the idea of faintness; the lighter coloured flowers look as if, in their struggle with the cold of early spring, they had grown weak and faint.

36. Line 216–219:

> *Emptying our bosoms of their counsel* SWEET,
> *There my Lysander and myself shall meet;*
> *And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,*
> *To seek new friends and* STRANGER COMPANIES.

In order to restore the rhyme Theobald altered the *sweld* of Qq. and Ff. in line 216, to *sweet,* and *strange companions,* in line 219, to *stranger companies.* Nearly all editors adopt this emendation.

37. Line 226: *other-some.*—Written as one word in Qq. and F. 1. It means others. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 93, 94: "Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; *other-some,* he is in Rome."

38. Line 231: ADMIRING OF *his qualities.*—This would now be a vulgarism; but Shakespeare uses *of,* not unfrequently, after the participle, *e.g.* Lear, ii. 1. 41: "Mumbling *of* wicked charms."

39. Line 249: *If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.*—Steevens explains: "it will *cost him much,* (be a severe constraint on his feelings,) to make even so slight a return for my communication" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 191).

ACT I. SCENE 2.

40. Line 2.—*Bottom,* no doubt, was so called by Shakespeare from a "*bottom* of thread." Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 138: "beat me to death with a *bottom* of brown thread." Compare also The Martyr'd Souldier (i. 1):

> and the good Fates,
> For ought we see, may winde upon your *bottome*
> A thred of excellent length.
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 175.

41. Line 3: *according to the* SCRIP.—The word *scrip* here does not mean a bag or wallet, as it does in the well-known passage in the Gospel of St. Luke xxii. 35: "When I sent you without purse, and *scrip,* and shoes, lacked ye anything?" The word in the text is written variously *script, scrit, scrite, scripe,* and is derived from the Latin *scriptum* through the French *escript* or *escrit.* For an example of its use in the sense merely of a written document see Holland's Pliny, book vii. chap. xxv. p. 168 (speaking of Julius Cæsar): "But herein appeared his true hautinesse of mind indeed, and that unmatchable spirit of his, That when upon the battell at Pharsalia, as wel the coffers and caskets with letters & other writings of *Pompey,* as also those of *Scipioes* before Thapsus, came into his hands, he was most true unto them, & burnt al, without reading one *script* or scroll."

42. Line 4: *Here is the scroll.*—The close occurrence of this word after *scrip* seems to point to the fact, that Shake-

speare had in his mind the passage quoted above from Holland's Pliny. *Scroll* means generally any paper rolled up; but more especially a schedule or list. Compare II. Henry IV. i. 2. 201, 202: "Do you set down your name in the *scroll* of youth," &c.

43. Line 10: *and so grow to a point.*—So Qq.: F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read: "grow *on* to a point:" F. 4 "grow *on* to *appoint.*" There is no need for altering the text of the Quartos. Compare Peele, Arraignment of Paris, ii. 1:

> Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,
> Unless unto some other *point we grow.*
>
> —Works, p. 357.

44. Lines 11–13: *The most lamentable comedy,* &c.—Compare the title-page of Cambyses (Dodsley, vol. iv.): "A lamentable tragedy mixed ful of pleasant mirth, conteyning the life of Cambises King of Percia, from the beginning of his kingdom vnto his death." By Thomas Preston. "Imprinted" by John Allde, n.d. (It was licensed to John Allde in 1569–70—republished about 1585.) In his Memoranda on Midsummer's Night's Dream (pp. 25, 26) Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says: "The story of Pyramus and Thisbe was very familiar to an Elizabethan audience, not merely in translations of Ovid, but as having been told in prose and verse by numerous English writers of the sixteenth century. It is related in the Boke of the Cyté of Ladies, 4to. 1521; and in a very rare poetical work, La Conusaunce d'Amours, printed by Pynson. William Griffith, in 1562–3, obtained a 'lycense for pryntinge of a boke intituled Perymus and Thesbye,' published in quarto for T. Hackett. The history of Pyramus and Thisby, 'truly translated,' is given in the Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, and in A Handefull of Pleasant Delites by Clement Robinson, 1584, there is 'a new sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.' Dunston Gale, in 1596, wrote a poem called Pyramus and Thisbe, the earliest known printed edition of which appeared in 1617. There is no allusion in it to A Midsummer Night's Dream. The story is also told in the Silke-wormes and their Flies, by T. M. 4to. Lond. 1599, in verse; in Topsell's Historie of Foure-Footed Beasts, 1607, p. 472; and it would appear from a passage in Gayton's Notes upon Don Quixote, 1654, p. 16, that there was an old popular chap-book history of Pyramus and Thisbe, it being mentioned in company with the Unfortunate Lover and Argalus and Parthenia."

45. Lines 14, 15: *A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.*—Compare the title-page of Skelton's "Magnyfycence, A goodly interlude and a mery deuysed and made by mayster Skelton poete laureate late deceasyd," n.d. (probably printed in 1529 or 1530).

46. Line 18: *Answer as I call you.*—Staunton suggested that Shakespeare may have been "referring to the plays and pageants exhibited by the trading companies of Coventry, which were celebrated down to his own time, and which he might very probably have witnessed. The last of these performances recorded in the list which the late Mr. Thomas Sharpe published from the City Leet-books, took place in 1591." . . . "the combination of trades which played together was often remarkably like that of the operatives of Athens in this drama." . . . "In 1492 'it is ordeyned that the Chaundelers and Cookes of this Cite shall be contributory to the Smythes of this Cite;' and in subsequent years Bakers were added to the Smiths, the Barbers to the Girdlers, and the Shoemakers to the Tanners."

47. Lines 29, 30: *I will* CONDOLE *in some measure.*—We do not now use the verb *to condole* absolutely = "to lament," as it is used here. There is no need to say that "Bottom of course blunders;" because this use of *condole* was far from unusual. Compare Mirrour for Magistrates, p. 783 (quoted in Richardson's Dict.):

> That she (Melpomene) her sweet patheticke voice may frame
> In doleful dittie to *condole* the same.

Compare also the use of the substantive *condolement* by Shakespeare:

> but to persever
> In obstinate *condolement* is a course
> Of impious stubbornness.
>
> —Hamlet, i. 2. 92–94.

48. Lines 31, 32: *I could play* ERCLES *rarely, or a part to* TEAR A CAT IN.—There is an old play of Hercules, in two parts, by Martin Slaughter, which is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, first on 7th May, 1595, again on 20th, 23d, and 28th of that month; and on 16th May, 1598, £7 was apparently paid to Martin Slaughter for five books including two parts of Hercules. In Greene's Groat's Worth of Wit (New Shak. Soc. Shakspere Allusion Books, Series iv. No. I. p. 23) there is apparently an allusion to this play: "The twelue labors of *Hercules* haue I terribly thundred on the stage." Day's Ile of Gulls commences with a scene between Three Gentlemen and the *Prologue* (*i.e.* the actor who speaks the prologue), in the course of which occurs the following dialogue:

> [*Third Gentleman*]. . . . no, giue mee a stately pend historie, as thus: *The rugged windes with rude and ragged ruffes, &c.*
>
> [*Second Gentleman*]. Fie upont, meere Fustian! I had rather heare two good baudie iests then a whole play of such *teare-cat* thunder-claps.
>
> [Works (p. 6 of play)]

And in Histrio-Mastix (act v.):

> Sirrah, is this you would rend and *tear the cat*
> Upon a stage, and now march like a drown'd rat.
>
> —Simpson's School of Shakspere, vol. ii. p. 73.

49. Line 32: *to make all split.*—Originally a nautical expression. Rolfe quotes from Taylor, the Water Poet's works: "Some ships beare so great a sayle, that they beare their masts by the boord and make *all split againe.*" Compare Greene's Never Too Late: "as the Mariners say, a man would have thought *al would haue split againe*" (First part, sig. G 3, edn. 1631). For its use in a figurative sense, compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, ii. 3: "Two roaring boys of Rome, that *made all split*" (Works, vol. i. p. 87).

50. Lines 33–40.—Printed as prose in Qq. and Ff. and with the punctuation confused. Staunton is right, most probably, in supposing that they were so printed, purposely to indicate that Bottom ignored all sense and rhythm; but we have printed them as verse, following nearly all the editors, and Charles Kean's acting version. Whether the verses are an actual quotation, or a burlesque of some portion of a play then well known, is doubtful.

51. Line 44: *the bellows-mender.*—Ben Jonson, in his Masque of Pan's Anniversary, thus describes a bellows-

mender: "he is a *bellows-mender*, allowed, who hath the looking to all of their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffs, keeps them in breath, during pleasure" (Works, vol. viii. p. 47). Steevens says he was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c.

52. Lines 51, 52: *you shall play it in a* MASK, *and you may* SPEAK *as* SMALL *as you will.*—It appears to have been the custom on the stage, when all the female characters were played by men, for any man who had an uncompromisingly male physiognomy, if cast for a woman's part, to play it in a mask. As women wore masks in society more frequently than they do now—the masks nowadays being either moral ones, or composed of superficial cosmetics—there was nothing unusual in this. *To speak small* was to speak in a treble voice. Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 49: "She has brown hair, and *speaks small* like a woman."

53. Line 55: "*Thisne, Thisne.*"—Printed in Qq. and Ff. in italics, as if it were a proper name, a mistake for *Thisbe;* but the Clarendon Press Edd. are probably right in their conjecture that *Thisne=thus-ly. This'n* is a common word in Northern dialects for "in this manner."

54. Lines 65, 66: *You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father.*—Neither of these characters appears in the Interlude as acted before Theseus. Quince plays the Prologue, and Snout plays *Wall.* Mr. Furnivall suggests that this alteration "was due to Quince's second thoughts and Bottom's suggestion at the rehearsal, iii. 1. 60–73" (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877–79, Series i. No. 7, p. 428).

55. Line 72: *Let me play the lion too.*—This touch is a masterly piece of characterization. In making *Bottom* anxious to play nearly every part of the cast, Shakespeare was not satirizing professional actors so much as the rude and vulgar amateurs, who represented the characters in the Interludes and Entertainments which were performed at village festivals, or in the homes of the nobility.

56. Lines 74, 75: *I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."*—Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his Memoranda on A Midsummer's Night's Dream (p. 11), gives an extract from Tate's farce of Cuckold's Haven, or an Alderman no Conjuror, 1685: "*Sec.* . . . Then there's the Lion, Wall and Moonshine, three heroick parts; I play'd 'em all at school. I roar'd out the Lion so terribly that the company call'd out to me *to roar again.*"

57. Line 84: *I will* AGGRAVATE *my voice so.*—Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 176, where Mrs. Quickly says: "I beseek you now, *aggravate* your choler," meaning, of course, exactly the opposite, viz. *moderate.*

58. Line 96: *orange-tawny.*—Used below, iii. 1. 129:

With *orange-tawny* bill,

referring to the bill of the cock blackbird. Compare Trial of Chevalry, i. 3: "he weares a white Scarfe in his hat and an *Orange tawny* feather upon his arme" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 278).

59. Lines 96, 97: *your* PURPLE-IN-GRAIN *beard.*—This colour was apparently a kind of scarlet. Cotgrave gives under *migraine,* "Scarlet, or *Purple in graine.*" It may be noted that all the colours, mentioned by Bottom, are light colours, yellow, or red. *Red* beards appear to have been fashionable; and it was the custom for men to dye their beards as women did their hair. Compare Ram Alley (1611), i. 1:

Taf. . . . What colour'd beard comes next by the window?
Adri. A black, madam, I think.
Taf. I think not so;
I think a *red,* for that is most in fashion.
—Dodsley, vol. x. p. 278.

Possibly the *red* beard was adopted as the fashionable colour, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, whose hair was *red.*

60. Line 97: *French-crown-colour.*—Ff. have *colour'd.* It means a bright golden yellow, the colour of a French gold crown-piece. There is a double meaning in *French-crown,* of which Quince takes advantage.

61. Line 111: OBSCENELY *and courageously.*—The sense given to *obscenely* in the foot-note is probably the one intended, though the words, *obscurely, obscenely,* are not very similar in sound. In Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 145, Costard seems to use the word by a blunder for *seemly:*

When it comes so smoothly off, so *obscenely,* as it were, so fit.

Possibly Bottom also meant to say *seemly.*

62. Line 114: *hold, or cut bow-strings.*—This phrase, apparently a proverbial one, has not, apparently, been found in any other author. Capell's explanation is the one generally adopted: "When a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase: the sense of the person using them being, that he would 'hold,' or keep promise, or they might 'cut his bowstrings,' demolish him for an archer." The only passage which seems to contain a similar expression is in The Ball (comedy by Chapman and Shirley, 4to, 1639):

Scutilla. . . . have you devices
To jeere the rest?
Lucia. All the regiment on 'em, or Ile *break my bowstrings.*

ACT II. Scene 1.

63. Lines 3–5:

Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire.

Johnson quotes from Drayton's Nymphidia, or Court of Fairies, a passage clearly imitated from this:

Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire.

There is also a slight resemblance in the Ballad of Robin Goodfellow given in Percy's Reliques, series iii. book ii. p. 499. *Thorough* is the reading of Q. 1: Q. 2 and Ff. read *through;* the metre requires the former.

64. Line 7: *Swifter than the moones sphere.*—Qq. and Ff. read *moon's;* but the genitive *moones* is necessary for the metre, unless we adopt Steevens' conjecture *moony.* Compare note 191, Love's Labour's Lost. A most interesting paper, on this passage, by Mr. Furnivall will be found in New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877–79, pp.

431–450. The expression in our text is unintelligible to our modern notions of astronomy, for we know that the *moon* moves, and not her *sphere;* but, in Shakespeare's time, astronomers divided the heavens into a number of *spheres* revolving round the Earth as a fixed centre. Mr. Furnivall thus describes the system: "The Earth (with four crescents or eccentrics circling it) is the centre. Round it are 9 hollow spheres, of the 7 Planets (1–7), the Fixt Stars or Firmament (8), and the *Primum Mobile* (9):—

1. The Moon	4. The Sun	7. Saturn
2. Mercury	5. Mars	8. The Fixt Stars
3. Venus	6. Jupiter	9. Primum Mobile

and in or on each of the seven lower spheres was a planet fixt, and was whirld by that sphere right round the earth in 24 hours, the driving power being the *primum mobile.*" Marlowe [See Doctor Faustus, ii. 2 (Works, p. 115)] allows only nine spheres, while Milton (Par. Lost, iii. 481–483) has ten. Professor Masson in his edition (vol. i. p. 95) gives a full account of that system of the universe.

65. Line 9: *To dew her orbs upon the green—i.e.* to keep fresh the "fairy rings," as those green circles, found on hillsides and in meadows, were called. They were of two kinds; one, a green circle surrounded by a bare circumference; but these were formed by the bad fairies. Titania and her subjects were responsible for those bright green circles which we may see, even nowadays, where there is any stretch of grass land. They are said to be caused by some fungus that grows in a circle, and, dying down, makes the grass come up richer and greener than that on either side of it. I have examined many of these fairy rings, but never could find any trace of the fungus.

66. Line 10: *The cowslips tall her* PENSIONERS *be.*—Queen Elizabeth had a body of *pensioners* which corresponded to our Queen's gentlemen-at-arms. They were a body chosen from young men of rank, and selected for their physical rather than their intellectual advantages.

67. Line 13: *In those* FRECKLES *live their savours.*—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 49:

> The *freckled* cowslip, burnet, and green clover.

Shakespeare evidently loved the cowslip—as nearly all children and poets do—and had observed the spots inside the modest bells. Compare Cymbeline, ii. 2. 37–39, where Iachimo, in describing the marks on Imogen's bosom, notes:

> On her left breast
> A mole *cinque-spotted,* like the *crimson drops*
> I' the bottom of a cowslip.

68. Line 15: *And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.*—This line was imitated in the anonymous play called The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll (iii. 5), printed in 1600, but acted some time before that:

> When the light Fairies daunst upon the flowers,
> *Hanging* on every leafe an orient *pearle.*
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 136.

The resemblance can hardly be accidental.

69. Line 16: *Farewell, thou* LOB *of spirits.*—*Lob* is a singular term applied to Puck. I am inclined to suspect some corruption in the text; for *lob* is given as synonymous with *lobcock*="a clumsy stupid fellow;" and certainly Puck was neither. The Fairy may mean the word in the sense of "urchin," "mischievous lad;" or she may use it as a term of contempt, Puck being of more clumsy make than the other Fairies, and being looked down upon by the Queen Titania's attendants as a clownish fellow. In Grim the Collier of Croydon, Robin Goodfellow uses this word (iv. 1):

> Well, here in Croydon will I first begin
> To frolic it among the country *lobs.*
> —Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 443.

In all the passages but one, in which I have found the word, it evidently means a country lout. In Peele's Old Wives' Tale it seems used as a term of contempt, in the following passage, "*Lob* be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny" (Works, p. 455).

70. Line 23: *She never had so sweet a* CHANGELING.—The superstition about fairies and elves stealing children seems to have been widely distributed in all European countries; but in the Scandinavian and the Scottish fairy mythology it was an article of belief, which survived up to a comparatively recent period. The child was stolen before baptism; and an elf of hideous weazened appearance, and a malignant disposition, put in its place. If anyone had the courage to put the elfin-child on the fire, previously shutting up all outlets such as doors, windows, and even the chimney, the fairies would come to the rescue of their burning brat; and, if called on in God's name, restore the stolen child (see Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii. pp. 325, 326). In the German folklore it is generally the devil who seeks to buy, or to obtain children. *Changeling* is used here in its first sense of "a child changed for another;" it is generally applied to the substituted fairy-child, but here it is used of the stolen human child.

71. Line 25: *to* TRACE *the forests wild.*—Compare Milton's Comus (lines 422, 423):

> And, like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen,
> May *trace* huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths.

Spenser uses *trace* as equivalent to "travel." See Fairy Queen, book iv. c. viii. st. 34:

> How all the way the Prince on footpace *traced.*

Chaucer uses the noun *trace*=a path; (Canterbury Tales, Prologue, line 176):

> And held after the newe world the *trace.*

72. Line 30: *But they do* SQUARE.—Sherwood (1650) gives "*To square* (or disagree) *Desaccorder, rioter.*" Richardson explains it: "to set out broadly, in a position or attitude of offence or defence, (*se quarrer,*) of defiance," still used in French=to strut, look bold. Richardson quotes: "And when he gave me the bishoprick of Winchester, he said he had often *squared* with me, but he loved me never the worse" (State Trials, Gardiner, 5 Edw. VI. an. 1551). We still use, colloquially, the expression "to *square* up to a man," especially in boxing.

73. Line 35: *the maidens of the* VILLAGERY.—Q. 1 has *villageree:* Q. 2, F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 *villagree:* F. 4 *vilagree.* It is the only instance known of the word's occurrence. It is generally held to mean, as Johnson defines it: "a district of villages," or simply "a village and its outlying houses."

74. Lines 40, 41:

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

This seems to refer to the superstition, which forms the groundwork of many fairy and folk-lore stories, that elves *do work* for those whom they favour. Even the more malignant elves seem to have been industrious. *Puck* seems originally to have meant a fiend or devil; so that the epithet *sweet* was a great compliment.

75. Line 42: I AM, *thou speak'st aright.*—I had inserted the words *I am* before seeing Dr. Johnson's note in the Variorum Edn. The line is very incomplete without some such words being inserted.

76. Line 47: *a* GOSSIP'S *bowl.*—Originally a christening cup; *gossip* meant primarily nothing more than a godfather or godmother; being derived from *god-sib* (relationship). In the Roman Catholic Church when the banns are read out in church, among the impediments mentioned is "spiritual relationship," or the relationship between a godchild and its sponsors. As christenings were made occasions for social gatherings and friendly chats, *gossips* came to mean people, either men or women, but more especially the latter, who meet together to talk about the local news, &c. So in French *commérage* has come to mean "trivial or idle talk," "gossip," from *commère*, godmother; which, as Trench says (English Past and Present, pp. 204, 205, 4th edn.), "has run through exactly the same stages as its English equivalent."

77. Line 50: *her withered* DEWLAP.—Qq. and Ff. have *dewlop;* properly used only of cattle, meaning the loose skin which hangs from their throats, and "which *laps* or licks the *dew* in grazing" (Imperial Dict.). Theseus describes his hounds (iv. 1. 127):

Crook-knee'd, and *dew-lapp'd* like Thessalian bulls.

78. Line 51: *The wisest* AUNT.—*Aunt* is not here used, as it is frequently in the old comedies, in a bad sense=a bawd. Mr. Grant White says that, in New England villages, good-natured old people are still called "aunt" and "uncle" by the whole community. Among the negroes in the Southern states the words are commonly so used, as everyone will remember who has made the acquaintance of the immortal "*Uncle* Remus" and "*Aunt* Dinah." Occasionally in England, one hears the word "*aunt*" applied to some old lady, a great friend of the family but no relation.

79. Lines 54, 55:

And "TAILOR" *cries, and falls into a cough;*
And then the whole quire hold their hips and LOFFE.

This is a very vivid description. Johnson says: "The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 208). This explanation must be taken for what it is worth; and no commentator gives any other. I have not been able to find any mention of such a custom elsewhere. Perhaps Halliwell is right in thinking the expression "one of contempt, equivalent to *thief;*" he quotes Pasquil's Night-Cap (1612):

Thieving is now an occupation made,
Though men the name of *tailor* doe it give.

Qq. and Ff. have *coffe* and *loffe* at the end of these lines. The pronunciation of *laugh* seems always to have been very uncertain. Compare Marston's Parasitaster or The Fawne (act iv.): "another has vowde to get the consumption of the lungues, or to leve to posteritie the true orthography and pronunciation of *laughing* (Works, vol. ii. p. 71).

80. Line 56: *And* WAXEN *in their mirth.*—Farmer conjectured *yoxen* or *yexen*="to hiccup;" but no change is necessary; *waxen* is the old plural, and makes very good sense.

81. Line 58: *But, room,* ROOM, *fairy!*—Qq. and Ff. *But room, fairy,* making a very awkward and defective line. Johnson would read *fairy* as a trisyllable, but that does not improve matters. We have preferred to repeat the word *room* as being the most probable and the simplest emendation. *Room* is only used elliptically in four other passages; three times in Julius Cæsar (iii. 2. 170–172, and v. 4. 16); and once in Love's Labour's Lost (v. 2. 703), "*Room* for the incensed worthies!" Compare the Disobedient Child:

Room, I say; *room,* let me be gone.
—Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 280.

82. Line 60.—*Oberon,* more properly *Auberon,* said to be derived from "*l'aube* du jour" (see Drake, vol. ii. p. 337, note). *Titania* was a name given to Diana by Ovid (Metamorphoses, iii. 173) as sister of Sol, the son. For the source whence Shakespeare took the name *Titania,* see Introduction (p. 214).

83. Lines 66–68.—Shakespeare does not seem to have had any legendary authority for Oberon's flirtations. Do not these lines rather militate against the idea of Oberon and Titania being such very diminutive people? Could a mannikin hope to impress the *amorous Phillida?* Again, Oberon's retort on Titania seems to imply that she was capable of inspiring a passion in that prototype of all Don Juans, Theseus. Perhaps these fairies were supposed to possess the power of assuming the human shape and size; or, what is more likely, to Shakespeare they were so entirely creatures of the imagination that they never assumed to his mind's eye any concrete form.

84. Line 69: *the farthest* STEEP *of India.*—Q. 1 reads *steppe:* Q. 2 and Ff. all read *steepe. Steppe* certainly seems to be a blunder of Q. 1. What did Shakespeare know of *steppes,* and why should *India* represent to him nothing but the plains of Central Asia? Surely to Shakespeare, as to Milton, *India* was the land of mountains more than of plains. The *Ynde* of Maundevile, like the *India* of the Greeks and Romans, included all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. *Steppe* never occurs in Shakespeare, nor in any contemporary writer; indeed it is doubtful if the word were known at that time. Yet some editors retain this word, simply because it is found in the first Quarto, in face of the fact that *sleep* in iii. 2. 85 is printed *slippe.* Compare Milton's Comus, lines 138–140:

Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian *steep*
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

85. Line 75: GLANCE AT *my credit.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 323, 324:

> wherein obscurely
> Cæsar's ambition shall be *glanced at.*

86. Line 78: *From* PERIGENIA, *whom he* RAVISHED.—Shakespeare doubtless got this name, as well as those in the two following lines, from North's Plutarch, where this young woman is called *Perigouna.* She was the daughter of Sinnis. She fled from Theseus into a grove of rushes and "wild Sperage" (asparagus), entreating them to hide her. She afterwards bore to Theseus a son, called Menalippus (see North's Plutarch, edn. 1676, p. 4). *Ravished* in F. 1 is printed *ravish'd;* but it is better to retain the final *ed* here, for the sake of the metre.

87. Line 79: *fair* ÆGLE.—Qq. and Ff. have *Eagles.* In North's Plutarch it is *Ægles:* "And they blame him much also, for that he so lightly forsook his Wife *Ariadne,* for the love of *Ægles* the Daughter of Panopœus" (Edn. 1676, p. 12).

88. Line 82: *the middle summer's spring—i.e.* the commencement of midsummer, "when trees put forth their second, or, as they are frequently called, their *midsummer* shoots" (Henley, Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 211).

89. Line 84: *By* PAVED FOUNTAIN *or by rushy brook.*—The Clarendon Press Edd. say that *paved fountain* here means: "a fountain with pebbly bottom; not artificially paved, for a fountain of this kind would scarcely be frequented by fairies." But were not springs, in retired spots, often *paved* with small bricks in order to prevent the water soaking away?

90. Line 85: *Or in the* BEACHED MARGENT *of the sea.*—Compare Timon of Athens, v. 1. 219:

> Upon the *beached* verge of the salt flood.

Beached means "formed by a beach," "consisting of a beach." Milton uses the form *margent* in Comus, line 232:

> By slow Meander's *margent* green.

Compare Rom. and Jul. i. 3. 85, 86:

> And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
> Find written in the *margent* of his eyes.

1. Lines 89, 90:

> *As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea*
> *Contagious fogs.*

Compare Lear, ii. 4. 168, 169:

> Infect her beauty,
> You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun.

92. Lines 94, 95:

> *and the green corn*
> *Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a* BEARD.

Compare Sonnet xii. 7, 8:

> And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
> Borne on the bier with white and bristly *beard.*

93. Lines 98, 99:

> *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,*
> *And the quaint mazes in the wanton green.*

Nine men's morris, or *merelles,* also called *fivepenny morris,* is a game thus described by Cotgrave: "The boyish game called *Merils,* or five-penny Morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawnes, or men made of purpose, and tearmed *Merelles.*" A full description of this game will be found in Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, book iv. chap. ii. pp. 317, 318. The board consisted of three concentric squares, each square having nine places or dots for the men, one at each corner, and one in the middle of each side. Lines connected the three corresponding holes in each square. "The manner of playing is briefly this: two persons, having each of them nine pieces, or men, lay them down alternately, one by one, upon the spots; and the business of either party is to prevent his antagonist from placing three of his pieces so as to form a row of three, without the intervention of an opponent piece." . . . "The rustics, when they have not materials at hand to make a table, cut the lines in the same form upon the ground, and make a small hole for every dot. They then collect, . . . stones of different forms or colours for the pieces, and play the game by depositing them in the holes in the same manner that they are set over the dots upon the table." In a note given in the Var. Ed. (vol. v. p. 213) James says: "These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris,* or *Merrils;* and are so called because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud.*" The game is still played in some parts of the country. Douce says, on the authority of Dr. Hyde, that the game was "likewise called *nine-penny,* or *nine-pin miracle, three-penny morris, five-penny morris, nine-penny morris,* or *three-pin, five-pin* and *nine-pin morris,* all corruptions of *three-pin, &c. merels.* Hyde *Hist. Nerdiludii,* p. 202" (Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 114).

The *quaint mazes,* Steevens says, "alludes to a sport still followed by boys; *i.e.* what is now called *running the figure of eight*" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 214). The Clarendon Press Ed. (p. 91) quote: "But I have seen very much more complicated figures upon village greens, and such as might strictly be called mazes or labyrinths. On St. Catherine's Hill, Winchester, 'near the top of it, on the north-east side, is the form of a labyrinth, impressed upon the turf, which is always kept entire by the coursing of the sportive youth through its meanderings' (Milner, History of Winchester, ii. 155)."

94. Line 101: *The* HUMAN MORTALS *want their winter* HERE.—The expression, *human mortals,* has given rise to an interesting inquiry as to whether Oberon and Titania, and all their fairy subjects, were supposed to be immortal or not. Some commentators have thought that the qualification of *mortals* by the adjective *human* implies that Titania belonged herself to a race of mortals; that is to say, beings subject to death, and so she distinguished men and women by calling them *human mortals;* but in line 135 below, in speaking of her friend the mother of the changeling boy, she says:

> But she, *being mortal,* of that boy did die.

This would certainly seem to imply that Titania held herself to be immortal. That some fairies were held to be mortal is clear from the well-known story, given in the Fairy Tales of All Nations, in which the fairy king is murdered by a band of conspirators, the scene of the murder

having been beautifully illustrated by the late Richard Doyle. In the Quip Modest, by Ritson (1788), there is a long note on this subject, in the course of which he maintains, quite rightly, that Shakespeare's fairies were immortal; and he says (page 12) that the fairies of Shakespeare and the common people are immortal, and were never esteemed otherwise. That this was certainly not the case as regards the Scottish fairies, is proved by an extract from Craik's essay on fairies given by Drake, vol. ii. p. 338.

Instead of *winter* HERE, Theobald, followed by Hanmer and Mason, proposed to read *winter* CHEER. Malone says *their winter* "may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas."

95. Line 104: PALE *in her anger, washes all the air.*—Compare Rom. and Jul. ii. 2. 4, 5:

> Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
> Who is already sick and *pale* with grief.

In Hamlet, i. 1. 118, the moon is called "the *moist* star." Every one must have seen the moon when she is pale-coloured and blurred with a faintly luminous mist, in which state she is generally called by country people "a *wet* moon." This appearance of the moon is one of the most unfailing precursors of rainy weather.

96. Line 105: *That* RHEUMATIC DISEASES *do abound.*—Malone says: "*Rheumatick diseases* signified in Shakespeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c." (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 216). In Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History, book xix. chap. xxiii. par. C. we find: "And these are supposed to be singular for those fluxes and catarrhes which take a course to the belly and breed fluxes, called by the Greeks *Rheumatisms;*" and the phrase occurs several times "fluxes of humours which the Greeks call *Rheumatisms.*"

97. Line 106: *And thorough this* DISTEMPERATURE *we see.*—Steevens refers *distemperature* to the disturbance of the elements; but Malone, and most commentators, explain it as in our foot-note. Compare Pericles, v. 1. 27:

> Upon what ground is his *distemperature?*

where it means disturbance of mind from grief. In the Dumb Knight (1608), i. 1, the word is used in the sense of mental agitation caused by love:

> But I am now resolv'd, and this sad hour
> Shall give an end to my *distemperature.*
> —Dodsley, vol. x. p. 116.

In I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 28–35 Shakespeare seems to use it figuratively = a diseased state of the earth:

> oft the teeming earth
> Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd.
> . . . . At your birth
> Our grandam earth, having this *distemperature,*
> In passion shook.

So that Steevens may be right after all; but the context of the whole speech seems to show that Titania refers all the unusual and disagreeable phenomena to the dissensions between her and Oberon.

98. Line 109: *And on old Hiems'* THIN *and icy crown.*—Qq. and Ff. read (substantially) *chin.* Grey conjectured *chill;* but Tyrwhitt's emendation *thin* is usually adopted by all editors. For a similar use of *thin* compare Richard II. iii. 2. 112, 113:

> White-beards have arm'd their *thin* and hairless scalps
> Against thy majesty.

But the strongest argument in favour of *thin* is that you could not well hang a chaplet on a man's *chin* or beard.

99. Line 112: *The* CHILDING *autumn.*—Pope substituted *chiding;* but the text is right. Compare Heywood's Golden Age, iii. 1:

> I *childed* in a cave remote and silent.
> —Works, vol. iii. p. 44.

Holt White says: "*Childing* is an old term in botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one: 'the *childing* autumn,' therefore means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of Summer. Florists have also a *childing* daisy, and a *childing* scabious" (See Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 220).

100. Line 114: *By their* INCREASE.—Compare Sonnet xcvii. lines 6, 7:

> The teeming autumn, big with rich *increase,*
> Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime.

101. Line 121: *To be my* HENCHMAN.—The derivation of this word is uncertain. Skeat explains it as from A. Sax. *hengest*, a horse, and *man.* The derivation from *haunch* and *man*, because the pages stood by their lords' *haunch*, or side, is ridiculously fanciful. Sherwood explains "A *henchman*, or *hench-boy.* Page d'honneur; qui marche devant quelque Seigneur de grand authorité."

102. Line 123: *votress.*—In Qq. and Ff. printed *votresse* both here and below (line 163). We have retained this form of the word, as it suits the metre best, in preference to the later form *votaress* usually printed by modern editors.

103. Line 127: *th'* EMBARKED *traders on* THE FLOOD.—For this position of the participle compare Timon of Athens, iv. 2. 13:

> A *dedicated* beggar to the air.

Shakespeare uses *the flood* = the sea, in Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 10:

> Like signiors and rich burghers on *the flood.*

104. Line 129: *And grow big-bellied with the* WANTON WIND.—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 15, 16:

> The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
> Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet wind.*

105. Line 138: *How long within this wood intend you* STAY?—*i.e. to stay.* For the omission of the *to* before the infinitive, compare Lear iv. 5. 35:

> I pray, *desire her call* her wisdom to her.

106. Line 140: *dance in our* ROUND.—A *round* was what we call a country-dance, in which all took hands in one figure at least, and danced in a circle. *Sellenger's Round*, or *St. Leger's Round*, was a favourite country-dance. Compare Spenser's Fairy Queen, book i. c. vi. st. 7:

> A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
> Within the wood were dauncing in a *rownd.*

107. Line 144: *Not for thy kingdom. Fairies, away!*—Qq. and Ff. read: *Not for thy fairy kingdom.* Steevens

proposed to omit *fairy*, which is redundant and spoils the metre. Pope substituted *Elves* for *Fairies*, which is a very plausible emendation, except that there is no other instance in the play of Oberon or Titania addressing their attendant subjects as *elves;* though Titania alludes to them as such. With regard to *Fairies* being pronounced as a trisyllable, in line 122 Q. 1 has The *Faiery* land; &c.

108. Line 146: *thou shalt not from this grove.*—For a similar elliptical construction compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 521: "*It shall* to the barber's, with your beard."

109. Line 150: *And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back.*—Warburton's rhapsody on this passage is well known, in which he identifies Mary Queen of Scots with the mermaid. The beautiful passage below (lines 157–163) undoubtedly refers to Queen Elizabeth; but the *mermaid* and *dolphin* were probably a recollection of the entertainment given at Kenilworth in 1575, which Laneham thus describes in his letter to "his good friend, Master Humphrey Martin:" at this fête the display of fireworks was grand; "leams of stars coruscant, streams and hail of fiery sparks" (p. 17); then there was The Lady of the Lake "with her two Nymphs floating upon her moveable Islands, Triton, on his *mermaid* skimming by;" and *Arion* "riding aloft upon his old friend the *dolphin*," &c. "began a delectable ditty of a song well apted to a melodious noise," &c. (pp. 45, 46, Reprint, 1821).

110. Line 151: *harmonious* BREATH.—For the use of *breath*, as the singing voice, compare Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 20, 22: "I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a *breath* to sing, as the fool has."

111. Lines 166–168:

It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.

The pansy or heart's-ease seems to have been called by many names. Gerard, in his Herbal (edn. 1577, p. 785), says it is called "in English Harts ease, Pansies, *Live in Idleness*, Cull me to you, and three faces in a hood." The name *Love-in-Idleness* seems to have been a corruption of *Live-in-Idleness.* The idea of its being *purple with love's wound* seems to be Shakespeare's invention. Milton, in Lycidas (line 144), describes it as "the *pansy* freak'd with jet." Compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 155, 156:

> But see, while idly I stood looking on,
> I found the effect of *love in idleness.*

112. Line 175: *I'll put a girdle round about the earth.*—This seems to have been a common expression. It occurs in Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois (i. 1):

> And as great Seamen vsing their wealth
> And skils in Neptunes deep inuisible pathes,
> In tall ships richly built and ribd with brasse,
> To *put a Girdle round about the world.*
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 6.

113. Line 190: *The one I'll* SLAY, *the other* SLAYETH *me.*—Qq. and Ff. read *stay* and *stayeth.* The emendation is a conjecture of Dr. Thirlby's, adopted by Theobald, and by nearly all subsequent editors.

114. Line 192: *And here am I, and* WOOD *within this* WOOD.—It is probable that a wretched pun is intended here. The word *wood*=mad, frantic, here and elsewhere in Shakespeare, is spelt *wode* by some editors; but Chaucer has both *wode* and *wood;* and Spenser only the latter; while all the old editions, except Q. 1 have *wood.* The word is from the A. Sax. *wôd*, and is akin to Woden or Odin, the German and Scandinavian war-god.

115. Lines 195–197:

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, THOUGH *my heart*
Is true as steel.

This passage presents many difficulties, though the commentators have passed it over, except for some remarks on *adamant.* We have adopted Lettsom's conjecture *though*, in line 196; the reading of Qq. and Ff. being *for*, of which it is difficult to make any sense. We must take *adamant* here to mean "loadstone;" but what sense is it for Helena to say "You draw me, you hard-hearted loadstone, yet you do not draw iron, *for* my heart is true as steel?" If *for*="because," the passage is nonsense; for the loadstone would draw *steel* if it would draw *iron.* What she means to say is "You draw (attract) me to you as the loadstone does *iron*, but I am not *iron*, though *my heart is true as steel;*" *i.e.* as the context shows us, "I am not hard and resolute as iron, for if you cease to attract me I shall cease to follow you. If we retain *for* we must take it as=*for all, i.e.* "in spite of all."

As to *adamant*, the Imperial Dict. in giving the second sense of the word as "Loadstone or magnet," justly remarks, "it is not easy to see why the word should have assumed this meaning." There is no doubt it has this meaning. The quotations given in Nares, especially the one from Du Bartas, leave no doubt on that point. But the way in which the confusion arose was probably thus: *adamant* was originally the diamond, from the Greek ἀδάμας, a name first given to the hardest metal, probably steel; and then used for the hardest stone, the diamond. In Robert Chester's Love's Martyr (New Shak. Soc. Publications, Series viii. No. 2, p. 101), we find:

> The *Adamant*, a hard obdurate stone,
> Inuincible, and not for to be broken,
> Being placed neare a great bigge barre of Iron,
> This vertue hath it, as a speciall token,
> The *Lodestone* hath no power to draw away
> The Iron barre, but in one place doth stay.

In Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History (book xxvii. chap. iv. par. M) is the following: "Moreover, there is such a naturall enmitie between Diamants and Loadstones, that if it (*i.e.* diamant or *adamant*) be laid near to a peece of yron, it will not suffer it to be drawn away by the *loadstone:* nay, if the said *loadstone* be brought so near a peece of yron, that it have caught hold thereof, the *Diamant*, if it come in place, will cause it to leave the hold and let it go." But above (par. H), he says: "for this untamable vertue that it hath, the Greekes have given it the name *Adamas.*" Is not it possible that, what between the great hardness of the *loadstone*, which made the name *adamant* appropriate to it, and the fact that the diamond, or *adamant*, had such a singular influence over iron, the exact sense of the word became confused between the two substances, and it

came to be applied, indifferently, both to the loadstone and to the diamond; and perhaps oftener to the former than to the latter?

116. Line 202: *And* E'EN *for that do I love you the more.*—Qq. and Ff. have the unelided form *even;* but the rhythm demands that it should be pronounced as a monosyllable, and it is better to print it so for the guidance of the reader. That *even* was often intended to be pronounced as a monosyllable, though not elided, is clear. Compare Milton's Comus (line 773):

> In unsuperfluous *even* proportion.

117. Line 208: *What* WORSER *place.* — Shakespeare is fond of the double comparative. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 157:

> O, throw away the *worser* part of it.

118. Line 220: *Your virtue is my privilege for that.*—Qq. and Ff. read:

> *Your virtue is my privilege: for that*
> It is, &c.

in which case *for that* must be taken to mean "inasmuch as," or "because." But surely the punctuation given in our text makes better sense and rhythm. The correction was first made by Tyrwhitt, and is adopted by nearly all editors. It is incredible that in so early a play we should find such a weak ending as would be necessitated by the punctuation of Qq. and Ff. *fŏr thăt.* Helena means to say: "Your virtue is my justification for exposing my virginity to such risk." Compare Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 1. 159, 160.

119. Lines 221–226.—The idea, in the first three lines, certainly seems as if amplified from the two lines quoted by Johnson from Tibullus:

> Tu nocte vel atra
> Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis;

which may be translated:

> E'en in black night
> Thou giv'st me light
> And solitary wastes thou peoplest with a crowd.

With the latter four lines compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 360–362:

> A wilderness is populous enough,
> So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
> For where thou art, there is the world itself.

120. Line 244: *To die* UPON THE HAND *I love so well.*—This is a curious idiom to which an exact parallel cannot be found in Shakespeare. We may compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 125:

> When he shall hear she died *upon his words.*

But there the sense of *upon* may be "immediately after." The passage most nearly resembling that in our text, as far as construction goes, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's Chances, i. 9:

> Give me dying,
> As dying ought to be, *upon* mine enemy.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 499.

There *upon* has decidedly the sense of *by.*

121. Lines 247, 248:

> *Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?*
> Puck. *Ay,* HERE *it is.*
> Obe. *I pray thee, give it me.*

We have adopted *here,* Lettsom's proposed emendation as given in Dyce's notes. Qq. and Ff. read:

> Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
> *Puck.* Ay, *there* it is.
> *Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.

It is obvious that, according to that reading, Oberon welcomes Puck after he has addressed him a question; and that Puck seems to give the flower before Oberon asks for it. The very slight alteration makes better sense of both lines.

122. Line 249: *I know a bank* WHEREON *the wild thyme blows.*—Qq. and Ff. read *where,* for which Pope substituted *whereon.* Malone says *where* is a dissyllable in this passage. It is much more likely that *thyme,* or *time* as Qq. and Ff. spell it, was pronounced as a dissyllable. I can find no instance of *where* being used as a dissyllable; but *whether* is often used as a monosyllable = *where.* It seems a pity to spoil the rhythm of this well-known line by pedantic adherence to an original text which contains many obvious blunders.

123. Line 250: *oxlips—i.e.* the *Primula elatior,* better known as a cottage-garden flower than as a wild one. Shakespeare mentions it once again only, in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 125, 126:

> bold *oxlips* and
> The crown imperial.

Oxlips are comparatively rare now in England, at least in a wild state. The only time I ever found them growing in any abundance was on a bank in Woodchester Park, in Gloucestershire, among violets; they prefer thickets, unlike the cowslips, which are most abundant in meadows.

124. Line 251: *Quite over-canopi'd with* LUSH *woodbine.*—Qq. and Ff. read "*luscious* woodbine." Pope omitted *quite,* for the sake of the metre, but Theobald's emendation *lush* is the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty; it being a word used by Shakespeare in Tempest, ii. 1. 52: "How *lush* and lusty the grass looks!" If we retain luscious we must read the line as an Alexandrine. For *woodbine* see below note 223, iv. 1. 47.

125. Line 252: *eglantine.*—The sweet-brier. See Cymbeline, iv. 2. 223, 224:

> The leaf of *eglantine,* whom not to slander,
> Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

The only other passage in which it is mentioned by Shakespeare. Milton apparently took the *sweet-brier* and the *eglantine* to be different plants. See L'Allegro (lines 47, 48):

> Through the *sweet-brier,* or the vine,
> Or the twisted *eglantine.*

Cotgrave gives: "Aiglantier: m. An *Eglentine,* or sweet-*brier tree.*"

126. Line 255: *And there the snake throws her* ENAMELL'D *skin.*—The epithet *enamell'd* is very well chosen, as descriptive of the skin of the common snake (*Natrix torquata*), which resembles old enamel work in colour and texture. The cast skins are often found in such spots as that here described by Shakespeare.

127. Line 257: *I'll* STREAK *her eyes.*—The verb *streak* very aptly describes the action of applying any liquid to

the eye, which is generally done in a thin *streak* as it were.

128. Line 266: *More fond on her.*—Compare Sonnet lxxxiv. 14:

> Being *fond on* praise, which makes your praises worse.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

129. Line 1: *Come, now a* ROUNDEL.—A *roundel* means here probably the same as *round* in ii. 1. 140 (see note 106 above). It generally means a *roundelay* or "song in which the first strain is repeated." Ben Jonson uses the word *rondel*, apparently, for the *ring* or *round place* made by such fairy dances in the grass. See Tale of a Tub, ii. 1:

> To shew your pomp, you 'd have your daughters and maids
> Dance o'er the fields like faies to church, this frost.
> I 'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths. —Vol. vi. p. 154.

130. Line 3: *Some to kill* CANKERS *in the musk-rose buds.*—*Cankers* here are "canker-worms," a kind of grub which infests roses, and destroys them by eating into the bud. Compare Milton's Lycidas, line 45:

> As killing as the *canker* to the rose.

131. Line 4: *rere-mice.*—The use of *rere-mouse*, as the name for a bat, still survives in the West of England. It is derived from the A. Sax. *hréran*, "to agitate;" and therefore has much the same meaning as *flitter-mouse*, a common name for a bat in various parts of the country.

132. Line 7: *At our* QUAINT *spirits.*—The adjective *quaint* has many meanings. It is derived from the Latin *cognitus* through the old French word *coint*, which Cotgrave thus explains: "*Quaint*, compt, neat, fine, spruce," &c. It is difficult to assign to the word its exact meaning here. Shakespeare applies it to Ariel in the Tempest, i. 2. 317: "My *quaint* Ariel." Perhaps the word "smart," in its various senses, comes nearest the synonym for it here. In Peele's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay *quaint* seems to be used as=awkward:

> A farmer's son, that never was so *quaint*,
> But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
> —Works, p. 157.

And a little further on, in the same piece, it is used as= neat, pretty:

> Not whilst I may have such *quaint* girls as you.
> —Works, p. 158.

133. Line 11: NEWTS, and BLIND-WORMS, *do no wrong.*—It is impossible to imagine two animals more harmless than the two here named. The newt, of which there are four British species, is entirely devoid of any means of hurting man; and the most formidable looking species, the common warty newt, is only dangerous to tadpoles and the smaller species of its own family. The *blind-worm* or *slow-worm* (*Anguis fragilis*) is thus described by Bell in his British Reptiles (p. 44): "Its habits are extremely gentle and inoffensive. Even when handled roughly, it rarely attempts to bite; and when it is irritated so as to induce it to seize upon the finger, the teeth are so small as scarcely to make an impression." This ridiculous belief that the *blind-worm* is venomous still survives among the country people in most parts of England.

134. Line 13: *Philomel, with melody.*—The legend of Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, being transformed into a nightingale, and lamenting in song her sad change, is well known. Her sister Procne became a swallow. It is a misfortune that the pathetic story of Philomela perpetuates the erroneous notion that the *female* nightingale sings. See note 138, Rom. and Jul.

135. Lines 30, 31:

> *Be it* OUNCE, *or cat, or bear,*
> PARD, *or boar with bristled hair.*

Of the quadrupeds mentioned in these two lines the *ounce* (*Felis uncia*), and the *pard* [*Felis pardus* (the panther), or *Felis leopardus* (the leopard)], were neither of them natives of Europe, at least, during the historic period. Pliny speaks of the *ounce* or *once* as a foreign animal: "The *Onces* be likewise taken for strange and forrein, and of all foure-footed beasts they have the quickest eye and see best" (book xxviii. chap. viii. p. 316). But Shakespeare's fairies were citizens of the world; and though neither the *ounce* nor the *pard* were ever seen near Athens, he did not think it necessary to be particular about the geographical distribution of the animals he introduced in connection with his fairies.

136. Line 49: *Two bosoms* INTERCHAINED *with an oath.*—Ff. read *interchanged*, a reading which most editors reject, though it may possibly be the right one. But the considerations which have induced us to adopt *interchained* (the reading of Qq.) are these: (1) it is more consonant in sense with line 47:

> —my heart unto yours is *knit;*

and (2) *bosom*, though used as ="desire" (see Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 139), or as ="inmost thoughts" (see Othello, iii. 1. 58), seems never to be used for "the affections" themselves. Shakespeare would scarcely have said "We have *interchanged* bosoms." The objection to *interchained* is, not that it occurs only in this passage, but that it is not to be found in any other writer ancient or modern, as far as I can discover.

137. Line 54: *Now much* BESHREW—*i.e.* "much mischief come to." *Beshrew* is generally used as a mild and, sometimes, as a playful form of imprecation. *Shrew* and *beshrew* are both derived from the shrew-mouse (through the A. Sax. *scredwa*). This harmless animal was credited by our forefathers with most malignant qualities. Bell, in his British Quadrupeds (Edn. 1874, p. 145), quotes the following description of the *shrew-mouse* from Edward Philips's New World of Words (1658): "a kind of Field Mouse of the bigness of a Rat and colour of a Weasel, very mischievous to cattel; which going over a beast's back, will make it lame in the chine; and the bite of it causes the beast to swell at the heart and die." Gilbert White, in his Natural History of Selbourne, part ii. letter xxviii., gives an interesting description of how a *shrew-ash* was made; that is, an ash whose twigs or branches were held to remedy the injuries inflicted by a *shrew-mouse* (see Bell's Edn. vol. i. pp. 191, 192).

138. Line 77: NEARER *this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.*—Qq. and Ff. read (substantially):

> *Near* this lack-love, this kill-curtesie.

Q. 1 has *kil-curtesie*. Many attempts have been made to amend the rhythm and metre, which are certainly both very faulty in the original text, unless we read the line:

Near this lack-lóve, this kíll-curt'sie.

But the spelling of *kil-curtesie* forbids the idea of reading *curtesie* as a dissyllable. The emendation in our text is Walker's, and is adopted by Dyce. It gives a line of ten syllables, but a rhythmical line; and is preferable to omitting the second *this*. *Nearer* has much more force than *near*, considering lines 57–60 above, in Hermia's speech.

139. Lines 80, 81:

let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.

Compare Macbeth, i. 3. 19, 20:

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house *lid*.

140. Line 86: *O, wilt thou* DARKLING *leave me?*—Compare The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1529, "we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling*" (Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 358); and Lear, i. 4. 237: "So out went the candle, and we were left *darkling*."

141. Line 104: *Nature here shows art.*—Qq. read: *Nature shewes arte;* F. 1 "Nature *her* shewes art;" F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: "Nature *here* shews art," which seems much the most sensible reading; it is better than Malone's emendation: "Nature shews *her* art," which, at first, we were inclined to adopt, as most editors have done. But *Nature* has no *art* strictly speaking; the two are generally spoken of as opposites, at any rate as very different things; and therefore the reading of the text seems the most probable, since for *Nature* to show *art* is an exceptional circumstance.

142. Line 119: *And touching now the point of human skill.*—This line is explained by Steevens: "my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection." Lysander is talking in the exasperatingly affected style, so often found in Shakespeare's early work, the style which aims at "conceits;" probably he means that his love has so ripened his mind that he now has attained the *point*, or complete development of human intelligence, inasmuch as his reason is now master of his will.

143. Line 154: *Speak,* OF ALL LOVES!—Compare Merry Wives, ii. 2. 118, 119: "But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, *of all loves.*"

ACT III. Scene 1.

144. Line 8: BULLY *Bottom.—Bully* was used as a familiar term of address, and meant little more than "jolly companion." In fact, it seems to have been originally used among boon companions; and afterwards to have acquired its present meaning of an overbearing hectoring fellow; then by a process of degradation, common in many words, it came to be applied to a coarse and cruel coward. The derivation is very uncertain; some connect it with "bull," "bellow;" others with Middle High German *buole,* "brother," "dear friend;" others with Dutch *bulderen,* "to bluster." Halliwell (Dict. Archaic and Provincial Words) says *bully-bottom* meant a courtezan. Shakespeare never uses it in an offensive sense. Compare Henry V. iv. 1. 48: "I love the lovely *bully,*" where Pistol uses it of the king; recalling his qualities as a boon companion before he put on virtue and the crown together. As an instance of its use simply in the sense of "companion," or "comrade," compare Dicke of Devonshire, ii. 1. "*Captain:* 'Twas well done of all sides, *Bullyes*" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 28).

145. Line 14: *By 'r lakin.*—With this corrupted form of "by our Lady" compare *ifakins* = "in faith" or "by my faith." The Rev. C. H. Kennard informs me that at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, the country people still commonly use another corruption of the oath "by our Lady," *by 'r Lady,* which they pronounce *birléddy.*

146. Line 16: *when all is done—i.e.* after all. Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 30, 31: "Excellent! why this is the best fooling, *when all is done.*"

147. Line 21: *and, for the* MORE BETTER *assurance.*—The double comparative is used by Shakespeare commonly enough, and was not considered a vulgarism in his time. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 19, 20:

nor that I am *more better*
Than Prospero.

148. Line 28: *Will not the ladies be* AFEARD *of the lion?*—The form *afeard* for *afraid* is generally used by Shakespeare as a provincialism, or at least as a colloquialism, as it is here. But it is also used in poetic passages; *e.g.* in Julius Cæsar, ii. 2. 66, 67:

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be *afeard* to tell graybeards the truth?

149. Line 33: *a lion among ladies, &c.* — Malone says: "There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scottish court in the year 1594. Prince Henry the eldest son of James the First was christened in August in that year. While the king and queen, &c., were at dinner, a triumphal chariot (the frame of which, we are told, was ten feet long and seven broad) with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in by 'a black-moore. This chariot should have been drawne in by a *lyon,* but because his presence might have brought some feare to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meete that the Moore should supply that room.—A true account of the most triumphal and royal accomplishment of the baptism of the most excellent, right high, and mighty prince, Henry Frederick, &c., as it was solemnized the 30th day of August, 1594. 8vo. 1603'" (Var. Ed. vol. v. pp. 245, 246).

150. Line 44: *it were pity of my life—i.e.* "it were a sad thing for my life." We have the same expression in Measure for Measure, ii. 1. 77: "*it is pity of her life,* for it is a naughty house;" and compare Othello, iv. 1. 206, 207: "but yet *the pity of it,* Iago! O Iago, *the pity of it,* Iago!"

151. Line 78: *according to his* CUE.—This technical word, still in common use in the theatre, whatever its derivation, was first jocularly applied, no doubt, by some actor to the last words of the speech which are the signal for

the next player to begin to speak. It must have passed into general use on the stage, in this sense, by Shakespeare's time, for he uses it very frequently. Some authorities derive it from French *queue*, a tail; but, independently of the fact that *queue* was never used, in this sense, in French, and that Latin was the language invariably used in all stage directions in plays before Shakespeare's time, it is much more probable that the derivation quoted by Wedgwood is the right one: "Q, a note of entrance for actors, because it is the first letter of *quando*, when, showing when to enter and speak.—C. Butler, Eng. Gram. 1634, in N. and Q. Aug. 5, 1865." Minsheu explains it: 'A *qu*, a term used among stage-players, à Lat. *qualis*, i.e. at what manner of word the actors are to begin to speak, one after another hath done his speech." In a passage in Richard III. iii. 4. 27, 28:

> Had not you come upon your *cue*, my lord,
> William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,

the Folios print the word *Q.*, the Quartos *kew*. When parts are copied out in MS. and given to actors, they only contain the *cues* for the speeches, and no more of the dialogue except the actor's own part.

152. Line 81: *a play* TOWARD.—Compare As You Like It, v. 4. 35, 36: "There is, sure, another flood *toward*, and these couples are coming to the ark."

153. Line 97: *Most brisky* JUVENAL.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 8: "my tender *juvenal*." The only other passage in which Shakespeare uses it is in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 22: "the *juvenal*, the prince your master." It is an affected word, the use of which Shakespeare evidently intends to ridicule.

154. Line 105: *If I were* FAIR, THISBY, *I were only thine.*—Malone would punctuate this line:

> If I *were, fair* Thisby, I were only thine,

which, undoubtedly, makes better sense; but Bottom was probably intended to blunder in his delivery of the line.

155. Line 110: *Through bog,* THROUGH BROOK, *through bush, through brake, through brier.*—We have adopted Lettsom's proposal to add *through brook*, on the ground that it might easily have been omitted from the likeness of *brook* to *brake*. Without some such emendation the line is defective.

156. Lines 111–114.—Compare the Ballad of Robin Goodfellow already mentioned:

> Sometimes I meete them like a man;
> Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
> And to a horse I turn me can;
> To trip and trot about them round.
> But if, to ride,
> My backe they stride,
> More swift than wind away I go,
> Ore hedge and lands,
> Thro' pools and ponds
> I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!
> —Percy's Reliques, book ii. p. 499.

157. Line 120: *you see an ass-head of your own, do you?*—Bottom here uses a common phrase of the day, all unconscious of the fact that he has himself *an ass's head* on his shoulders. Johnson proposed to add to Snout's speech: *an ass-head;* but that is quite unnecessary, and would destroy the humour of the situation.

158. Line 128: *The* OUSEL *cock.*—By this Shakespeare, undoubtedly, means the *blackbird*, the male being distinguished by his yellow beak, "gamboge yellow" according to Yarrell. The name *ousel* is now only applied to the ring-*ousel* (*Turdus torquatus*), and the water-*ouzel*, or dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*). The Qq. have *woosell*, the Ff. *woosel*.

159. Line 131: *The wren with little* QUILL.—Compare Milton's Lycidas, line 188:

> He touch'd the tender stops of various *quills*.

The meaning of the word, given in our foot-note, is more probably right than that given by Schmidt, viz. "wing-feather." For so small a bird the wren has rather a loud song. Shakespeare mentions this little bird very often.

160. Line 134: *The* PLAIN-SONG *cuckoo gray.*—*Plain-song* in music means the plain-chant in which parts of the mass are sung by the priest at high mass. It also means plain melody without any variation or accompaniment: "The cuckoo, as long ago remarked by John Heywood (Epigrams, Black Letter, 1587), begins to sing early in the season with the interval of a minor third; the bird then proceeds to a major third, next to a fourth, then a fifth, after which its voice breaks, without attaining a minor sixth. It may, therefore, be said to have done much for musical science, because from this bird has been derived the minor scale, the origin of which has puzzled so many; the cuckoo's couplet being the minor third sung downwards" (Harting's Ornithology of Shakespeare, pp. 150, 151). Chaucer in The Cuckoo and Nightingale (line 118) makes the cuckoo say:

> For my song is both true and *plaine*.
> —Minor Poems, vol. iii. p. 187.

Yarrell describes the colour of the cuckoo: "the head, neck, back, and upper tail-coverts *bluish grey* . . . Chin, neck and upper part of the breast, *ash grey*." *Grey* is decidedly the prevailing colour; but the long white-tipped tail, and the lower part of the white breast and belly "barred transversely with lead *grey*," are perhaps the most conspicuous points in the bird's plumage. (See Yarrell's British Birds, vol. ii. p. 188.)

161. Line 137: *who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1. 94:

> Will you *set your wit* to a fool's?

162. Line 150: *I can* GLEEK *upon occasion.*—There is no doubt that the word *gleek* implies an element of satire, and means something more than a simple jest. Shakespeare uses the verb only here, and in Henry V. v. 1. 78, 79: "I have seen you *gleeking* and galling at this gentleman." The substantive occurs twice; in I. Henry VI. iii 2. 123:

> Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his *gleeks?*

and in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 116 (see note 195 of that play). In Cotgrave under *Queue* we find "Regarder de la queue de l'œil. To leer, *gleek*, or look askew." This serves to point the connection between this word and *glance*.

163. Line 173: *And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.*—This is of course wrong, as far as natural history is concerned; the light being situate in the tail of the female insect, one of the few wingless females among the Coleoptera, and the only one that has no *elytra* or wing-cases. The glow-worm can extinguish her light at pleasure, and is, in appearance, an insignificant grub-like insect of a depressed shape. The male, which is a dull-looking beetle, can also at pleasure emit a light, but much fainter.

164. Line 174: *To have my love to bed and to arise.*—See note 15, Taming of the Shrew.

165. Line 182 et sqq.—With this dialogue between Bottom and the fairies compare the Maydes Metamorphosis (attributed to Lilly), act ii.:

> 3 *Fay*. You shall haue most daintie Instruments, sir
> *Mop*. I pray you, what might I call you?
> 1 *Fay*. My name is Penny.
> *Mop*. I am sorry I cannot purse you.
> *Fris*. I pray you sir what might I call you?
> 2 *Fay*. My name is Cricket.
> *Fris*. I would I were a chimney for your sake.
> —Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 128.

166. Line 185: *I shall desire* YOU OF *more acquaintance.*—For this somewhat unusual construction, compare Chapman's An Humerous Dayes Mirth:

> I do desire *you of* more acquaintance.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 55.

167. Lines 186, 187: *if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.*—The practice of putting a cobweb on a cut finger still finds favour among country people. It is doubtful whether the remedy is a very efficacious one; as the amount of dirt introduced into the wound does more harm than the styptic power of the cobweb does good.

168. Lines 190, 191: *commend me to Mistress* SQUASH, *your mother.*—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 165–167: "Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a *squash* is before 't is a peascod."

169. Line 206: *Tie up my love's tongue.*—Qq. and Ff. have *lovers:* the emendation is Pope's.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

170. Line 5: *night-rule.*—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 130–132: "Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil *rule.*" The word *night-rule* has been supposed to be a contraction of *night-revel,* or, as it would be written in those days, *night-reuel.* Halliwell quotes the Old Statutes of London given by Stowe: "No man shall, after the houre of nine at the night, keep any *rule* whereby any such sudden outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray," &c.

171. Line 13: THICK-SKIN *of that* BARREN SORT.—Shakespeare uses the word *thick-skin* only in one other passage, in Merry Wives, iv. 5. 1, 2: "What wouldst thou have, boor? what, *thick-skin?*" Nares quotes from Warner's "Albions England," vi. 30:

> That he, so foul a *thick-skin,* should so fair lady catch.

Bishop Hall, Satires i. uses it as an adjective:

> For *thick-skin* ears and undiscerning eyne.

Thick-skinned is used nowadays only in the sense of being wanting in sensitiveness; but in the 39th chapter of book xi. of Pliny's Natural History (Holland's Translation, p. 346) the use of the word *thick-skin,* as it is employed by Shakespeare, is explained: "Some measure not the finenesse of spirit and wit by the puritie of bloud: but suppose that creatures are brutish, more or lesse, according as their *skin* is, *thicker* or thinner . . . And hereto they bring men also, as a proofe, who are *thicke skinned,* and more brawnie; for to be more grosse of sence and understanding." Pliny does not seem to agree with this idea, for he adds: "as who would say, that Crocodiles were not very wittie and industrious, and yet their *skin* is *hard* ynough."

As to the use of the word *sort* for "company," there are many instances to be found in which this sense fits the word; but it is doubtful whether, in all these instances, the sense of *kind,* or *species,* or *race,* would not meet the requirements of the case equally well. Compare, however, II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 276, 277:

> the lord ambassador
> Sent from a *sort* of tinkers to the king,

and Spenser's Fairy Queen, book vi. canto 9, st. v.:

> There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
> He chaunst to spy a *sort* of shepheard groomes.
> —Works, p. 115.

For *barren*=dull, or brainless, compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 44–46: "for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of *barren* spectators to laugh too."

172. Line 19: *And forth my* MIMIC *comes.*—Q. 1 reads *Minnick;* Q. 2 *Minnock.* Some commentators have tried to make sense of these undoubted mistakes. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *Mimmick,* F. 4 *Mimick.* Malone quotes two passages from Decker in which *mimick* is used=actor; one being in Satiromastix, where Tucca says, addressing Horace (Ben Jonson): "thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Ieronimoes part, to get service among the *Mimickes*" (Works, vol. i. p. 229).

173. Line 21: RUSSET-PATED *choughs.*—The jackdaw, and not the Cornish chough or red-legged crow, is the bird referred to here. The head of the jackdaw about the ear-coverts and neck is *grey;* and *russet* meant not *red,* but *grey* or *brown,* the colour of undyed wool, in most cases; although sometimes it was loosely applied. In Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. ix. Nos. 227 and 233, will be found two long notes by me on this subject; and in No. 299 a note by Professor Newton; and in 6th Series, vol. x. No. 260 a most generous acknowledgment by Mr. W. Aldis Wright that I am right in my contention that the jackdaw, and not the Cornish chough, is here referred to. Of the passages proving that *russet=grey,* it will be sufficient to quote Cotgrave, who gives under: "*Gris*: *Gray,* light-*russet,* grizle, ash-coloured," &c.

174. Line 25: *And, at our* STAMP.—Johnson proposed to read, in accordance with Theobald's conjecture, "And,

at a *stump*," quoting a passage from Drayton's Nymphidia (edn. 1631, p. 184):

> A *stump* doth trip him in his pace,
> Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
> And lamentably tore his case,
> Amongst the briers and brambles.
> —Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 260.

But the objection that Puck was too small to *stamp* is not a valid one; we have, iv. 1. 90, 91:

> Come, my queen, take hands with me,
> And *rock* the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Ritson quotes from Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 85: "Our grandams maides were wont to set a boll of milke before incubus, and his cousin *Robin Good-fellow*, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid anie clothes for him beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here? Hemton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor *stampen*." That a diminutive being could *stamp* to some purpose, will be admitted by those who have not forgotten their fairy lore, in the instance of Rumpelstiltskin.

175. Line 36: *yet* LATCH'D.—Shakespeare uses the word *latch* in the same sense=catch in Macbeth, iv. 3. 193–195:

> But I have words
> That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
> Where hearing should not *latch* them.

And we find in Holland's Pliny (book viii. chap. 24, p. 208), in a description of the ichneumon: "In sight he sets up his taile, and whips about, turning his taile to the enemie, & therein *latcheth* and receiveth all the strokes of the Aspis." *Latching* is given by Grose="infecting" in Northern dialects.

176. Line 48: *Being* O'ER SHOES *in blood, plunge in* THE *deep.*—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, i. 1. 24:

> For he was more than *over shoes* in love,

where it means "moderately deep," being contrasted with *over boots* in the following line. Compare also Heywood's A Woman kild with Kindness:

> Come, come, lets in,
> Once *ore shooes*, we are straight ore head in sinne.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 135.

Coleridge proposed to read *knee* deep, a suggestion adopted, quite unnecessarily, by Dyce and other editors.

177. Lines 53–55:

> *and that the moon*
> *May through the centre creep, and so* DISPLEASE
> *Her brother's noontide* WITH *the Antipodes.*

These lines are not very intelligible. It is pretty certain *displease* is a corruption of the text. I had noted as a conjecture *dis-ease, i.e.* "render uneasy" (used by Shakespeare in Coriolanus, i. 3. 117) before I knew that Hanmer had proposed the same emendation. I cannot make any sense of *displease; displace* would seem a more natural word to use; but it does not rhyme with *Antipodes.* Dr. Annandale suggests, very ingeniously, *disseise*="to deprive of," "to dispossess;" a word used by Spenser and Drayton. For this use of *with*, compare Richard II. iii. 2. 49:

> Whilst we were wand'ring *with the antipodes.*

178. Line 57: *So should a murderer look,—so* DEAD, *so grim.*—Compare II. Henry IV. i. 1. 70–72:

> Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone,
> Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night.

179. Lines 72, 73:

> *for with* DOUBLER *tongue*
> *Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung*

See above, note 133.

180. Line 74: *on a mispris'd* MOOD.—Steevens thought this meant "*in* a mistaken *manner*." But *mood* is used for "anger" frequently by Shakespeare, *e.g.* in The Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 1. 51:

> Who, in my *mood*, I stabb'd unto the heart.

181. Lines 80, 81:

> *And from thy hated presence part I so:*
> *See me no more, whether he be dead or no.*

These lines are printed in Qq. and Ff. (substantially) thus:

> And from thy hated presence part I; see me no more,
> Whether he be dead or no.

The emendation, which is a necessary one, was first made by Pope, and has been adopted by all subsequent editors.

182. Lines 84–87.—It must be confessed there is an incongruous, prosaic and legal character about these lines which smells of an attorney's office. Note especially the word *tender* used, in its legal sense, of the offer, to be made by sleep, to visit the weary eyelids of Demetrius.

183. Lines 92, 93:

> *Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,*
> *A million fail, confounding oath on oath.*

The meaning of these lines is somewhat obscure. What Puck intends to say is "that fate o'er-rules chance here: for the chance is that, for one man true to his oath in love, one finds a million who are false to it." *That* may possibly be a corruption of the text for some other words; or, perhaps="in that," or "seeing that."

184. Line 97: *With sighs of love, that* COSTS *the fresh blood dear.*—The use of the singular verb here is quite in Shakespeare's style; and editors should not substitute the plural, only because of the apparent grammatical error. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 69, 70:

> The venom clamours of a jealous woman
> *Poisons* more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

The idea that *sighs* cost the sigher so much of his blood was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 61:

> Or *blood-consuming sighs* recall his life;

and again just below in same play, line 63:

> Look pale as primrose with *blood-drinking sighs*

185. Line 113: *Pleading for a* LOVER'S FEE.—According to Halliwell the *lover's fee* was a specific reward of three kisses. He quotes an old MS. ballad:

> How many saies Batt;
> Why, three, saies Matt,
> For that 's a mayden's *fee.*

186. Line 127: *Bearing the* BADGE *of faith.*—Steevens says: "This is said in allusion to the *badges* (i.e. family

crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 266). He quotes from The Tempest:

> Mark but the *badges* of these men, my lords,
> Then say if they be true. —v. 1. 267, 268.

187. Line 144: *This* PRINCESS *of pure white, this seal of bliss!*—Hanmer altered *princess* to *pureness*, while Collier's Old Corrector, misled by *seal*, coolly substituted *impress*. Lettsom proposes *purest*. Perhaps the most likely emendation, were any needed, would be *Empress;* but no change is necessary. Steevens quotes Sir Walter Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana, where the pine-apple is called "The *princess* of fruits." In Grimm's Household Tales, No. 146, The Turnip; I find a similar use of *princess:* "one turnip grew there which . . . seemed as if it would never stop growing so that it might have been called the *princess* of turnips, for never was such an one seen before."

188. Line 150. *But you must join in souls to mock me too.*—There would not seem to be any difficulty about this phrase, which is explained in the foot-note; yet there have been various emendations made, of which Hanmer's *in flouts* is perhaps the most ingenious, and Warburton's *insolents* the most improbable.

189. Line 157. *A* TRIM *exploit.*—For a similar ironical use of *trim* compare I. Henry IV. v. 1. 137: "what is that honour? air. A *trim* reckoning!"

190. Line 171: *My heart* WITH *her but as guest-wise sojóurn'd.*—This is Johnson's emendation. Qq. and Ff. read *to*. The instances of the peculiar use of *to* by Shakespeare, quoted in the Clarendon Press Series Edn. (p. 117), do not satisfy me that it was ever used in the sense of "remaining with" which *sojourn* implies; besides, it is highly probable that, in this case, the *to* of the next line caught the transcriber's eye.

191. Line 175: *thou* ABY *it dear.*—*Aby* is the reading of Q. 1, and is worth preserving as an old word, which is not a form of *abide* but a different word altogether; being derived from the "A. Sax. *abicgan* to buy back, to pay for," sometimes written *abuy* (see Imperial Dict. *sub voce*). Qq. and Ff. read *abide* here. Two instances of the occurrence of this word in old plays may be given. In Thersites:

> They shall *aby*[1] bitterly the coming of such a guest.
> —Dodsley, vol. i. p. 406.

And in Soliman and Perseda (act v.):

> Thou shalt *aby* for both your treacheries.
> —Dodsley, vol. v. p. 362.

192. Line 188: *Than all yon fiery* OES *and eyes of light.*—By *oes* are meant "circles." Shakespeare uses the word *O* for a circle in Henry V. i. Prologue, 12–14:

> or may we cram
> Within this wooden *O* the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?

Steevens quotes from Davies' Microcosmos, 1805, p. 233:

> Which silver *oes* and spangles over-ran.

Halliwell says (on the somewhat insufficient authority of a MS. Bodl. 160) that the eyes were sometimes called *oes*. Be this as it may, there is little doubt a pun is intended here on *o's* and *i's*.

193. Line 201: *O, is all forgot?*—Qq. and F. 1 read: *O, is all:* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *O, and is all.* We were at first inclined to adopt Spedding's conjecture "O, is *it* all," which seems the most probable one for supplying the deficiency in the metre; but on mature consideration, all the attempts to make the line metrically complete weaken the sense of it. The *O* is here a prolonged exclamation, and the hiatus in the metre is filled by the emotion of the actress. (See Richard II. note 152.)

194. Line 202: *All school-days' friendship,* CHILDHOOD *innocence.*—For a similar use of the word *childhood*, compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 144: "I urge this *childhood* proof." As a parallel to the beautiful passage which follows, descriptive of the friendship of two school-girls, it is interesting to compare the following passage in The Two Noble Kinsmen (i. 3), a play attributed to Shakespeare and Fletcher; but in which, with due respect to the positive opinion expressed by many able critics, I believe Shakespeare had little or no share. At any rate the following lines are much more in Fletcher's style than in that of Shakespeare:

> but I
> And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
> Loved for we did, and like the elements
> That know not what nor why, yet do effect
> Rare issues by their operance; our souls
> Did so to one another: What she liked,
> Was then of me approved; what not, condemn'd,
> No more arraignment; the flower that I would pluck
> And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning
> To swell about the blossom) she would long
> Till she had such another, and commit it
> To the like innocent cradle, where, phœnix-like,
> They died in perfume; on my head no toy
> But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
> Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
> For my most serious decking; had mine ear
> Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd on
> From musical coinage, why, it was a note
> Whereon her spirits would sojourn, (rather dwell on)
> And sing it in her slumbers.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 557.

195. Lines 212–214:

> *So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;*
> *Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,*
> *Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.*

Douce's explanation of this passage is probably the best: "It may be doubted whether this passage has been rightly explained, and whether the commentators have not given Shakespeare credit for more skill in heraldry than he really possessed, or at least than he intended to exhibit on the present occasion. Helen says, 'we had two seeming bodies, but only one heart.' She then exemplifies her position by a simile—'we had *two of the first*, i.e. *bodies*, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as *one person*, but which, like our *single heart*, have but *one crest*'" (Illustrations, p. 120).

196. Line 237: *Ay, do, persever.*—Q. 1 reads *I doe. Persever,*—which reading Hunter defends, explaining thus: "Hermia says,

> I understand not what you mean by this;

[1] *Abye* (in original).

to which Helena replies in a grave and serious tone, *I do!*" (New Illustrations, vol. i. p. 296).

Persévér is always used by Shakespeare with the accent on the second syllable; the modern form *persevere*, with the accent on the last syllable, does not occur.

197. Line 257: *Away, you* ETHIOPE! — Hermia was a brunette, and therefore he calls her an *Ethiope;* brunettes being at a discount in Queen Elizabeth's reign. See Love's Labour's Lost, note 132; and compare iv. 3. 268 of that play:

And *Ethiopes* of their sweet complexion crack,

in which the king compares the brunette Rosaline to an *Ethiope.*

198. Lines 257, 258:

No, no; HE'LL—SIR,
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow.

Q. 1 has:

No, no; heele
Seeme to breake loose;

Q. 2 "No, no, *hee'l seeme* to breake loose" (as one line); while Folios read: "No, no, *sir*, seem to break loose" (as one line). We have adopted Malone's arrangement. Demetrius is going to say to Hermia: "No, no; he'll not let you leave hold of him;" when he stops suddenly and, turning to Lysander, says ironically: "Sir, seem to break loose," &c. Jackson's conjecture: "he 'll not *stir*" is much the most probable; and before seeing it I had noted that as a suggested emendation. But, possibly, the Cambridge editors are right; a line, or two, may have dropped out of the text.

199. Line 272: *O me! what* MEANS *my love?*—We have adopted, as Staunton and Singer have, the very sensible emendation of the Collier MS. Qq. and Ff. all read: "what *news* my love." Q. 1 has the sentence printed thus: "O me, what *newes*, my love?" But none of the other old copies, as far as I am aware, have any stop after *news.* Any one acquainted with MSS. of Shakespeare's time will admit how easily *means*, or *meanes* might be mistaken for *news* or *newes.* The Clarendon Press Ed. explains *what news?* "what has happened? what is the matter?" and compare i. 1. 21, where Theseus addresses Egeus, who has just entered: "what's the *news* with thee?" and Hamlet, i. 2. 42, where the King, after addressing the Lords of the Council as it were, turns to Laertes and says:

And now, Laertes, *what's the news* with you?

After examining these and the many other passages in which the phrase *What news?* or *What news with you?* occurs, I cannot find a single instance in which it is not addressed to some person who has only just appeared on the scene, and who may be expected by the speaker to have some message or matter of importance to communicate. In many cases it exactly corresponds to our modern phrase, so common in everybody's mouth when greeting a friend whom one has not seen for some little time: "Well, *what's the news* with you?" But Hermia, in this speech, is under the influence of strong emotion. She is shocked at Lysander saying that he hates her. Is it likely, under such circumstances, that she would employ such a colloquial phrase as *What news?* Were she less in earnest, less deeply wounded, and playing the part of an indignant coquette, whose philanderings had been discovered, she might say: "What new-fangled notion is this of your hating me?" But she is too much in earnest to play with words. The exclamation *O me!* is not one of skittish and affected suspense; it is a cry of real mental anguish; and I cannot think anyone with a due sense of dramatic fitness would admit the reading *what news?* in the sense accepted by all the commentators. Even if a note of exclamation be substituted for that of interrogation, it does not get rid of the objection urged above.

200. Line 282: *you* CANKER-BLOSSOM!—There can be no doubt that *canker-blossom* here means, not the *blossom* eaten by the *canker*, or caterpillar, but the *canker*, or caterpillar, which eats the *blossom.* Hermia means, not that Helena is the *blossom* which looks fair without, but is within decayed by the ravages of the *canker;* she means to denounce her as the *canker* that has secretly destroyed the *blossom* of Lysander's love for her.

201. Line 292: *And with her personage, her tall personage.*—This line has a peculiar rhythm; it must be read thus:

And with her pérsonage, her táll personage,

the accent, with a slight pause, being on *tall.* Read by the ordinary rules of metre the accent would fall on the second syllable of the second *personage* thus:

And with her pérsonáge, her tall persónage.

202. Line 321: *Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee,* HELEN.—Qq. and Ff. read *Helena.* We have the form *Helen* more than once in this scene, *e.g.* lines 137, 251. The trisyllabic ending is not found in Shakespeare's earlier plays; and, for that reason, we read with Walker, *Helen.*

203. Line 329: *of hind'ring knot-grass made.* — It is doubtful whether there is intended here any reference to the traditional property of *knot-grass* (*Polygonum aviculare*), alluded to in the following passage from Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle (ii. 2): "and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 't were worse than *knot-grass;* he would never *grow* after it" (Works, vol. ii. p. 80). As Ellacombe points out in his Plant Lore of Shakespeare (p. 101) the epithet *hindering* may be otherwise explained: "Johnstone tells us that in the north, 'being difficult to cut in the harvest time, or to pull in the process of weeding, it has obtained the soubriquet of the 'Deil's-lingels.' From this it may well be called 'hindering' just as the *Ononis*, from the same habit of catching the plough and harrow, has obtained the prettier name of 'Rest-harrow.'"

204. Line 335: *Thou shalt* ABY *it.*—See above, note 191. There is no reason to think that the word here is an abbreviated form of *abide.*

205. Line 379: *For night's swift* DRAGONS.—Compare Cymbeline, ii. 2. 48: "Swift, swift, you *dragons* of the night." According to Drayton (The Man in the Moon, 431) Phœbe (Diana) had a chariot drawn by *dragons;* he represents her as calling down "the *Dragons* that her

chariot drawe;" and compare Milton's Il Penseroso (line 59):

While Cynthia checks her *dragon yoke.*

206. Lines 381, 382:

At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to churchyards.

Compare Milton's Hymn to the Nativity, stanza xxvi.:

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

207. Line 383: *That in crossways and floods have burial.* — Suicides were, as is well known, formerly buried at cross-roads with a stake through the heart. Steevens has the following obscurely worded note on this passage: "The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for *damned spirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. romance of Syr Eglamoure of Artoys, no date:

'Let some preest a gospel saye,
'For doute of *fendes in the flode.*'"
—Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 281.

208. Line 384: *Already to their* WORMY BEDS *are gone.* —Compare Milton's poem On the Death of a Fair Infant (line 31):

Or that thy beauties lie in *wormy bed.*

209. Line 387: *black-brow'd night.*—Compare Rom. and Jul. iii. 2. 20: "come, loving, *black-brow'd night.*"

210. Line 389: *I with the* MORNING'S LOVE *have oft made sport.*—Probably Oberon means by the *morning's love* Cephalus, the lover of Aurora. He claims here to be exempt from the rule which compelled all spirits and ghosts to retire to their homes at dawn, for he had *made sport*, or hunted with Cephalus. Milton, therefore, was wrong in making his fairies disappear with the ghosts (see above, the quotation in note 206).

211. Line 391: *Even till the* EASTERN GATE, *all fiery-red.*—Compare Milton again, L'Allegro (lines 59, 60):

Right against the *eastern gate*
Where the great sun begins his state.

Milton seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the language of this play, which must have been a great favourite of his, at any rate in his youth.

212. Lines 418, 419:

Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy GRAY *light.*

Compare Hamlet, i. 1. 166:

But, look, the morn, in *russet* mantle clad,

where *russet*, as has been pointed out above, note 173, means *grey.*

213. Line 426: *Thou shalt* BUY *this dear.*—Compare II. Henry VI. ii. 1. 100:

Too true; and *bought* his climbing *very dear.*

There is no need to read *'by* for *aby* as Johnson proposed to do.

214. Line 461: *Jack shall have Jill.*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 884, 885.

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

215. Line 2: *While I thy* AMIABLE *cheeks do* COY.—*Amiable*, which is now only used of persons, and referred to moral beauty, formerly was used of beauty in inanimate objects. In its modern use it rather means *lovable* than beautiful. Compare Milton's Paradise Lost, book iv. lines 250, 251:

Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung *amiable.*

For *coy* used in the sense of "to caress," compare Peele's Arraignment of Paris, iii. 1:

Lo, yonder comes the lovely nymph, that in these Ida vales
Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and *coys* him in the dales!
—Works, p. 360.

216. Lines 11–14: *and kill me a* RED-HIPPED HUMBLE-BEE *on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the* HONEY-BAG.—What Shakespeare meant by the epithet *red-hipped* is doubtful; many of the *humble-bees* (of the genus *Bombus*) have the lower half of the abdomen bright-coloured; one of the commonest species (*Bombus lapidarius*) has the three last abdominal segments bright red. One of the *Apathi*, a genus of bees much resembling the *Bombi*, but parasitical on various members of that race, has the upper part of the leg red. As few people, who are not entomologists, know exactly what the *honey-bag* is, it may be as well to quote from Kirby and Spence's Entomology the description of that receptacle. "The tongue of a bee is not a tube through which the honey passes, nor a pump acting by suction, but a real tongue which laps or licks the honey, and passes it down on its upper surface, as we do, to the mouth, which is at its base concealed by the mandibles. It is conveyed by this orifice through the œsophagus into the first stomach, which we call the *honey-bag*, and which, from being very small, is swelled when full of it to a considerable size" (vol. ii. p. 177). Shuckard in his British Bees (p. 316) says, speaking of humble-bees: "Foxes, weasels, field-mice, all prey upon them, and, like schoolboys, often destroy the bee for the sake of its *honey-bag.*"

217. Line 25: *Cavalery Peaseblossom.*—Qq. and Ff. read *Cobweb*, an evident mistake, as *Cobweb* has already been despatched on his errand. The emendation was Grey's suggestion. Qq. and F. 1 have *Cavalery;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 print *Cavalero.*

218. Line 31: *I have a reasonable* GOOD EAR IN MUSIC. —Bottom was a weaver, and weavers were supposed to be musical, and given to singing. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 145, 146: "I would I were a *weaver;* I could *sing* psalms or any thing."

219. Line 32: *Let's have the* TONGS *and the* BONES.—Ff. have here a stage-direction *Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.*

The *tongs* were played by a *key;* the *bones* were played in the same manner as they are by nigger minstrels nowadays.

220. Line 33: *Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.*—This line is printed as prose in Globe edn. though all Titania's speeches are in verse. *Desirest* is not elided in F. 1; but it is almost certain this line was intended for verse, the non elision of *desirest* being accidental.

221. Line 36: *a* BOTTLE *of hay.*—In the north a bundle, or truss of hay, is still called a *bottle;* the use of the word is preserved in the proverb: "to look for a needle in a *bottle* of hay." Cotgrave gives: "Boteler. *To bottle, or bundle up; to make into bottles, or bundles.*" Chaucer uses the word in the Prologue to the Manciple's Tale (line 16963):

> Although it be not worth a *botel hey.*

A curious use of the word is found in Thersites:

> I promise you this is as worthy a knight,
> As ever shall bread out of a *bottle* bite.
> —Dodsley, vol. i. p. 411.

That is probably a roundabout way of calling Thersites (the *knight* referred to) an ass.

222. Line 40: *The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee* THENCE *new nuts.*—Qq. and Ff. omit *thence*, which probably was overlooked by the transcriber, or by the printer, on account of its likeness to *thee.* The emendation is Hanmer's.

223. Lines 47, 48:

> *So doth the* WOODBINE *the sweet* HONEYSUCKLE
> *Gently* ENTWIST.

On this passage much has been written by commentators. The chief difficulty is in the word *woodbine,* which is used by Shakespeare only in two other passages; viz. in ii. 1. 251:

> Quite over-canopi'd with lush *woodbine,*

where it evidently means *honeysuckle;* and in Much Ado, iii. 1. 30, speaking of Beatrice:

> Is couched in the *woodbine* coverture,

which, from lines 8, 9 above, we learn was:

> Where *honeysuckles,* ripen'd by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter.

We must either suppose, with Steevens, that *the sweet honeysuckle* is in opposition to *woodbine,* and that *entwist,* as well as *enrings,* governs the *barky fingers of the elm* in line 49; or that it stands alone, the object being understood; or we must take *woodbine* here to be a different plant to *honeysuckle.* There is no doubt that *woodbine* was and is commonly used, in some parts of the country, for the *Convolvulus arvensis* or the *Convolvulus sepium,* both common plants in our hedge-banks, and both climbing plants much slighter than the *honeysuckle,* which is a shrub and often has a thick woody stem. A passage from Ben Jonson's Vision of Delight (a Masque presented at court in 1617) is quoted as explaining the difficulty:

> behold!
> How the blue bindweed doth itself infold
> With honey-suckle.
> —Works, vol. vii. p. 308.

Bindweed being taken to be the same as *woodbine* in this passage; and Gifford, in his note on this passage, dogmatically says: "The *woodbine* of Shakspeare is the blue *bindweed* of Jonson: in many of our counties the *woodbine* is still the name for the great convolvolus (*sic*)" (Works, vol. vii. p. 308). Now, in the first case, there is no *convolvulus,* native to Great Britain, which has blue flowers. There are only three indigenous species, and they are all white or pink; the great *Convolvulus* or *Convolvulus sepium* being white. Undoubtedly *bindweed* is the common popular name for *convolvulus;* but it was and is also used of other plants, *e.g.* in Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History (bk. xxvii. chap. ix. vol. ii. p. 281) we find a description of the qualities of "Running Buckewheat or *Bindweed,*" a common weed, the Latin name of which is *Polygonum Convolvulus,* known as *black bindweed.* It is also used, vol. i. p. 481, of the plant called in Latin *smilax,* the chapter (bk. xvi. chap. xxxv.) being headed: "Of the *Bind-weed,* or Ivie called Smilax;" and again, book xxiv. chap. x.: "Furthermore, the *Bindweed* Smilax, knowne also by the name of Nicephoros, resembleth Ivie, but that it hath smaller leaves" (vol. ii. p. 190). In Prior's Popular Names of British Plants (p. 21) we find the *blue bindweed* of Jonson explained as *Solanum Dulcamara* or *bitter-sweet* (the woody nightshade), a very common plant in all our hedgerows. But that plant is not a climbing one, and I doubt if Prior's explanation is correct. If we examine the passage in the Vision of Delight, we shall find that the lines, quoted above, are part of a description of the Bower of Zephyrus, in which all kinds of flowers are supposed to be collected; the whole passage reads thus:

> behold!
> How the blue *bindweed* doth itself infold
> With *honey-suckle,* and both these intwine
> Themselves with bryony and jessamine,
> To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.
> Works, vol. vii. p. 308.

Now the jessamine is certainly not a native of Great Britain; and we may justly conclude that by the *blue bindweed* Jonson meant the beautiful purple convolvulus, so common in all our gardens, which is a creeping plant, and will grow almost anywhere. On the whole, considering the lax use of the word *woodbine,* we must take it to mean some other plant than the honeysuckle, probably the *Convolvulus sepium.*

224. Lines 48, 49:

> *the female ivy so*
> ENRINGS *the barky fingers of the elm.*

The ivy is called *female* because it always requires support, and weds itself, as it were, to its husband tree. *Enrings* may have, as Steevens suggests, some reference to the interchange of rings which took place, in old times, always at the betrothal of two lovers. Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 159–162:

> A contract of eternal bond of love,
> . . . . . .
> Strengthen'd by *interchangement of your rings.*

For the simile, more implied than expressed here, of a parasite plant being married to the tree which supports it, compare Milton's Paradise Lost, book v. lines 215–217:

> or they led the vine
> To *wed* her elm; she, *spous'd,* about him twines
> Her *marriageable* arms.

225. Line 54: *Seeking sweet* FAVOURS.—So Q. 1 and F. 4. In Q. 2, F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 the reading is *savours.* For *favours* in the sense of love-tokens, compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 134: "And change you *favours* too;" and again line 136. Titania was evidently seeking flowers. Dyce quotes: "These [fair women] with syren-like allurement so entised these quaint squires, that they bestowed all their *flowers* upon them for *fauours* (Greene's *Quip for an Vpstart Courtier*, sig. B 2, ed. 1620)."

226. Line 59: *round and* ORIENT *pearls.*—Mr. Aldis Wright says, in his note on this passage (Clarendon Press Series, p. 129): "The epithet appears to be originally applied to the pearl and other gems as coming from the *orient* or east, and to have acquired the general sense of bright and shining from the objects which it most commonly describes. Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, i. 546:

> Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
> With *orient* colours waving."

But he also quotes from The Passionate Pilgrim, line 133:

> Bright *orient pearl*, alack, too timely shaded!

where it certainly seems to have only the sense of "coming from the east."

227. Line 78: DIAN'S BUD *o'er Cupid's flower.—Dian's bud* here is supposed to refer to the *Vitex Agnus castus* (Linn.), a plant belonging to the order *Verbenaceæ*, which is thus described by Pliny, book xxiv. chap. ix.: "There is a kind of tree named *Vitex*, not much different from the Willow, in regard of the use that the twigs bee put unto, as also of the leaves which resemble those of the Willow in outward shew, but that their smell is more pleasant and odoriferous: the Greeks, some call it *Lygos* others AGNOS, CHAST; for that the dames of Athens, during the feasts of the goddesse *Ceres*, which were named Thesmophoria, made their pallets and beds with the leaves thereof, to coole the heat of lust, and to keep themselves *chast* for the time" (Holland's Translation, vol. ii. p. 187). It is mentioned by Chaucer in the Flower and the Leaf (lines 471–477):

> "See ye not her that crowned is" (quoth she)
> "All in white?"—"Madam" (quoth I) "yes:
> That is Diane, goddesse of chastite,
> And for because that she a maiden is,
> In her hond the braunch she beareth this,
> That *agnus castus* men call properly;
> And all the ladies in her company."
> —Minor Poems, vol. iii. p. 323.

Cupid's flower is the pansy (*Viola tricolor*). See note 111.

228. Line 87: *Than common sleep of all these* FIVE *the sense.*—Qq. F. 1, F. 2 read "sleepe; of all these, *fine:*" F. 3, F. 4 "sleep; of all these *find.*" The emendation is Theobald's; but was also suggested by Dr. Thirlby. The *five* sleepers are, of course, Helena, Hermia, Lysander, Demetrius, and Bottom.

229. Line 90: *Sound, music!*—After line 86 the Ff. have *Musick still;* which is equivalent to *still* or *soft music*, and does not mean, as Collier supposed, that the music was to continue playing till Puck spoke, and then not to sound again till Oberon spoke. Titania calls for music, and the stage-direction is put immediately after her line, in order that the musicians might be ready. Their cue to begin playing would be Oberon's words: *Sound, music!* In all the old MS. plays, as in our modern ones, the entrance of a new character, or of any number of supernumeraries, is always marked before their actual cue for coming on, in order that the prompter, or stage-manager, may see that they are ready to come on. In the same way, if any "property" is required, it will always be found marked, in the margin, a little time before it is wanted. Many of these stage-directions will be found, in the printed Quartos of the old plays, to have been introduced into the text by the blunders of the copyist or the printer. The instruments used for *still music* would be, probably, recorders or flutes, and perhaps some stringed instruments; while, for military or hunting music, drums and trumpets, or horns, would be used. Dyce is undoubtedly right in supposing that, at this point, a dance of some kind was introduced.

230. Line 107.—After this line in the Ff. is a stage-direction: *Sleepers Lye still.*

231. Line 110: *the* VAWARD *of the day.*—This word (a form of *van-ward* = vanguard) is used by Shakespeare, in its literal sense, in Henry V. iv. 3. 129, 130:

> My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
> The leading of the *vaward.*

And, metaphorically as here, in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 199, 200: "and we that are in the *vaward* of our youth, I must confess, are wags too."

232 Line 112: *Uncouple in the valley; let them go.*—Qq. and Ff. read:

> Uncouple in the *western* valley; let them go,

making a very awkward and unrhythmical line; an Alexandrine being quite out of place here. We have preferred to omit *western*, instead of *let them*, as Pope does. There seems to be no particular meaning in "the *western* valley." The *mountain*, in line 114 below, is not particularized.

233. Line 117: *I was with Hercules and Cadmus once.*—Rather a strange mixture, Hippolyta, Hercules, and Cadmus; but Shakespeare did not trouble himself about chronology much, mythical or historical.

234. Lines 118, 119:

> *they bay'd the* BEAR
> *With hounds of Sparta.*

Hanmer, whom Dyce follows, substituted *boar* for *bear*, quite unnecessarily. Shakespeare mentions the *bear*, among the objects of the chase, in Venus and Adonis (line 884); and in The Winter's Tale (iii. 3) Antigonus is killed by a *bear*, which is being hunted. Shakespeare uses the verb *to bay*, which properly signifies "to bark," as = "to bring to *bay.*" Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 204: "Here wast thou *bay'd*, brave hart." For *hounds of Sparta*, which were considered of most excellent breed, compare Ben Jonson, Entertainment at Althorpe (The Satyr):

> Better not Actæon had;
> . . . . . .
> The dog of *Sparta* breed, and good,
> As can *ring* within a wood.
> —Works, vol. vi. p. 478.

For the last line, compare below, line 123; *ring* being evidently an allusion to the bell-like sound of the hound's cry.

235. Lines 121, 122:

The skies, the MOUNTAINS, *every region near*
Seem'd all one mutual cry.

Qq. and Ff. read *fountains.* How *fountains* could be supposed to echo a *cry*, I do not know. The obvious correction *mountains* was inserted by Theobald from an anonymous source. Crete is a very mountainous island.

236. Line 126: *With ears that sweep away the morning dew.*—Compare Heywood's Brazen Age, ii. 2:

the fierce Thessalian hounds
With their flagge eares, ready to *sweep the dew*
From the moist earth.
—Works, vol. iii. p. 190.

The credit of giving this quotation correctly (it having been wrongly transcribed by Steevens) belongs to Mr. Aldis Wright.

237. Line 128: *match'd in mouth like bells.*—Compare Day's Ile of Gulls, ii. 2: "Dametas, were thine eares euer at a more musicall banquet? How the *hounds mouthes, like bells,* are tuned one vnder another" [Works, p. 33 (of play)], and The Martyr'd Souldier, iii. 1: "A packe of the bravest *Spartan* Dogges in the world; if they do but once open and spend there gabble, gabble, gabble it will make the Forest ecchoe as if a *Ring of Bells* were in it; admirably flewd, by their eares you would take 'em to be singing boyes" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 203).

238. Lines 157, 158:

where we might
Be without peril of the Athenian law.

Q. 1 reads:

where we might
Without *the* peril of the Athenian law.

Q. 2, Ff. read:

Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might *be*
Without *the* peril of the Athenian law.

The emendation in our text is Hanmer's, by which the violent ellipsis of Q. 1, and the unrhythmical line of the other old copies, are both avoided.

239. Line 178: *But, like* IN *sickness.*—Qq. Ff. read "*a* sickness;" the emendation is Farmer's conjecture.

240. Lines 196, 197:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Hermia says above (lines 194, 195):

Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

To which Helena answers:

So methinks:
And I have found, &c.;

Meaning that Demetrius, to her eye, partakes of this double nature, being like a jewel which is *now* her own, but lately seemed not to be her own. Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 20:

And so, *though yours, not yours.*

241. Lines 213-215.—Is the forgetfulness of Bottom here genuine; or is he ashamed to confess, even to himself, a thing so humiliating to his self-conceit as that he had thought himself, for a time, an ass with a real ass's head? I am inclined to believe that his unwillingness to mention the exact nature of his dream is due to the latter cause.

242. Line 225: *I shall sing it* AT HER *death.*—Theobald very ingeniously proposed "*after* death," *i.e.* Bottom, having been killed in Pyramus, would come to life again and sing the ballad. But, as his mind is full of "The most lamentable Comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe," he means, most probably, after Thisbe's death.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

243. Line 14: *a thing of* NAUGHT.—Qq. and F. 1 have *of* NOUGHT; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *of* NAUGHT. There is no doubt that Flute understands the word *paramour* in its worst sense; and therefore since, as Mr. Aldis Wright points out, *nought* and *naught* are etymologically the same, the two different senses of the word being distinguished by the spelling, it is better to adopt the spelling which indicates the sense intended. Compare Richard III. i. 1. 97-99:

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have *nought* to do.
Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth *naught* with her, &c.

The humour of these few sentences of dialogue (lines 1-14) is excellent. Note the genuine high opinion the speakers have of Bottom's talents; there is no jealousy of his admitted superiority. The touch of Flute's correcting the mistake of Quince, who has hitherto exercised a kind of managerial authority over the company, is very good.

244. Lines 19, 20: *Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life.*—This speech evidently refers to some real case of an actor having been pensioned, for a good performance, by Queen Elizabeth. Steevens says that Thomas Preston, the title-page of whose Cambyses Shakespeare has already ridiculed in the title of "The most Lamentable Comedy," &c. "acted a part in John Ritwise's play of Dido before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the Queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than *a shilling* a day" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 307).

245. Line 29: *I am to discourse wonders.*—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 1. 89:

I *am to* break with thee of some affairs.

246. Line 39: *our play is* PREFERRED.—Generally explained by the commentators as meaning "is *preferred*, or offered for acceptance;" as we talk of "*preferring* a request." But has it not more probably the sense of "*preferred* to the dignity (of being acted before the Duke)?" Compare Richard III. iv. 2. 82:

And I will love thee, and *prefer* thee too.

ACT V. Scene 1.

247. Line 4: *such seething brains.*—Compare Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 64, 65: "Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" In that passage *boiled* means overheated; but in the passage quoted by Malone from the Tempest, v. 1. 60, it has a different signification, and means "sodden" (with the

magic fumes). Delius, very aptly, quotes Macbeth, ii. 1. 38, 39

> a false creation,
> Proceeding from the *heat-oppressed* brain.

248. Line 8: *Are of imagination all* COMPACT.—See note 78, Comedy of Errors (iii. 2. 22). Marlowe uses the word, in this sense, in Dido, Queen of Carthage, ii. 2:

> A man *compact* of craft and perjury.
> —Works, p. 257.

249. Line 34: *Between* OUR AFTER-SUPPER *and bed-time.* —Qq. have "*or* after supper;" and neither in Qq. nor Ff. are the two words connected by a hyphen. There is little doubt that the two words are not meant to express simply "the time after supper," as Schmidt explains them; but the banquet or dessert taken *after supper* in another room, and called *rere-supper*, or *rear-supper*. Harrison mentions this supplementary meal in his Description of England, book ii. chap. vi.: "Heretofore there hath beene much more time spent in eating and drinking than commonlie is in these daies, for whereas of old we had breakefasts in the forenoone, beuerages, or nuntions after dinner, and thereto *reare suppers* generallie when it was time to go to rest (a toie brought into England by hardie *Canutus*" (New Shak. Soc. Publications, part i. p. 162). Compare Richard III. iv. 3. 31 (according to the first six Quarto edns.):

> Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at *after-supper*,

where Ff. read "AND *after-supper*." That *after-supper* was a recognized word we find from Cotgrave, who gives under "*Regoubillonner*. To make a *reare supper*, steale an *after supper*." (It will be observed that the words are not hyphened in Cotgrave.)

250. Line 38: *Here, mighty* THESEUS.—Ff. give EGEUS as the name of the speaker, the same actor having probably played both parts.

251. Line 39: *Say, what* ABRIDGMENT *have you for this evening?*—Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 439: "look, where my *abridgment* comes;" where the word is used in a double sense. It came to mean "an entertainment" in the sense of something that *abridged* the time, or made it to appear short. But Steevens thinks *abridgment* might mean "a dramatic performance which crowds the events of years into a few hours." Perhaps the word may have acquired the sense of "an entertainment," because of being necessarily short, "brief, but *not* tedious." Steevens says *abatement*, in northern dialects, means "an entertainment."

252. Line 42: *There is a* BRIEF *how many sports are ripe.*—For *brief* in the sense of "a list," compare Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 138, 139:

> This is the *brief* of money, plate, and jewels,
> I am possess'd of.

Q. 2 and Ff. have *rife* instead of *ripe;* probably a misprint.

253. Line 44.—In Qq. Theseus reads out from the paper himself; but we have followed Ff. which give the reading of the list of entertainments to Lysander, a much more effective arrangement, as far as the stage requirements are concerned.

254. Lines 52, 53.—See Introduction, pp. 213, 214.

255. Line 59: *That is, hot ice and* WONDROUS STRANGE *snow.*—The proposed emendations of this passage are as numerous and ingenious as they are unnecessary. Almost every commentator seems to have thought it his duty to propose some alteration in the text; but not one appears to have noticed that the expression *wondrous strange* is used by Shakespeare in two other passages, in Hamlet, i. 5. 164:

> O day and night, but this is *wondrous strange!*

And in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 33:

> 'T is *wondrous strange*, the like yet never heard of:

and that, as the text stands, it makes sufficiently good sense. It is quite true that *hot ice* presents a perfect antithesis, and that *wondrous strange snow* does not; but what are the two corresponding phrases in the former line?—

> Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

Now *merry* and *tragical* are absolutely opposed; but *tedious* and *brief*, though, as a rule, opposites, are not necessarily so. For it is quite possible to be *brief* and yet to be *tedious*, in the sense of being wearisome. We all remember the story of the clergyman, who, having preached a short sermon before Canning, asked the great statesman his opinion of it afterwards: "What did you think of my sermon?" "Well, it was not long." "No," the clergyman answered, "I was afraid of being *tedious.*" "But," answered Canning, "you *were tedious.*" The word *strange* has many meanings; and one of them is that which is contrary to the nature of the person or thing to which it applies. One of the synonyms for *strange*, given in Cotgrave, is *revers;* and surely we get from that word, very nearly, the meaning of "that which is contrary to itself."

256. Line 69: *Made mine eyes water.*—Supply *It* before *made.* For examples of a similar elliptical construction, compare As You Like It, i. 1. 2: "*bequeathed* me by will;" *i.e.* (*he*) bequeathed, &c.; and Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 98:

> If they should speak, *would* almost damn those ears,

where *would*=(they) would.

257. Line 70: *The* PASSION *of loud laughter.*—See note 175, Love's Labour's Lost.

258. Line 74: *their* UNBREATH'D *memories.*—See note 212, Love's Labour's Lost.

259. Lines 81–83.—It may be noted that, although Shakespeare ridicules those entertainments and interludes, which were presented by the rustic amateurs before great people, yet he, at the same time, furnishes the best and most generous defence of them; and teaches us how such simple-minded, if ridiculous, efforts should be treated by all persons of good breeding. Compare with this passage and the subsequent one (lines 89–92) the speech of the Princess in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 516–521. Indeed, the whole of this scene may be compared with the portion of that scene which relates to the performance of the Interlude of The Nine Worthies, and the comments of the spectators.

260. Lines 91, 92:

> *And what poor duty would, but cannot do,*
> *Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.*

Qq. and Ff. read:

And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Various emendations have been suggested. I am responsible for the reading in our text, which differs but little from Coleridge's conjecture:

And what poor duty cannot do, YET WOULD.

There is no necessity for altering the second sentence; "the sense being," as Mr. Aldis Wright explains it, "noble respect or consideration accepts the effort to please without regard to the merit of the performance" (Clarendon Press Ed. p. 138).

261. Lines 93–99.—These lines may have been suggested by some of the addresses received by Queen Elizabeth in her various "progresses." They contain an excellent hint to princes who suffer under a plethora of such addresses nowadays, and to the various officials who have to make such addresses.

262. Line 107: [*Flourish of trumpets.*—Compare Dekker's Gull's Hornbook for an illustration of the custom of ushering in the *Prologue* with a *Flourish of Trumpets:* "Present not yourself on the stage, especially at a new play, until the quaking *Prologue* hath by rubbing got colour into his cheeks, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that he is upon point to enter; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you dropt out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripos or three-footed stool in one hand, &c." [Reprint (Bristol, 1812), pp. 142, 143].

263. Lines 108–117.—For a similar instance of a comical perversion of sense by misplacing stops, compare Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 4:

M. Merry [reads:]
Sweet Mistress, where as I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and riches chief of all;
For your personage, beauty, demeanour and wit,
I commend me unto you never a whit.
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare,
For, (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favour of no living man;
To be abhorred of every honest man.
—Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 111.

It is a letter which Ralph has written to Mistress Custance from a copy furnished him by a Scrivener, and which Matthew Merrygreek reads out for him, making the mistakes purposely. The Prologue in the text ought to be stopped thus:

If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend;
But with good will to show our simple skill:
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then: we come; but in despite
We do not come: as minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight;
We are not here that you should here repent you.—
The actors are at hand; and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

264. Lines 124, 125: *like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.*—Compare what Hamlet says, speaking with *a recorder* in his hand: "*Govern* these ventages with your fingers and thumb" (iii. 2. 372, 373). The *recorder* was an instrument having six holes, like a small flageolet. It is mentioned in Ralph Roister Doister (1550), ii. 1:

Then to our *recorder* with toodleoodle poop.
—Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 87.

265. Line 131: *This beauteous lady Thisby is* CERTAIN.—Steevens is no doubt right in supposing that Shakespeare intended to ridicule the frequent use of *certain*, accented on the last syllable, as a rhyme in old English poetry. He gives several instances from Wynkyn de Worde (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 318).

266. Lines 147, 148:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

In ridicule of the alliteration, so common an affectation in the English poetry of the seventeenth century, of which almost any number of instances might be given.

267. Line 164. *And this the* CRANNY *is.*—So in Golding's Ovid (1567), Metamorphoses, book iv.:

The wall that parted house from house had riuen therein a *crany*
Which shronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt of any
Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue espie)
These louers first of all found out, and made a way thereby
To talk to gither secretly, &c.

In the original the passage is:

Fissus erat tenui rima, quam duxerat olim,
Quum fieret paries domui communis utrique:
Id vitium nulli per secula longa notarum,
Quid non sentit amor? primi sensistis amantes;
Et vocis fecistis iter.
—Metam. iv. 65–69.

268. Lines 168, 169: *It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.*—Farmer proposed to read "*in* discourse," supposing the reference to be to the many *partitions* into which argumentative writings and sermons were divided. The sense of *partition* in French = score (in music) does not seem to have existed in Shakespeare's time.

269. Line 185.—This speech of Bottom's, in which he forgets all about his assumed character, and answers directly the critical observation of Theseus, is a very humorous touch; his intense self-consciousness will not let him be quiet.

270. Lines 208, 209: *Now is the* WALL *down between the two neighbours.*—Qq. read: "Now is the *Moon used* between;" Ff. "Now is the *morall downe* between." Mr Aldis Wright suggests that the reading of Qq. which is evidently nonsense, arose from some stage-direction having got into the text; and it is quite possible that the word *moonshine* was written here, in the margin, to indicate that the actor, who represented *Moonshine*, was to be ready to come on. The reading of Ff. is, undoubtedly, a corruption; and although the somewhat extravagant emendation of Pope, "the *mural*" = the wall, has been generally accepted, we have preferred the much simpler one in the text, which was given in the Collier MS. It is a very obvious one, as *morall* might easily be a blunder for *wall;* and below we have (line 358), "*the wall is down* that parted their fathers." It is possible that there was a proverbial expression "*The wall is down* between the neighbours" = "The cause of difference between them is

at an end." We know that, from time immemorial, neighbours have not always been the best friends.

271. Lines 214–216.—This speech of Theseus should serve as a motto, and as a philosophical consolation, to those who, in search of amusement, are induced to witness a more or less inadequate performance. So little scope is left in our theatres nowadays to the imagination of an audience, that they must not complain if, to keep that quality from rusting, they have to exercise it in *imagining* the acting.

272. Line 227: *No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.*—Qq. Ff. read "*A* lion fell." Some editors retain the old reading, and give instances, such as the following from Sonnet cxli. 9, 10:

> But my five wits nor my five senses can
> Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,

where *nor*, which applies to both members of the sentence, is omitted before the first. But the *no* before *lion's dam* seems to point to *no*, and not *a*, as the right reading before *lion;* for which reason we have adopted Rowe's emendation.

273. Line 229: *'t were pity on my life.*—See above, note 150.

274. Line 243: *This lanthorn doth the* HORNED *moon present.*—Douce thinks *horned* "refers to the material of which the *lantern* was made" (p. 121). Very possibly; but, from Theseus' speech below (lines 246, 247), it is evident the reference was also to the horns of the *new* or *crescent moon*, which, of course, when it is half moon or more, are hidden "within the circumference."

275. Line 249: *Myself the* MAN I' THE MOON *do seem to be.*—Rolfe says: "Grimm (Deutsche Mythologie, p. 412) informs us that there are three legends connected with the Man in the Moon: the first, that this personage was Isaac carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice; the second, that he was Cain; and the third, taken from the history of the Sabbath-breaker in the Book of Numbers" (xv. 32). The man was stoned to death for his offence.

276. Line 254: *it is already* IN SNUFF.—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 166.

277. Lines 263, 264: *this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.*—In Ben Jonson's Masque, "News from the New World," two *Heralds* are relating to *Factor* how Poetry has sent "a servant of hers in search of truth" to the *Moon*, to which *Factor* answers: "Where? which is he? I must see his *dog* at his girdle, and the *bush of thorns* at his back, ere I believe it;" and, in the next speech but one, the second *Herald* answers: "These are stale ensigns of the stage's *man in the moon*, delivered down to you by musty antiquity" (Works, vol. vii. p. 255). Possibly there was a reference intended to this scene.

278. Lines 275, 276:

> Lys. *And so the lion vanish'd.*
> Dem. *And then came Pyramus.*

Arranged according to Spedding's suggestion. In Qq. and Ff. the order is reversed. Steevens, quite unnecessarily, adopts Farmer's conjecture:

> Dem. *And so* COMES *Pyramus.*
> Lys. *And then the* MOON VANISHES.

279. Line 279: *For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams.*—Qq. and F. 1 read *beams*, which is most probably a mistake. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *streams;* but *gleams* is Knight's proposed emendation, adopted by Staunton and others. It suits the alliterative character of the line better than *streams*.

280. Line 291: *Cut thread and* THRUM.—Nares explains *thrum:* "The tufted part beyond the tie, at the end of the warp, in weaving; or any collection or tuft of short thread." Compare Merry Wives, iv. 2. 80: "her *thrummed hat,*" *i.e.* a hat made of weavers' tufts or *thrums*.

281. Line 298: *Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame.*—Bottom would seem to have forgotten some part of this line; for the metre is not complete without the interpolated correction, and all the other lines of this "most lamentable comedy," whatever their poetic merit, do at least scan. This line would read without the correction:

> Which is the fairest dame,

a line grievously deficient in syllables. But, probably, the line was meant to stand as it does in the text of the "most lamentable comedy;" the touch of Pyramus forgetting, for the moment, that his love, believed to be dead, must be spoken of in the past, and not in the present tense, was taken to be one of the supposed poet's great points.

282. Lines 326–328: *he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.*—Omitted in Ff., perhaps on account of the statute of James I. prohibiting the use of the name of God on the stage.

283. Line 330: *And thus she moans, videlicet.*—Qq. Ff. read *means*. The emendation is Theobald's. Ritson maintained that *means* here = *menes; to mene* or *meane*, is a word still used in Scotch as = to moan or lament.

284. Line 360: *a* BERGOMASK *dance.*—Hanmer explains that this "is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 333). He means *Bergamo*, the people of which appear to have been sometimes called *Bergamaschi*. Cotgrave gives "*Bergamasque;*" and Florio gives "*Bergamino*, a *Zane* in a Comedy." I think Mr. Aldis Wright is not quite correct in saying that "The Italian *Zanni* (our '*zany*') is a contraction for Giovanni in the dialect of *Bergamo*, and is the nickname for a peasant of that place" (Clarendon Press Ed. p. 144). *Zane* is given by Florio as "the name of *John* in some parts of *Lombardy*, but commonly used for a silly John," &c. *Zanni* Florio gives as = "*Attelánì* . . . Canting Cunny-catchers;" and I believe the use of *Zane* (in the above sense) is by no means confined to *Bergamo* and its neighbourhood.

285. Lines 378–389.—Compare the following speech in Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida (iii. 3), obviously imitated from the passage in our text:

> Now barkes the wolfe against the fulle cheekt moon;
> Now lyons half-clam'd entrals roare for food;

Now croakes the toad, and night crowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed soules;
Now gapes the graves, and through their yawnes let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth. —Works, vol. i. p. 111.

286. Line 391: *By the* TRIPLE *Hecate's team.—Hecate* is called *triple* because of her threefold sovereignty in heaven, on earth, and in hell. Compare Drayton, The Man in the Moon, 476–478:

So the great three most powerfull of the rest,
Phœbe, Diana, Hecate, do tell,
Her domination in heauen, in earth and hell.

287. Lines 410, 411:

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be.

Steevens gives from "Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household" the regulations to be observed at the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed at the marriage of a princess: "All men at her comming in to bee voided, except woemen, till shee bee brought to her *bedd;* and the man both; he sittinge in his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne cast about him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *blesse the bedd:* then everie man to avoide without any drinke save the twoe estates, if they liste, priviely (p. 129)." (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 338). Douce gives the form, to be used on this occasion, from the Sarum Missal. Owing to the festivities on the wedding night being unduly prolonged, in 1577, according to Douce, the Archbishop of Paris ordained "that the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed should for the future be performed in the day time, or at least *before supper,* and in the presence only of the bride and bridegroom, and of their nearest relations" (p. 124).

288. Line 419: *Nor mark* PRODIGIOUS.—Compare King John, iii. 1. 45–47:

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, *prodigious,*
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending *marks.*

289. Line 422: *With this field-dew* CONSECRATE.—Compare, for this form of "consecrated," Sonnet lxxiv. 6:

The very part was *consecrate* to thee.

290. Lines 424, 425:

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace.

The ceremony of blessing all the rooms in an "apartment," or house, is still preserved in some Roman Catholic countries. At Naples, in recent years, every Easter, a priest used to come round to all the houses with holy water and an aspergillus, and bless the several rooms. Chaucer gives a form of this blessing of a house (not the canonical one) in The Milleres Tale, 3480–3485:

On foure halves of the hous aboute,
And on threswold of the dore withoute.
Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight.
Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,
Fro the nightes mare, the wite Pater-noster.

291. Lines 426, 427:

And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.

In Qq. and Ff. these lines are transposed. We have followed Staunton's arrangement.

292. Line 440: *Now to 'scape the* SERPENT'S TONGUE.—Steevens quotes J. Markham's English Arcadia, 1607: "But the nymph, after the custom of distrest tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a *snaky salutation,* &c." (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 341).

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note
75. ii. 1. 42: I AM, *thou speak'st aright.* So Dr. Johnson.
232. iv. 1. 112: *Uncouple in the valley; let them go.*

Note
260. v. 1. 91, 92:

And what poor duty WOULD, BUT *cannot do,*
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note
177. iii. 2. 53–55:

and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so DIS-EASE
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
So Hanmer.

Note
198. iii. 2. 257, 258:

No, no; HE 'LL NOT STIR;
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow.
So Jackson.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed in F. 1 as two separate words.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Aby	iii.	2	175
	iii.	2	335
After-supper	v.	1	34
Barky	iv.	1	49
Barm	ii.	1	38
Bashfulness	iii	2	286
Batty	iii.	2	365
Bean-fed	ii.	1	45
Bedabbled	iii.	2	443
Bed-room	ii.	2	51
Behowl	v.	1	379
Bellows-mender	i.	2	44
	iv.	1	207
Bergomask	v.	1	360
	v.	1	368
*Big-bellied	ii.	1	129
Bodies (verb)	v.	1	14
Bottle (of hay)	iv.	1	36
Bouncing (adj.)	ii.	1	70
Brisky	iii.	1	97
Broom	v.	1	396
Buskined	ii.	1	71
*Canker-blossom	iii.	2	282
Cawing	iii.	2	22
Chaplet	ii.	1	110
Childing	ii.	1	112
Chink[1]	iii.	1	66
Church-way	v.	1	389
Churn (verb)	ii.	1	37
Coy[2] (verb)	iv.	1	2
Crannied	v.	1	159
Crescent (sub.)	v.	1	246
*Crook-knee'd	iv.	1	127
Crossways	iii.	2	383
Death-counterfeiting	iii.	2	364
*Devilish-holy	iii.	2	129
Dewberries	iii.	1	169
Dewlap	ii.	1	50
Engilds	iii.	2	187
Enrings	iv.	1	49
Entwist	iv.	1	48

1 Occurs four times in v. 1, lines 134, 159, 178, 194. *Chinks*=money, occurs in Rom. and Jul. i. 5. 119.

2 In the sense of "to caress." This verb occurs in Coriolanus, v. 1. 6 = "to consent with reluctance."

	Act	Sc.	Line
Eternally	iv.	1	186
*Fancy-free	ii.	1	164
*Fancy-sick	iii.	2	96
*Field-dew	v.	1	422
Filly	ii.	1	46
Flewed	iv.	1	125
Foal	ii.	1	46
Fowler	iii.	2	20
Freckles	ii.	1	13
Frolic (adj.)	v.	1	394
Gloriously[3]	iii.	2	106
Governess	ii.	1	103
*Grim-looked	v.	1	171
Guest-wise	iii.	2	171
*Hard-handed	v.	1	72
*Hasty-footed	iii.	2	200
Henchman	ii.	1	121
*Hoary-headed	ii.	1	107
Home-spun	iii.	1	79
*Honey-bag[4]	iv.	1	13
Imprinted[5]	i.	1	50
Insufficiency[6]	ii.	2	128
Interchained	ii.	2	49
Jole	iii.	2	338
Kill-courtesy	ii.	2	77
Knot-grass	iii.	2	329
Lack-love	ii.	2	77
Light[7] (adv.)	v.	1	401
*Lighter-heeled	iii.	2	415
*Lily-white[8]	iii.	1	95
Live (adj.)	ii.	1	172
Lob	ii.	1	16
Lode-stars[9]	i.	1	183
Loffe	ii.	1	55
*Long-legged	ii.	2	21
*Love-in-idleness	ii.	1	168
*Love-juice	iii.	2	37
	iii.	2	89
Love-shaft	ii.	1	159
Love-tokens	i.	1	29

3 Venus and Adonis, 857.

4 Occurs twice again in same scene, lines 16, 17; and in the singular, iii. 1. 171.

5 Venus and Adonis, 511.

6 Sonn. cl. 2.

7 Venus and Adonis, 1028.

8 Venus and Adonis, 1053.

9 Lucrece, 179.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Maypole	iii.	2	296
Mimic	iii.	2	19
Minimus	iii.	2	329
Misgraffed	i.	1	137
Misprised[10]	iii.	2	74
Moans[11] (verb)	v.	1	330
Momentany	i.	1	143
Moonbeams	iii.	1	176
Murrion[12]	ii.	1	97
*Musk-rose[13]	ii.	2	3
Mustardseed[14]	iii.	1	165
Neeze	ii.	1	56
Night-rule	iii.	2	5
Night-tapers	iii.	1	172
Night-wanderers[15]	ii.	1	39
Nole	iii.	2	17
Notably	v.	1	368
*Orange-tawny	i.	2	96
	iii.	1	129
Ounce (animal)	ii.	2	30
Out-sleep	v.	1	372
Over-canopied	ii.	1	251
Over-full	i.	1	113
Ox-beef	iii.	1	197
Peaseblossom[16]	iii.	1	165
Plaster (mortar)	iii.	1	70
Prevailment	i.	1	35
*Primrose-beds	i.	1	215
*Purple-in-grain	i.	2	97
Quern	ii.	1	36
*Red-hipped	iv.	1	12
Rere-mice	ii.	2	4
Rough-cast	iii.	1	71
	v.	1	132
	v.	1	162

10 In the sense of "mistaken:" used twice (As You Like It, i. 1. 177; i. 2. 192) in the ordinary sense.

11 Lucrece, 977; Sonn. xxx. 8.

12 *Murrion* is the reading of Qq. and Ff.; *Murrain*, the more modern form of the word, occurs frequently.

13 Occurs again, iv. 1. 3; and in plural, ii. 1. 252.

14 Occurs four times again; in iii. 1. 195, 196; and in iv. 1. 18, 20.

15 Venus and Adonis, 825.

16 Occurs again four times; in iii. 1. 169, 192, and in iv. 1. 5, 7.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Roundel	ii.	2	1
Rushy	ii.	1	84
Russet-pated	iii.	2	21
Sanded	iv.	1	125
Schooling (sub.)	i.	1	116
Screeching	v.	1	383
Scrip	i.	2	3
Self-affairs	i.	1	113
Shrewishness	iii.	2	301
Silently	iii.	1	206
Smartly	ii.	1	159
Sphery	ii.	2	99
Starry	iii.	2	356
Steep[17] (sub.)	ii.	1	69
Straw-colour	i.	2	95
Superpraise (verb)	iii.	2	153
Thorn-bush	v.	1	263
Throttle	v.	1	97
Thrum	v.	1	291
'Tide (verb)	v.	1	205
Tipsy	v.	1	48
*Tiring-house	iii.	1	5
Tongs	iv.	1	32
Transfigured	v.	1	24
Tuneable	i.	1	184
	iv.	1	129
Unbreathed	v.	1	74
Undistinguishable	ii.	1	100
	iv.	1	192
Unearned	v.	1	439
Unhardened	i.	1	35
Unheedy	i.	1	237
Versing	ii.	1	67
Villagery	ii.	1	35
Vixen	iii.	2	324
Wane (sub.)	v.	1	258
Waxen (verb)	ii.	1	56
*Wild-fowl[18]	iii.	1	33
Withering[19]	i.	1	6
Wood-birds	iv.	1	145
Wormy	iii.	2	384
Wrath (adj.)	ii.	1	20

17 See note 69.

18 *Wild fowl* occurs in Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 55, used generically; where it is not hyphened by many modern editors.

19 In transitive sense.